

THE 238 d 29
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-EIGHTH.

L O N D O N:

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THE
SIXTY-EIGHTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
LLOYD'S POEMS.

VOL. LXVIII.

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O F
R O B E R T L L O Y D.

VOL. LXVIII.

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T H E
A U T H O R ' S A P O L O G Y .

MY Works are advertis'd for sale,
And censures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor scheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of conversation.

What will the *World* say?—That's your cry.
Who is the *World*? and what am I?

Once, but thank heaven, those days are o'er,
And persecution reigns no more,
One man, *one* hardy man alone,
Usurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taste nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who pass'd the sentence then?—the Town.
So now each upstart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himself*.

Yet in the circle there are those
Who hurt e'en more than open foes:
Whose friendship serves the talking turn,
Just simmers to a kind concern,
And with a wond'rous soft expression
Expatiates upon indiscretion;

Flies from the Poems to the Man,
 And gratifies the favourite plan
 To pull down other's reputation,
 And build their own on that foundation.

The scholar grave, of taste discerning,
 Who lives on credit for his learning,
 And has no better claim to wit
 Than carping at what others writ,
 With pitying kindness, friendly fear,
 Whispers conjectures in your ear.

" I'm sorry—and he's much to blame—

" He might have publish'd—but his name!

" The thing might please a few, no doubt,

" As handed privately about—

" It might amuse a friend or two,

" Some partial friend like me and you;

" But when it comes to press and print

" You'll find, I fear, but little in't.

" He stands upon a dangerous brink

" Who totters o'er the sea of ink,

" Where reputation runs aground,

" The author cast away, and drown'd.

" And then—'twas wilful and absurd,

" (So well approv'd, so well preferr'd,)

" Abruptly thus a place to quit

" A place which most his genius hit,

" The theatre for Latin wit!

" With critics round him chaste and terse,

" To give a plaudit to his verse!"

Latin, I grant, shews college breeding,
 And some school-common-place of reading.
 But has in *Moderns* small pretension
 To real wit or strong invention.
 The excellence you critics praise
 Hangs on a curious choice of phrase;
 Which pick'd and chosen here and there,
 From prose or verse no matter where,
 Jumbled together in a dish,
 Like Spanish olio, fowl, flesh, fish,
 You set the classic hodge-podge on
 For pedant wits to feed upon.
 Your wou'd-be *Genii* vainly seek
 Fame for their Latin verse, or Greek;
 Who would for that be most admir'd
 Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
 A mere mechanical connection
 Of favourite words,—a bare collection
 Of phrases,—where the labour'd cento
 Presents you with a dull memento,
 How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid* join,
 And club together half a line.
 These only strain their motly wits
 In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,
 To wrap their barren fancies in,
 And make a classic Harlequin.

—Were I at once impower'd to shew
 My utmost vengeance on my foe,
 To punish with extremest rigour,
 I could inflict no penance bigger

Than using him as learning's tool
 To make him Usher of a school.
 For, not to dwell upon the toil
 Of working on a barren soil,
 And lab'ring with incessant pains
 To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
 The duties there but ill besit
 The love of letters, arts, or wit.
 For whoso'er, though slightly, sips,
 Their grateful flavour with his lips,
 Will find it leave a smatch behind,
 Shall sink so deeply in the mind,
 It never thence can be eras'd—
 But, rising up, you call it *Taste*.

'Twere foolish for a drudge to chuse
 A gusto which he cannot use.
 Better discard the idle whim,
 What's *He* to *Taste*? or *Taste* to *Him*?
 For me, it hurts me to the soul
 To brook confinement or controul;
 Still to be pinion'd down to teach
 The syntax and the parts of speech;
 Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
 The links, and joints, and rules of verse;
 To deal out authors by retale,
 Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
 —Oh! 'Tis a service irksome more
 Than tugging at the slavish oar.

Yet such *his* talk, a dismal truth,
 Who watches o'er the bent of youth;

And

And while, a paltry stipend earning,
 He sows the richest seeds of learning,
 And tills *their* minds with proper care,
 And sees them their due produce bear,
 No joys, alas! his toil beguile
 His *own* lies fallow all the while.

“ Yet still he’s in the road, you say,
 “ Of learning.”—Why, perhaps, he may.
 But turns like horses in a mill,
 Nor getting on, nor standing still:
 For little way his learning reaches,
 Who reads no more than what he teaches.

“ Yet you can send advent’rous youth,
 “ In search of letters, taste, and truth,
 “ Who ride the highway road to knowledge
 “ Through the plain turnpikes of a college,”
 True.—Like way-posts, we serve to shew
 The road which travellers should go;
 Who jog along in easy pace,
 Secure of coming to the place,
 Yet find, return whene’er they will,
 The *Post*, and its direction still:
 Which stands an useful unthank’d guide,
 To many a passenger beside.

’Tis hard to carve for others meat,
 And not have time one’s self to eat.
 Though, be it always understood,
 Our appetites are full as good.

“ But there have been, and proofs appear,
 “ Who bore this load from year to year;

" Whose claim to letters, parts, and wit,
 " The world has ne'er disputed yet.
 " Whether the flowing mirth prevail
 " In *Wesley's* song, or humorous tale;
 " Or happier *Bourne's* expression please
 " With graceful turns of classic ease;
 " Or *Oxford's* well-read poet sings
 " Pathetic to the ear of kings:
 " These have indulg'd the muses' flight,
 " Nor lost their time or credit by't;
 " Nor suffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
 " On the due business of the day.
 " Verse was to them a recreation
 " Us'd by way of relaxation."

Your instances are fair and true,
 And genius I respect with you.
 I envy none their honest praise;
 I seek to blast no scholar's bays:
 Still let the graceful foliage spread
 Its greenest honours round their head,
 Blest, if the Muses' hand entwine
 A sprig at least to circle mine!

Come,—I admit, you tax me right,
 Prudence, 'tis true, was out of sight,
 And you may whisper all you meet,
 The man was vague and indiscreet.
 Yet tell me, while you censure me,
 Are you from error found and free?
 Say, does your breast no bias hide,
 Whose influence draws the mind aside?

All have their hobby-horse, you see,
From Tristram down to you and me.
Ambition, splendour, may be thine;
Ease, indolence, perhaps, are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May wish our weaknesses to hide,
And set their hedges up before 'em,
Some Sprouts will branch, and straggle o'er 'em,
Strive, fight against her how you will,
Nature will be the mistress still,
And though you curb with double rein,
She'll run away with us again.

But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools shall cackle out reproof,
The very asses shall raise his hoof;
And he who holds in his possession,
The single virtue of discretion,
Who knows no overflow of spirit,
Whose want of passions is his merit,
Whom wit and taste and judgement flies,
Shall shake his noddle, and *seem* wise.

T H E A C T O R.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws,
From no observance of mechanic laws :

No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.

If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to fit,
Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recalls an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes so near.
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name,
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic skill,
The train of captive passions at thy will;
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,
When horrors such as thine *have murder'd sleep*;

And

And at the old man's look and frantic stare
 'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
 Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
 The Comic Muse too claims thee for her own.
 With each delightful requisite to please,
 Taste, Spirit, Judgment, Elegance, and Ease,
 Familiar Nature forms thy only rule,
 From Ranger's rake to Druggier's vacant fool.
 With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
 That what we see the last, we like the best.
 Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
 But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
 'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
 The Play'r's profession (though I hate the phrase,
 'Tis so *mechanic* in these modern days)
 Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
 Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
 The strong-felt passion bolts into his face,
 The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace!
 To this one standard make your just appeal,
 Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL.
 Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distressed,
 No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
 When Christians were the subject of their plays,
 E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
 And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
 An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
 Nature's disciple, and Genesi his name.

A noble

And

A noble object for his skill he chose,
 A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes.
 Refign'd with patience to religion's laws,
 Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
 Fill'd with th' idea of the sacred part,
 He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
 While look and voice, and gesture, all express
 A kindred ardour in the player's breast;
 Till as the flame through all his bosom ran,
 He lost the Actor, and commenc'd the Man;
 Profess'd the faith; his pagan gods denied,
 And what he acted then, he after died.

The Player's province they but vainly try,
 Who want these pow'rs, *Deportment, Voice, and Eye.*

The Critic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can please,
 No figure charms us if it has not *Ease*.
 There are, who think the stature all in all,
 Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
 The feeling sense all other want supplies,
 I rate no actor's merit from his size.
 Superior height requires superior grace,
 And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
 Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
 One foot put forward in position strong,
 The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.
 So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
 Like wooden monarchs at a puppet show.
 The mien delights us that has native grace,
 But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
 Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
 However foreign from the poet's art,
 No tragic hero but admires a start.
 What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
 Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
 While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
 Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
 Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
 By perseverance to extort applause.
 When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
 With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
 The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
 Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
 The proper action nature's self will tell;
 No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
 And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
 In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
 Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
 I hate your fool who overacts his jest;
 Who murders what the poet finely writ,
 And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
 With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
 And writes a foolish comment with his face.
 Old Johnson once, though Cibber's perter vein *
 But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,

* See Cibber's Apology, 8vo. 1750.

With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
 Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene,
 What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,
 Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;
 The very man in look, in voice, in air,
 And though upon the stage, appear'd no Play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
 But acting words is labour too minute.
 Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
 While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
 Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
 And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
 With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
 Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.

But let the generous Actor still forbear
 To copy features with a Mimic's care!
 'Tis a poor skill which ev'ry fool can reach,
 A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
 Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
 But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
 When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
 Drag private foibles on the public scene,
 Forsaking nature's fair and open road
 To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
 Fir'd with disgust I loath his servile plan,
 Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
 Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
 And hunt for humour in distortions there!
 Fill up the measure of the motley whim
 With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;

Then

Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be found and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.

When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a fee-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the Face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strewn the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy fit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue;
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest

Diveſt yourſelf of hearers, if you can,
And ſtrive to ſpeak, and be the very man.
Why ſhould the well-bred actor wiſh to know
Who fits above to-night, or who below ?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian ſquallers oft diſgrace the ſtage ;
When, with a ſimp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The ſqueaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'ſie to her grace.

To ſuit the drefs demands the actor's art,
Yet there are thoſe who over-drefs the part.
To ſome preſcriptive right gives ſettled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Caſſio might be drunk enough,
Though all his features were not grim'd with ſnuff.
Why ſhould Pol Peachum ſhine in ſatin clothes ?
Why ev'ry devil dance in ſcarlet hoſe ?

But in ſtage-customs what offends me moſt
Is the ſlip-door, and ſlowly-riſing ghof. ne;
Tell me, nor count the queſtion too ſevere,
Why need the diſmal powder'd forms appear ?

When chilling horrors ſhake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her ſcorpion ſting ;
When keenest feelings at his boſom pull,
And fancy tells him that the ſeat is full ;
Why need the ghof. divest uſurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face ?
The king alone ſhould form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
 Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
 When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
 She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
 And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
 'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
 More instant horror would enforce the scene,
 If all her shudd'rings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and Actor thus, with blendid skill,
 Mould all our passions to their instant will;
 'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
 (The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)
 Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
 I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
 Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
 No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
 No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
 More natural uses to the stage belong,
 Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
 For other purpose was that spot design'd:
 To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
 To give to nature all the force of art,
 And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
 The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
 Though oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
 No reason weighs against its proper use.
 Though the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
 Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall

Shall They, who trace the passions from their rise,
Shew scorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless Artist! though thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Though at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' Eternal Nature feel.
Though blended here the praise of bard and play'r.
While more than half becomes the Actor's share,
Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

THE LAW STUDENT*.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

*Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permessidos undâ?
Romanum propius divitiisque Forum est.*

Mar

NOW Christ-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn
Th' important studies of the Law begin.
Now groan the shelves beneath th' unusual charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.
Each Classic Author seeks his peaceful nook,
And modest Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more, ye Bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!

While the pil'd shelves sink down on one another,
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,
While, arm'd with these, the Student views with awe
His rooms become the magazine of Law,
Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?
Say, why Cæcilius quits a gainful trade
For regimentals, sword, and smart cockade?

* In the Preface to Colman's prose that gentleman claims the present performance, and says that it was given to our Author to fill a volume of poems published by subscription.

Or Sextus why his first profession leaves
For narrower band, plain shirt, and pudding sleeves?

The depth of law asks study, thought, and care?

Shall we seek these in rich Alonzo's heir?

Such diligence, alas! is seldom found

In the brisk heir to forty thousand pound.

Wealth, that excuses folly, sloth creates,

Few, who can spend, e'er learn to get estates,

What is to him dry case, or dull report,

Who studies fashions at the Inns of Court;

And proves that thing of emptiness and show,

That mungrel, half-form'd thing, a Temple-Beau?

Observe him daily saunt'ring up and down,

In purple slippers, and in filken gown;

Last night's debauch, his morning conversation;

The coming, all his evening preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain renown!

Florio's a gentleman, a man o'th' town.

He nor courts clients, or the law regarding.

Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden:

Yet he's a Scholar;—mark him in the Pit

With critic catcall sound the stops of wit!

Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,

Censor of stile from tragedy to song:

Him ev'ry witling views with secret awe,

Deep in the Drama, shallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,

Contemn the science, they can ne'er attain:

Who write, and read, but all by fits and starts,

And varnish folly with the name of Parts;

Trust all to Genius, for they scorn to pore,
Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowledge in Law care only can attain,
Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.
If, loit'ring, up th' ascent you cease to climb,
No starts of labour can redeem the time.
Industrious study wins by slow degrees,
True sons of Coke can ne'er be sons at ease.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has smit,
Who, blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleasing road,
With Attic flowers and Classic wreaths bestrew'd :
Wedded to verse, embrac'd the Muse for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.
Where'er the Muse usurps despotic sway,
All other studies must of force give way,
Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,
Nonfitted by the pow'rful plea of fame.
As well you might weigh lead against a feather,
As ever jumble wit and law together.

On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple Sparks !
" In all our author's tenures, be it noted,
" This is the fourth time any verse is quoted."
Which, 'gainst the Muse and verse, may well imply
What lawyers call a *noli prosequi*,

Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
Which neither profit nor reward can yield !
What tho' the sprightly scene, well acted, draws
From unpack'd Englishmen unbrib'd applause,

Some

Some monthly Grub, some Dennis of the age,
 In print cries shame on the degen'rate stage*.
 If haply Churchill strive with generous aim,
 To fan the sparks of genius to a flame ;
 If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWNING, AND UNKNOWN,
 By noting thy desert, he prove his own ;
 Envy shall straight to Hamilton's repair,
 And vent her spleen, and gall, and venom there,
 Thee, and thy works, and all thy friends decry,
 And boldly print and publish a rank lie,
 Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeness drew,
 Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew,

Well I remember oft your friends have said,
 (Friends, whom the surest maxims ever led)
 Turn parson, Colman, that's the way to thrive :
 Your parsons are the happiest men alive.
 Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
 But Stalls untold, and Bishops, twenty-four,
 Of pride and claret, sloth and ven'son full,
 Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
 He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep
 To preach his audience once a week to sleep ;
 On rich preferments battens at his ease,
 Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.

* See the very curious and VERY SIMILAR criticisms on the comedy of the Jealous Wife, in the two Reviews, together with the most malicious and insolent attack on the writer, and the author of this Collection in the Critical Review for March ; an injury poorly repaired by a lame apology in the Review for the succeeding month, containing fresh insults on one of the injured parties.

Thus they advis'd. I know thee better far;
 And cry, stick close, dear Colman, to the Bar!
 If genius warm thee, where can genius call
 For nobler action than in yonder hall?
 'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
 To club your legal threepence for a coach;
 Then at the Hall to take your silent stand,
 With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
 Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,
 And noting down sage dictums from the court,
 With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
 The index of your book of common-place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
 And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
 Doom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,
 From *second Vernon* down to *second Strange*.
 Do Thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
 Dulness no longer on the woolpack fits;
 No longer on the drawling dronish herd
 Are the first honours of the law confer'd;
 But they whose fame reward's due tribute draws.
 Whose active merit challenges applause,
 Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,
 To mark the paths which genius should pursue.

O for thy spirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
 What bosom glows not with an active flame?
 Alone from Jargon born to rescue Law,
 From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw!
 To strip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
 And marry Common Law to Common Sense!

PRATT!

PRATT*! on thy lips persuasion ever hung!
 English falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue;
 On thy voice truth may rest, and on thy plea
 Unerring HENLEY† found the just decree.

HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICKE's well-
 rais'd fame,

No worthier second Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
 No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
 Fashion'd in black corruption's pliant school;
 Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to stand,
 And hold the scales of right with even hand!

True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
 See, see in YORKE‡ the force of lineal worth!

But why their sev'ral merits need I tell
 Why on each honour'd sage's praises dwell
 WILMOT|| how well his place, or FOSTER§ fills?
 Or shrew'd sense beaming from the eye of WILLES¶?

Such, while thou see'st the public care engage,
 Their fame increasing with increasing age,
 Rais'd by true genius, bred in Phœbus' school,
 Whose warmth of soul found judgment knew to cool;

* Afterwards Earl Camden.

† Afterwards Earl of Northington.

‡ Charles Yorke, Esq; second son of Lord Hardwick.

§ Sir John Eardley Wilmot, afterwards Chief Justice of the
 Common Pleas.

|| Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

¶ Sir John Willes, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

—With

—With such illustrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to rise.
Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
And leave the Press to ***** ** **.

THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not lost her pray'r,
 And GEORGE, (thank heav'n!) has got an heir,
 A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.

—Poets! I pity all your nails—
 What reams of paper will be spoil'd!
 What *graduses* be daily foil'd
 By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,
 Hunting the word that never comes!

Now *Academics* pump their wits,
 And lash in vain their lazy *tits*;
 In vain they whip, and flash, and spur,
 The callous jades will never stir;
 Nor can they reach *Parnassus'* hill,
 Try every method which they will.
 Nay, should the tits get on for once,
 Each rider is so *grave* a dunce,
 That, as I've heard good judges say,
 'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way;
 Though not one wit bestrides the back
 Of useful drudge, ycleped hack,
 But fine *bred things* of *mettled blood*,
 Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal *stud*.
Greek, Roman, nay *Arabian* steeds,
 Or those our mother country breeds;
 Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,
 And to come *home* go round *about*,

Nor

Nor on the green sward, nor the road,
 And that I think they call an ODE.
 Some take the pleasant country air,
 And smack their whips and drive a pair,
 Each horse with bells which clink and chime,
 And so *they* march—and that is *rhime*.
 Some copy with prodigious skill
 The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
 Which, with great folks of erudition,
 Shall pass for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
 While some, as *patriot* love prevails,
 To compliment a prince of *Wales*,
 Salute the royal babe in *Welfs*,
 And send forth *gutturals* like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
 Will fritter out in adulation!
 The *Pagan* Gods shall visit earth,
 To triumph in a *Christian's* birth.
 While *classic* poets, pure and chaste,
 Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
 Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
 To be or *speakers*, or *beholders*.
 MARS shall present him with a lance,
 To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*;
 The GRACES, buxom, blith, and gay,
 Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*;
 And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
 Shall bring a thousand pair of *doves*
 To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
 Through all the *dialects* of *Greeks*.

How

How many *swains* of classic breed,
 Shall *deftly* tune their *oaten* reed,
 And bring their *Doric* nymphs to town,
 To sing their measures *up* and *down*,
 In notes *alternate* clear and sweet,
 Like *Ballad-singers* in a street.
 While those who grasp at reputation,
 From *imitating imitation*,
 Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
 For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
 And *rob the spital*, and the *waste*,
 For sense, and sentiment, and taste.

What Latin *hodge-podge*, Greeian *hash*,
 With Hebrew *roots*, and English *trash*,
 Shall academic cooks produce
 For present show and future use!
 FELLOWS! who've soak'd away their knowledge,
 In *sleepy* residence at college;
 Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
 Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
 Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;
 With no impertinence of thinking;
 Who lack no farther erudition,
 Than just to *set* an imposition
 To cramp, demolish, and dispirit,
 Each true begotten child of merit;
 Censors, who, in the day's broad light,
 Punish the vice they act at night;
 Whose charity with *self* begins,
 Nor covers others venial sins;

But

But that their feet may safely tread,
 Take up hypocrisy instead,
 As knowing that must always hide
 A multitude of sins beside;
 Whose rusty wit is at a stand,
 Without a *freshman* at their hand;
 (Whose service must of course create
 The just return of sev'n-fold hate)
 Lord! that such *good* and *useful* men
 Should ever turn to books agen.

YET matter must be gravely plann'd,
 And syllables on fingers scann'd,
 And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
 Till lady Mufe is brought to-bed:
 What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
 To bring the usual epithet in!
 Where the cramp measure kindly shows
 It *will* be verse, but *should* be prose.
 So, when its neither light nor dark,
 To 'prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk,
 The nymph, who takes her nightly stand
 At some sly corner in the Strand,
 Plump in the chest, tight in the boddice,
 Seems to the eye a perfect goddess;
 But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
 Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.

Yet must these sons of GOWNED EASE,
 Proud of the plumage of *Degrees*,
 Forsake their APATHY a while,
 To figure in the *Roman* stile.

And

And offer incense at the shrine
Of LATIN POETRY *Divine*.

Upon a throne the goddess sits,
Surrounded by her *bulky* wits;
FABRICIUS, COOPER, CALEPINE,
AINSWORTHUS, FABER, CONSTANTINE;
And he, who like DODONA spoke,
DE SACRA QUERCU, HOLYOAKE;
These are her counsellors of state,
Men of much words, and wits of *weight*;
Here GRADUS, full of *phrases* clever,
Lord of her *treasury* for ever,
With liberal hand his bounty deals;
SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Seals*.
Next to the person of the queen,
Old madam PROSODY is seen;
Talking incessant, although dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the *Latin* Tongue;
Italian, English, German, French,
Who most laboriously entrench
In deep parade of language *dead*,
What would not in their *own* be read,
Without impeachment of that TASTE,
Which LATIN IDIOM turns to *chaste*.
SANTOLIUS here, whose flippant joke,
Sought refuge in a *Roman* cloak:
With dull COMMIRIUS at his side,
In all the pomp of jesuit pride.

MENAGE

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MENAGE

MENAGE, the pedant figur'd there,
 A trifler with a solemn air :
 And there in loose, unseemly view,
 The graceless, easy LOVELING too.

'Tis here grave poets urge their claim,
 For some thin blast of tiny fame;
 Here bind their temples drunk with praise,
 With half a sprig of *wither'd* bays.

O poet, if that honour'd name
 Befits such idle childish aim;
 If VIRGIL ask thy sacred care,
 If HORACE charm thee, oh forbear
 To spoil with sacrilegious hand,
 The glories of the CLASSIC land:
 Nor sow thy *dowls* on the SATTIN,
 Of *their* pure uncorrupted Latin.
 Better be native in thy verse,——
 What is FINGAL but genuine *Erse*?
 Which all sublime sonorous flows,
 Like HERVEY's thoughts in drunken prose,

Hail, SCOTLAND, hail, to thee belong
 All pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of song;
 Whether the rude unpolish'd *Erse*
 Stalk in the buckram *Prose* or *Verse*,
 Or bonny RAMSAY please thee *mo'*,
 Who *sang sae* sweetly *aw* his woe.
 If ought (and say who knows so well)
 The second-sighted Muse can tell,
 The happy LAIRDS shall laugh and sing,
 When ENGLAND'S GENIUS droops his wing.

So shall thy foil new wealth disclose,
So thy own THISTLE choak the ROSE.

But what comes here? Methinks I see
A *walking* university.

See how they prefs to cross the TWEED,
And strain their limbs with eager speed!
While SCOTLAND, from her *fertile* shore,
Cries, On my sons, return no more.

Hither they haste with willing mind,
Nor cast one *longing* look behind;
On *ten-toe* carriage to salute,
The k——, and q——n, and EARL OF BUTE.

No more the gallant *Northern* sons
Spout forth their strings of *Latin* puns;
Nor *course* all languages to frame,
The quibble suited to their name;
As when their ancestors *be-vers'd*,
That *glorious* STUART, JAMES the FIRST.
But with that elocution's GRACE,
That oratorical flashy *Lace*,
Which the fam'd *Irish* TOMMY PUFF,
Would sow on sentimental *stuff*;
Twang with a sweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold imagination.

MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian clan;
While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
With new-got pension neat and clear
Three hundred *English* pounds a year.

VOL. LXVIII.

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While

While sister PEG, our *ancient Friend*,
Sends MACS and DONALDS without end ;
To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raise,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illustrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.

Hail to the THANE, whose *patriot* skill
Can break all nations to his will ;
Master of sciences and arts,
MÆCENAS to all men of parts ;
Whose fost'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find *us* all in places fit ;
So shall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a settled home.
Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born,
To fill her almost empty horn :
Hail to thy ancient glorious *stem*,
NOT THEY *from Kings*, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

*Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.* HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.

One may observe it in your face—
 Indeed, my dear, you break apace :
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise and country air,
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
 About a mile from *Cheney-Row* ;
 He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
 But not so *warm*, my dear, as you :
 And folks are always apt to sneer—
 One would not be out-done my dear!

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
 (An hour's ride will bring you down,)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road :
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev'ry day :
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have an house so near the city!
 Take but your places at the Boar
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,

Hugging

Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fufs of moving over;
 Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
 And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be fure, it muft be own'd,
 It is a charming fpot of ground;
 So fweet a diftance for a ride,
 And all about fo *countrified*!
 'Twould come but to a trifling price
 To make it quite a paradife;
 I cannot bear thofe nafty rails,
 Thofe ugly broken mouldy pales:
 Suppofe, my dear, inftead of thefe,
 We build a railing, all Chinefe.
 Although one hates to be expos'd;
 'Tis difmal to be thus inclos'd;
 One hardly any object fees—
 I wifh you'd fell thofe odious trees.
 Objects continual paffing by
 Were fomething to amufe the eye,
 But to be pent within the walls—
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 Our houfe, beholders would adore,
 Was there a level lawn before,
 Nothing its views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road;
 While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
 Should on our little manfion gaze,
 And pointing to the choice retreat,
 Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure,
The title of a Connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd,
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-scai-quoi, Virtù
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front, a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where Taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, sly *ba-ha*,

By

By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a Taste;
And Madam's female friends, and cousins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME,

A FABLE;

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ;

IN all professionary skill,
 There never was, nor ever will
 Be excellence, or exhibition,
 But fools are up in opposition;
 Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
 Wakes from his lethargy at once,
 Shrugs, shakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
 And, being dull, looks wond'rous wise,
 With solemn phiz, and critic fowl,
 The wisdom of his brother owl.

MODERNS! He hates the very name;
 Your Antients have prescriptive claim:—
 But let a century be past,
 And We have taste and wit at last;
 For at that period Moderns too
 Just turn the corner of *Virtù*.
 But merit now has little claim
 To any meed of present fame,
 For tis not worth that gets you friends,
 'Tis excellence that most offends.
 If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
 Shews taste and skill in every part;

If,

If, ever just to nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here shall Envy take her aim,
— — — write, and — — — blame.

The JEALOUS WIFE, tho' chafly writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall set a scribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who shew their teeth before they bite,
And sacrifice each reputation,
From wanton false imagination.
These observations, rather stale,
May borrow spirit from a tale.

GENIUS, a bustling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and starts,
Nothing above him or below him,
Who'd make a riot, or a poem,
From excentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;
Would act, design, engrave, write, paint,
But neither from the least constraint,
Who hated all pedantic schools,
And scorn'd the gloss of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*,
And give the same sufficient rule
To make a poem, as a stool—

From

From the first spring-time of his youth,
 Was downright worshipper of truth;
 And with a free and liberal spirit,
 His courtship paid to lady MERIT.

ENVY, a squint-ey'd, mere old maid,
 Well known among the scribbling trade;
 A hag, so very, very thin,
 Her bones peep'd through her bladder-skin;
 Who could not for her soul abide
 That folks shou'd praise, where she must chide,
 Follow'd the Youth where'er he went,
 To mar each good and brave intent;
 Would lies, and plots, and mischief hatch,
 To ruin HIM and spoil the match.
 Honour she held at bold defiance,
 Talk'd much of *Faction*, Gang, Alliance,
 As if the real sons of taste
 Had clubb'd to lay a DESART waste.

In short, wherever GENIUS came,
 You'd find this Antiquated Dame;
 Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
 She follow'd only to torment;
 Call'd MERIT by a thousand names,
 Which decency or truth disclaims,
 While all her business, toil, and care,
 Was to depreciate, lye, compare,
 To pull the Modest Maiden down,
 And blast her fame to all the town.

The Youth, inflam'd with conscious pride,
 To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,

Who

Who gave his answer thus in rhyme,
By his chief minister, Old TIME.

“ Repine not at what pedants say,
“ We’ll bring thee forward on the way;
“ If wither’d ENVY strive to hurt
“ With lies, with impudence and dirt,
“ You only pay a common tax
“ Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
“ Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
“ Thy strength is in its prime, my boy,
“ And ev’ry year thy vigour grows,
“ Impairs the credit of my foes.
“ ENVY shall sink, and be no more
“ Than what her NAIADS were before;
“ Mere excremental maggots, bred,
“ In poet’s topsy-turvy head,
“ Born like a momentary fly,
“ To flutter, buzz about, and die.
“ Yet, GENIUS, mark what I presage,
“ Who look through every distant age:
“ MERIT shall bless thee with her charms,
“ FAME lift thy offspring in her arms,
“ And stamp eternity of grace
“ On all thy numerous various race.
“ ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
“ As *Phidias* of antiquity,
“ Shall strength, expression, manner give,
“ And make e’en marble breathe and live;
“ While SIGISMUNDA’s deep distress,
“ Which looks the soul of wretchedness,

“ When

Who

“ When I, with slow and soft’ning pen,
“ Have gone o’er all the tints agen,
“ Shall urge a bold and proper claim
“ To level half the antient fame;
“ While future ages yet unknown
“ With critic air shall proudly own
“ Thy HOGARTH first of every clime
“ For humour keen, or strong sublime,
“ And hail him from his fire and spirit,
“ The child of GENIUS and of MERIT,”

THE HARE AND TORTOISE, 1757.

A F A B L E.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
 For sure no term so misapply'd,
 How many bear thy sacred name,
 That never felt a real flame!
 Proud of the specious appellation,
 Thus fools have christen'd inclination.

But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you:
 Whate'er he tries with due attention,
 Rarely escapes his apprehension;
 Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
 You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
 Shou'd he rely alone on parts,
 And study therefore but by starts,
 Sure of success whene'er he tries,
 Should he forego the means to rise?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
 Gold, if you will, for value's sake;
 Its springs within in order due,
 No watch, when going, goes so true;
 If ne'er wound up with proper care,
 What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
 Perhaps within your bosom plays:
 O how the purer rays aspire,
 If application fans the fire!

Without

Without it Genius vainly tries,
 Howe'er sometimes it seem to rise:
 Nay application will prevail,
 When braggart parts and Genius fail:
 And now to lay my proof before ye,
 I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when time was young,
 When birds convers'd as well as sung,
 When use of speech was not confin'd,
 Merely to brutes of human kind,
 A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
 The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
 Wou'd oft deride the drudging croud:
 For Geniuses are ever proud.
 He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
 For dog and horse he'd *beat them hollow*,
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation.
 Oh Pufs, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
 When I defy thee to thy race.
 Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
 I lay my shell upon the trial.

'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet,
 Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring Hare outstrip the wind,
 The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
 When Pufs had almost reach'd the goal.

Friend Tortoise, quoth the jeering Hare,
Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your speed, it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell :
Jog on a little faster pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to *persevere*,
Still draw'd along, as who should say,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay ;
On to the goal securely crept,
While Pufs unknowing soundly slept.

The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake.
Pufs, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts,
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow and steady* wins the race.

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR, 1757.

WORDS are, so Wollaſton defines,
 Of our ideas merely ſigns,
 Which have a pow'r at will to vary.
 As being vague and arbitrary.
 Now *damn'd* for inſtance—all agree,
Damn'd 's the *ſuperlative degree* ;
 Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
 However taken heretofore ;
Damn'd is a word can't ſtand alone,
 Which has no meaning of its own,
 But ſignifies or bad or good
 Juſt as its neighbour's underſtood.
 Examples we may find enough.
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* ſtuff.
 So fares it too with its relation,
 I mean its ſubſtantive, *damnation*.
 The wit with metaphors makes bold,
 And tells you he's *damnation* cold ;
 Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
 The ſelf-ſame wit's *damnation* hot.
 And here a fable I remember—
 Once in the middle of December,
 When ev'ry mead in ſnow is loſt,
 And ev'ry river bound with froſt,
 When families get all together,
 And feelingly talk o'er the weather ;

When—

When—pox on the descriptive rhyme—
In short it was the winter time.

It was a Pedlar's happy lot,

To fall into a Satyr's cot:

Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,

With pearly drop upon his nose,

His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death.

He blew upon them with his breath.

" Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intends

" That blowing on thy fingers ends?

" It is to warm them thus I blow,

" For they are froze as cold as snow.

" And so inclement has it been

" I'm like a cake of ice within."

Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!

I'll chear thy inside, if I can;

You're welcome in my homely cottage

To a warm fire, and mefs of pottage.

This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,

A bowl prepar'd of fav'ry broth,

Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,

As smoking on the board it stood.

But, though the very steam arose

With grateful odour to his nose,

One single sip he ventur'd not,

The gruel was so wond'rous hot.

What can be done?—with gentle puff

He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.

Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?

Still at thy blowing! quoth the Satyr.

VOL. LXVIII.

E

I blow

I blow to cool it, cries the Clown,
That I may get the liquor down:
For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, fir, as hot as hell.

Then raising high his cloven stump,
The Satyr smote him on the rump.
“ Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
“ With the same breath to warm and cool:
“ Friendship with such I never hold
“ Who're so *damn'd* hot, and so *damn'd* cold.

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE OWL, AND
THE CUCKOW.

A F A B L E.

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE
STAGE, DEC. 1760.

CRITICKS, who like the scarecrows stand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with severity of sense,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all sublime,
Whether you write in prose or rhyme.
And yet the truth may lose its grace,
If blurted to a person's face;
Especially if what you speak
Shou'd crimson o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that flaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praise before him,
However just the application,
It looks a-squint at adulation.
I would be honest and sincere,
But not a flattterer, or severe.
Need I be furly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth?

E 2

And

THE

And She, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
 Was not at all times naked seen :
 For every boy, with Prior, knows,
 By accident she lost her cloaths,
 When Falshood stole them to disguise
 Her misbegotten brood of lies.
 Why should the prudish Goddes dwell
 Down at the bottom of a well,
 But that she is in pitious fright,
 Left, rising up to mortal fight,
 The modest world shou'd fleer and flout her,
 With not a rag of cloaths about her?
 Yet she might wear a proper dress
 And keep her essence ne'ertheless.
 So Delia's bosom still will rise,
 And fascinate her lover's eyes,
 Though round her ivory neck she draws,
 The decent shade of specious gauze.
 I hear it buzz'd about the table,
 What can this lead to?—Sirs,

A F A B L E.

When Birds allow'd the Eagle's sway,
 Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
 His Royal Majesty of Air
 Took Musick underneath his care;
 And, for his queen and court's delight,
 Commanded Concerts ev'ry night.
 Here every Bird of Parts might enter,
 The Nightingale was made Præcentor ;

Under

Under whose care and just direction,
 Merit was sure to meet protection.
 The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin
 This concert always bore a bob in :
 The best performers all were in it,
 The Thrush, Canary-bird, and Linnet,

But birds, alas ! are apt to aim
 At things, to which they've smallest claim.
 The staring Owl, with hideous hoot,
 Offer'd his service for a flute.

The Cuckow needs would join the band ;
 " The Thrush is but a poultry hand :
 " And I can best supply that place,
 " For I've a shake, a swell, a grace."

The Manager their suit preferr'd :
 Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard ;
 Yet each their several praises mis'd,
 For both were heard, and both were his'd.

The Cuckow hence, with rancour stirr'd,
 (A kind of *periodic* bird,
 Of nasty hue, and body scabby,
 No would-be-play-wright half so shabby)
 Reviles, abuses, and defames,
 Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
 And strikes at Nightingale or Lark,
 Like Lisbon ruffians, in the dark.

The Owl harangues the gaping throng
 On *Po-w'rs*, and excellence of song,
 " The Blackbird's note has lost its force ;
 " The Nightingale is downright hoarse ;

“ The Linnet's harsh; the Robin shrill;

“ —The Sparrow has prodigious skill!”

At length they had what they desir'd:

The skilful Nightingale retir'd.

When Folly came, with wild Uproar,

And Harmony was heard no more.

A T A L E.

VENUS, of laughter queen and love,
 The greatest demirep above,
 Who scorn'd restriction, hated custom,
 Knew her own sex too well to trust 'em,
 Proceeded on the noble plan,
 At any rate, to have her man;
 Look'd on decorum, as mere trash,
 And liv'd like *** and ***,
 From Paphos, where they her revere
 As much as we do Cælia here,
 Or from Cythera, where her altars
 Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
 Garters yclept, and other trophies,
 Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
 According to appointment, came
 To see CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
 Whose praise by Dryden's Ode is grown
 Bright and immortal as his own;
 And who hath been for many years
 The chief directress of the spheres.

Thomas, who rode behind the car,
 And for a flambeau held a star,
 Who, in the honest way of trade,
 Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
 Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
 Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,

Slipt gently down, and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.

But, truth to say, I cannot tell
Whether it Knocker was or Bell,
(This for vertù an anecdote is,)
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the sky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm sure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with skill.

Methinks I hear the reader cry—
His part with skill? why, You or I,
Or any body else, as well
As Thomas, sure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of skill in knocking at a door.

Poor low-liv'd creature! I suppose,
Nay, and am sure, you're one of those
Who, at what door so'er they be,
Will always knock in the same key.
Thinking that Bell and Knocker too
Were found out nothing else to do,
But to inform the house, no doubt,
That there was somebody without,
Who, if they might such favour win,
Would rather chuse to be within.

But had our servants no more sense,
Lord! what must be the consequence?
Error would error still pursue,
And strife and anarchy ensue,

Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence she declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy is decreed,
Through all her niceties must bleed.

For if there was not to be found
Some wholesome difference of sound,
But the same rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,
When his good lordship hop'd to see
Some rascal of his own degree ;
And, what is more unhappy still,
The stupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might pass through all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.

My lady too might pique her grace
With carriage stiff and formal face,
Which, she deceiv'd, had taken care
For some inferior to prepare ;
Or might some wretch from Lombard-street
With greater ease and freedom meet,
Than sense of honour will admit
Between my lady and a cit.

Those evils wisely to prevent,
And root out care and discontent,
Ev'ry gay smart, who rides behind,
With rose and bag in taste refin'd,
Must musick fully understand,
Have a nice ear and skilful hand ;

At ev'ry turn be always found
 A perfect connoisseur in sound ;
 Through all the gamut skilful fly
 Varying his notes, now low, now high,
 According as he shifts his place ;
 Now hoarsely grumbling in the base,
 Now turning tenor, and again
 To treble raising his shrill strain ;
 So to declare, where'er he be,
 His master's fortune and degree,
 By the distinguishing address,
 Which he'll upon the door express.

Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
 As ringing at CÆCILIA's door,
 Was perfect master of this art,
 And vers'd alike in ev'ry part :
 So that Cæcilia knew, before
 Her footman came unto the door,
 And in due form had told her so,
 That Madam VENUS was below.

The doors immediate open flew,
 The GODDESS, without more ado,
 Displaying beauty's thousand airs,
 Skim'd through the hall, and trip'd up stairs.

CÆCILIA met her with a smile
 Of great delight, when all the while
 If her false heart could have been seen,
 She wish'd she had at Cyprus been.

But ladies, skill'd in forms and arts,
 Don't in their faces wear their hearts,

And

And those above, like those below,
Deal frequently in outside show,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a smile by them ready-made.

The forms, which ladies when they meet
Must for good-manners' sake repeat,
As humble servant, how d'you do,
And in return, *pray how are you?*
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper space
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam, Grace, and Goddesship,
Which we for brevity shall skip,
Happily past, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies seated are.

Indiff'rent subjects first they chuse,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they sit upon the state,
And snarl at the decrees of fate,
Invectives against Jove are hurl'd,
And They alone should rule the world.

Dull politicks at length they quit,
And by ill-nature shew their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
These intimates are said to go,
So that where either doth preside
T' other's existence is implied.
The man of wit, so men decree,
Must without doubt ill-natur'd be;
And the ill-natur'd scarce forgets
To rank himself among the wits.

Malicious

Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And most minutely could advance
Each interesting circumstance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Display'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, observ'd, enlarg'd, applied ;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,
In such a way each tale rehearse
As good made bad, and bad made worse :

CÆCILIA too, with faint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a faint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or shine, her church ne'er mist,
Prude, devotee, and methodist,
With equal zeal the cause promoted,
Misconstru'd things, and words misquoted,
Misrepresented, misapplied,
And, inspiration being her guide,
The very heart of man dissected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongst us, the sanctified,
In all the spirituals of pride,
Whose honest consciences ne'er rested,
Till, of carnalities divested,

They

They knew and felt themselves t'inherit
A double portion of the spirit :
Who from one church to t'other roam,
Whilst their poor children starve at home,
Confid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who sent them there,
And therefore certainly is tied
To see their ev'ry want supplied ;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors should pay,
And hold that chosen vessels must
Be generous before they're just,
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er heaven their debts to pay,
And serve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilst nought hereafter can prevent,
Their sure reward of cent. per cent.
Who honest labour scorn, and say
None need to work who love to pray,
For heav'n will satisfy their cravings,
By sending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain down, when their spirits fail,
A dish of manna, or a quail ;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court
In furious fits of zeal resort,
Praise what they do not understand,
Turn up the eye, stretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilst —— blows
The twang of nonsense through his nose,

Or

Or ——— deals in speculation,
Or ——— hums his congregation,
Or ——— talks with the lord of hosts,
——— with pillars and with posts ;
Who strictly watch, lest Satan shou'd,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Ensnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor souls be taken napping ;
Who strictly fast, because they find,
The flesh still wars against the mind,
And flesh of saints, like sinner's, must
Be mortified, to keep down lust ;
Who, four times in the year at least,
Join feast of love to love of feast,
Which, though the profligate and vain
In terms of blasphemy prophane,
Yet all the ceremony here is
Pure as the mysteries of Ceres ;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themselves salvation's seal,
And will not, must not, dare not doubt,
That heav'n itself can't blot it out ;
After they've done their holy labours,
Return to scandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't serve heav'n so well,
As with its creatures filling hell :
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They save themselves, damn all beside.
For persons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,

Who

Who others scorn, and seem to be
 Righteous in very great degree,
 Do, 'bove all others, take delight
 To vent their spleen in tales of spite,
 And think they raise their own renown
 By pulling of a neighbour's down;
 Still lying on with most success,
 Because they charity profess,
 And make the out-side of religion,
 Like Mahomet's inspiring pigeon,
 To all their forgeries gain credit,
 'Tis enough sure that ——— said it.

But what can all this rambling mean?
 Was ever such an hodge-podge seen?
 VENUS, CÆCILIA, Saints, and Whores,
 Thomas, Vertù, Bells, Knockers, Doors,
 Lords, Rogues, Relations, Ladies, Cits,
 Stars, Flambeaux, Thunderbolts, Horns, Wits,
 Vulcan, and Cuckold-maker, Scandal,
 Music, and Footmen, Ear of Handel,
 Weather, News, Envy, Politicks,
 Intrigues, and Women's Thousand Tricks,
 Prudes, Methodists, and Devotees,
 Fastings, Feasts, Pray'rs, and Charities,
 Ceres, with her mysterious train,
 ———, ———, ———, and ———,
 Flesh, Spirit, Love, Hate, and Religion,
 A Quail, a Raven, and a Pigeon,
 All jumbled up in one large dish,
 Red-Herring, Bread, Fowl, Flesh, and Fish.

Where's

Where's the connection, where's the plan
The devil sure is in the man.
All in an instant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world,
Yet find no reason for it—mum—
There, my good critic, lies the hum—
Well, but methinks, it would avail
To know the end of this—A T A L E.

SHAKESPEARE:

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S H A K S P E A R E:

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much industry and pains,
 Much twisting of the wit and brains,
 Translation has unlock'd the store,
 And spread abroad the Grecian lore,
 While Sophocles his scenes are grown
 E'en as familiar as our own.

No more shall taste presume to speak
 From its enclosures in the Greek;
 But, all its fences broken down,
 Lie at the mercy of the town.

Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
 " 'Tis blasphemy against that stage,
 " Which Æschylus his warmth design'd,
 " Euripides his taste refin'd,
 " And Sophocles his last direction,
 " Stamp'd with the signet of perfection."

Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,
 That bears about it nothing real;
 For excellence was never hit
 In the first essays of man's wit.
 Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
 Preclude the Moderns from their claim?
 Must they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
 Who write not up to Grecian rules?
 Who tread in buskins or in socks.
 Must they be damn'd as Heterodox,

VOL. LXVIII.

F

Nor

Nor merit of good works prevail,
 Except within the classic pale?
 'Tis stuff that bears the name of knowledge,
 Not current half a mile from college;
 Where half their lectures yield no more
 (Before I speak of times of yore)
 Than just a niggard light, to mark
 How much we all are in the dark:
 As rushlights in a spacious room,
 Just burn enough to form a gloom.

When Shakspeare leads the mind a dance,
 From France to England, hence to France,
 Talk not to me of time and place;
 I own I'm happy in the chace.
 Whether the drama's here or there,
 'Tis nature, Shakspeare, every where.
 The poet's fancy can create,
 Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
 Bring past and present close together,
 In spite of distance, seas, or weather;
 And shut up in a single action
 What cost whole years in its transaction.
 So, ladies at a play, or rout,
 Can flirt the universe about,
 Whose geographical account
 Is drawn and pictured on the mount:
 Yet, when they please; contract the plan,
 And shut the world up in a fan.

True Genius, like Armida's wand,
 Can raise the spring from barren land.

While all the art of Imitation,
 Is pilf'ring from the first creation;
 Transplanting flowers, with useleſs toil,
 Which wither in a foreign ſoil.
 As conſcience often ſets us right
 By its interior active light,
 Without th' aſſiſtance of the laws
 To combat in the moral cauſe;
 So Genius, of itſelf diſcerning,
 Without the myſtic rules of learning,
 Can, from its preſent intuition,
 Strike at the truth of compoſition.

Yet thoſe who breathe the claſſic vein,
 Enliſted in the mimic train,
 Who ride their ſteed with double bit,
 Ne'er run away with by their wit,
 Delighted with the pomp of rules,
 The ſpecious pedantry of ſchools,
 (Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
 Of any uſe but to the lame,)
 Purſue the method ſet before 'em;
 Talk much of order, and decorum,
 Of probability of fiction,
 Of manners, ornament, and diction,
 And with a jargon of hard names,
 (A privilege which dulneſs claims,
 And merely uſ'd by way of fence,
 To keep out plain and common ſenſe,)
 Extol the wit of antient days,
 The ſimple fabric of their plays;

F 2

Then

While

Then from the fable, all so chaste,
 Trick'd up in ancient-modern taste,
 So mighty gentle all the while,
 In such a sweet descriptive stile,
 While Chorus marks the servile mode
 With fine reflection, in an ode,
 Present you with a perfect piece,
 Form'd on the model of old Greece.

Come, pr'ythee Critic, set before us,
 The use and office of a chorus.
 What! silent! why then, I'll produce
 Its services from antient use.

'Tis to be ever on the stage,
 Attendants upon grief or rage;
 To be an arrant go-between,
 Chief-mourner at each dismal scene;
 Shewing its sorrow, or delight,
 By shifting dances, left and right,
 Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* motions;
 To watch upon the deep distress,
 And plaints of royal wretchedness;
 And when, with tears, and execration,
 They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
 And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
 To call on rivers for supplies,
 And with their *Hais*, and *Hees*, and *Hoes*,
 To make a symphony of woes.

Doubtless the Antients want the art
 To strike at once upon the heart;

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Or why their prologues of a mile
In simple—call it—humble stile,
In unimpassion'd phrase to say
“Fore the beginning of this play,”
“I, hapless Polydore, was found
“By fishermen, or others drown'd!”
Or, “I, a gentleman, did wed,
“The lady I wou'd never bed,
“Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
“Who's coming hither to draw water.”

Or need the Chorus to reveal
Reflexions, which the audience feel;
And jog them, lest attention sink,
To tell them how and what to think?

Oh, where's the Bard, who at one view
Cou'd look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourse to Grecian art?
He scorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and translation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.

'Tis Shakspeare, thus, who stands alone—
—But why repeat what *You* have shown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The feelings of our hearts must tell.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,
AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

IF at a Tavern, where you'd wish to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, resolve me, critics, for you can,
Send for the master up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knavish business drives,
But tell me what's the master who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and sure the doctrine's true,
Which says, no quarter to a foul Review.
It matters not who vends the nauseous sloop,
Master or 'prentice; we detest the shop.

Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Approv'd or censur'd with an open face:
Boldly pursu'd the free deefive task,
Nor stabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's mask.
To works not men, with honest warmth, severe,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble skill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;
To bring forth merit in its strongest light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.
But, as all states are subject to decay,
The state of letters too will melt away,
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling sound,
Softness now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, fought their honour'd graves,
Behold a weak enervate race of slaves.

L,
In classic lore, deep science, language dead,
Though modern witlings are but scanty read,
Professors* fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praise of either, with the want of all :
Hail'd mighty critics to this present hour.
—The tribune's name surviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontless both, they mean the same ;
This raw in Physic, that in Letters fresh,
Both spring, like warts, excrescence from the flesh.
Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling schools,
For all professions have their rogues and fools,
Though the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Casts no reflection on the wise or brave.

Yet, in these leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainst author rails with venom curst,
And happy He who calls out blockhead first ;
From the low earth aspiring genius springs,
And sails triumphant, born on eagle wings.
No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame ;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and shines out fool to latest time.

Pity perhaps might wish a harmless fool
To scape th' observance of the critic school ;

* The author takes this opportunity, notwithstanding all insinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whose ability he sufficiently acknowledges.

But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, rise,
 Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies;
 Should wakeful dulness, if she ever wake,
 Write sleepy nonsense but for writing's sake,
 And, stung with rage, and piously severe,
 Wish bitter comforts to your dying ear;
 If some small wit, some silk-lin'd verselman, rakes,
 For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,
 Talents usurp'd demand a censor's rage,
 A dunce is dunce proscrib'd in ev'ry age.

Courtier, physician, lawyer, parson, cit,
 All, all are objects of theatric wit.
 Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone,
 To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?
 Professions bleed not from his just attack,
 Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
 Fools on and off the stage are fools the same,
 And every dunce is satire's lawful game.
 Freely you thought, where thought has freest room,
 Why then apologize? for what? to whom?

Though Gray's-Inn wits with author squires unite,
 And self-made giants club their labour'd mite,
 Though pointless satire make its weak escape,
 In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
 Boldly pursue where genius points the way,
 Nor heed what monthly puny critics say.
 Firm in thyself, with calm indifference smile,
 When the wise Vet'ran knows you by your stile,
 With critic scales weighs out the partial wit,
 What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;

Denying

Denying thee thy just and proper worth,
But to give falshood's spurious issue birth;
And all self-will'd with lawless hand to raise
Malicious slander on the base of praise.

Disgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Of fathers bantlings which he could not get!
But shrewd Suspicion with her squinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whisper'd lye.
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wishes, and with joy deceives.

The World, a pompous name, by custom due
To the small circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And sends the whisper buzzing through the streets.
The prude demure, with sober saint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for she's wond'rous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiscreet:
She hopes the nymph will every danger shun,
Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done.
Mean time sits watching for the daily lie,
As spiders, lurk to catch a simple fly.

Yet is not scandal to one sex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yet, this great lord, creation's master, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For instance now, your Rosciad, all to me.

If

If partial friendship, in thy sterling lays,
 Grows all too wanton in another's praise,
 Critics, who judge by ways themselves have known,
 Shall swear the praise, the poem is my own ;
 For 'tis the method in these learned days
 For wits to scribble first, and after praise.
 Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched stuff,
 And help out nonsense by a monthly puff,
 Exalt to giant forms weak puny elves,
 And descant sweetly on their own dear selves ;
 For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
 Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reserv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
 My muse e'er sought to blast another's fame.
 With willing hand cou'd twine a rival's bays,
 From candour silent where she cou'd not praise :
 But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
 Actor or mimic, printer, or Review ;
 Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaseless venom spread
 Still his out scandal from their Hydra head ;
 If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
 Patience herself wou'd wrinkle to a frown.
 Come then with justice draw the ready pen,
 Give me the works, I wou'd not know the men :
 All in their turns might make reprisals too,
 Had all the patience but to tread them through.
 Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate wound,
 Nor spare the knife where'er infection's found !

But, prudence, Churchill, or her sister, Fear,
 Whispers forbearance to my fright'ned ear.

Oh!

Oh! then with me forsake the thorny road,
Lest we should flounder in some Fleet-Ditch Ode,
And funk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of Mud.

Hail mighty Ode! which like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your niches, planted thick and thtn,
Will serve to cram the random hero in.
Hail mighty Bard too—whatso'er thy name,
——or Durfy, for it's all the fame.

To brother bards shall equal praise belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy and song?
No costive Muse is thine, which freely rakes
With ease familiar in the well-known jakes,
Happy in skill to souse through foul and fair,
And toss the dung out with a *lordly* air.
So have I seen, amidst the grinning throng,
The sledge procession slowly dragg'd along,
Where the mock female shrew and hen-peck'd male
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd bursts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And dash'd and splash'd the filthy grains about.

Quit then, my friend, the Muses' lov'd abode,
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.
Be solemn, sad, put on the priestly frown,
Be dull! 'tis sacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Christian deed,
Your foes shall thank you, for they know their need.

Broad is the path by learning's sons possess'd,
A thousand modern wits might walk abreast,

Did

Did not each poet mourn his luckless doom,
 Jostled by pedants out of elbow room.
 I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
 Must mourn in silence o'er the Muse's fate.
 No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
 While all our tenures are by critic's will;
 Where, watchful guardians of the lady muse,
 Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
 Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
 Sound but a horn, press forward to the door:
 But let some chief, some bold advent'rous knight,
 Provoke these champions to an equal fight,
 Strait into air to spaceless nothing fall
 The castle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.

Ill it befits with undiscerning rage,
 To censure Giants in this polish'd age.
 No lack of genius stains these happy times,
 No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.
 The fee-saw Muse that flows by *measur'd* laws,
 In tuneful numbers, and affected pause,
 With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,
 Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,
 Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
 With even cadence charms the critic ear.
 While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
 A *Magazine* must hand the lady in.

How *Moderns* write, how nervous, strong and well,
 The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent Muse *does* tell:
 Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
 Daubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure

Sure never yet was happy æra known
 So gay, so wise, so *tasteful* as our own.
 Our curious histories rise at once COMPLETE,
 Yet still *continued*, as they're paid, per sheet.

See every science which the world wou'd know,
 Your Magazines shall every month bestow,
 Whose very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law;
 Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Statesman, Divine, Philosopher, and Wit;
 Compendious schemes! which teach all things at once,
 And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.

But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
 Draw canstir like, to strike down friend and foe,
 To real worth be homage duly paid,
 But no allowance to the paltry trade.
 My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
 To me an honour, and to letters too)
 Fain would I praise, bnt, when such *Things* oppose,
 My praise of course must make them ——'s foes.

If manly JOHNSON, with satyric rage,
 Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,
 If his strong Muse with genuine strength aspire,
 Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
 HIS the true fire, where creep the witling fry
 To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.

What Muse like GRAY's shall pleasing pensive flow
 Attemper'd sweetly to the rustic woe?
 Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
 And, as his master pour forth thoughts of fire?

Ee'n

E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cause,
 To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,
 Boast we *true critics* in their proper right,
 While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taste unite,

Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muse's page,
 Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;
 See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,
 Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:
 Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
 Should mark each passage to the human heart,
 But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
 Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.

To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
 Proud of their worth, and not ashamed to bow.
 To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
 And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:
 Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
 And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
 But that the Muse, who owns no servile fear,
 Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
 That modern rules obstruct perfection,
 And the severity of Taste
 Has laid the walk of genius waste.
 Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
 Our authors creep instead of soaring,
 And all the brave imagination
 Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry in sober sadness,
 "There is discretion e'en in madness."
 A pithy sentence, which wants credit!
 Because I find a poet said it:
 Their verdict makes but small impression,
 Who are known lyars by profession.
 Rise what exalted flights it will,
 True genius will be genius still;
 And say, that horse would you prefer,
 Which wants a bridle or a spur?
 The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
 The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
 We'd lost his Witches, Fairies, Fools:
 Instead of all that wild creation,
 He'd form'd a regular plantation,
 A garden trim, and all inclos'd,
 In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
 The hedges cut in proper order,
 Nor e'en a branch beyond the border:

Now

Now like a forest he appears,
 'The growth of twice three hundred years;
 Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
 Its airy summit in the clouds,
 While round its root still love to twine
 The ivy or wild eglantine.

“ But Shakspeare's all creative fancy
 “ Made others love extravagancy ;
 “ While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
 “ Like Hurlothrumbo's mad lord Flame.”

True — who can stop dull imitators ?
 Those younger brothers of translators,
 Those insects, which from genius rise,
 And buzz about, in swarms, like flies ?
 Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
 Sheds too her influence o'er the press :
 As formerly the sons of rhyme
 Sought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime ;
 By cool correctness now they hope
 To emulate the praise of Pope.
 But Pope and Shakspeare both disclaim
 These low retainers to their fame.

What task can dulness e'er effect
 So easy, as to write *correct* ?
 Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
 By too much or too little wit ;
 So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
 They miss their mark and follow neither ;
 'They so exactly poise the scale
 That neither measure will prevail,

And

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

31

And mediocrity the Muse
 Did never in her sons excuse.
 'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
 With all the charms of modern taste,
 And every senseless line is drest
 In quaint expression's tinsel vest.
 Say, did you never chance to meet
 A monsieur-barber in the street,
 Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
 And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
 His olive-tann'd complexion graces
 With little dabs of Dresden laces,
 While for the body Monsieur Puff,
 Wou'd think e'en dowlas fine enough?
 So fares it with our men of rhymes,
 Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
 For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
 Sure never yet were greater beaux;
 But fairly strip them to the shirt,
 They're all made up of rags and dirt.
 And shall these wretches bards commence,
 Without or spirit, taste, or sense?
 And when they bring no other treasure,
 Shall I admire them for their measure?
 Or do I scorn the critic's rules
 Because I will not learn of fools?
 Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose
 With all the force of genius glows;
 Though Dionysius' learned taste
 Is ever manly, just, and chaste,

And

VOL. LXVIII.

G

Who,

Who, like a skilful wise phyfician,
 Difsects each part of compofition,
 And fhews how beauty ftrikes the foul
 From a juft compact of the whole;
 Though judgment, in Quintillian's page,
 Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
 Yet *Hypercritics* I difdain,
 A race of blockheads dull and vain,
 And laugh at all thofe empty fools,
 Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
 And what their narrow fcience mocks
 Damn with the name of Het'rodox.

 Thefe butchers of a poet's fame,
 While they ufurp the critic's name,
 Cry—" This is tafte—that's my opinion."
 And poets dread their mock dominion.

 So have you feen with dire affright,
 The petty monarch of the night,
 Seated aloft in elbow chair,
 Command the prifoners to appear,
 Harangue an hour on watchmen's praife,
 And on the dire effect of frays;
 Then cry, " You'll fuffer for your daring,
 " And d—n you, you fhall pay for fwearing."
 Then turning, tell th' astonifh'd ring,
I fit to represent the KING.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME, 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child ?

It takes the gentle name of wild ;
 chests he breaks, if locks he picks,
 is nothing more than youthful tricks :
 the mother's fondness stamps it merit,
 or vices are a sign of spirit.

Say, do the neighbours think the same
 with the good old indulgent dame ?

My gossip Prate, " I hear with grief
 My neighbour's son's an arrant thief.
 Nay, could you think it, I am told,
 He stole five guineas, all in gold,

You know the youth was always wild—
 He got his father's maid with child ;

And robb'd his master, to defray
 The money he had lost at play.

All means to save him must now fail.

What can it end in ?—In a jail."

Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
 My gossip says the very truth.

But as his vices love wou'd hide,

And torture them to virtue's side,

And friendship's glass deceives the eye,

A glass too apt to magnify)

And makes you *think* at least you see

Some spark of genius, ev'n in me.

You say I shou'd get fame : I doubt it :

Perhaps I am as well without it.

For what's the worth of empty praise?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the Laurel, rarest wonder!
May screen us from the stroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine.
And poets live on slender fare,
Who, like Cameleons, feed on air,
And starve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only serves them after death.

Grant I succeed, like Horace rise,
And strike my head against the skies;
Common experience daily shews,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we shall find in every town
Gossips enough to cry them down;
Who meet in pious conversation
T' anatomize a reputation,
With flippant tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.

Their idle censures I despise:
Their niggard praises won't suffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the font of rhyme.
My Muse has answer'd all her end,
If her productions please a friend.
The world is burthen'd with a store,
Why need I add one scribbler more?

ABOUT

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T O * * * *

ABOUT TO PUBLISH A VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,
 Your works are rising into day,
 Forgive, though I presume to send
 This honest counsel of a friend.
 Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
 Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;
 Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
 Want nought but measure to be verse.
 Write from your own imagination,
 Nor curb your Muse by Imitation:
 For copies shew, howe'er exprest,
 A barren genius at the best.
 —But Imitation's all the mode—
 Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.
 The mimic bard with pleasure sees
 Mat. Prior's unaffected ease:
 Assumes his style, affects a story,
 Sets every circumstance before ye,
 The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
 And mars a curious tale in telling:
 Observes how *easy* Prior flows,
 Then runs his numbers down to prose.
 Others have sought the filthy stews
 To find a dirty slipshod Muse.

Their groping genius, while it rakes
 The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,
 Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
 Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
 With many a dash—that must offend us,
 And much * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * *Hiatus non descendus.*

O Swift! how would'st thou blush to see,
 Such are the bards who copy Thee?

This, Milton for his plan will chuse:
 Wherein resembling Milton's Muse?
 Milton, like thunder, rolls along
 In all the majesty of song;
 While his low mimics meanly creep,
 Not quite awake, nor quite asleep;
 Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
 'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.
 The stiff expression, phrases strange,
 The Epithet's preposterous change.
 Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
 Such as the judging ear affright,
 Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!
 Is't thus ye copy Milton's style?
 His faults religiously you trace,
 But borrow not a single grace.

How few, (say, whence can it proceed?)
 Who copy Milton, e'er succeed!
 But all their labours are in vain:
 And wherefore so?—The reason's plain.

Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

}

Others, who aim at fancy, chuse
To woo the gentle Spenser's Muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waste of flimsy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his strong Muse takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights:
'Till allegory, Spenser's veil
T' instruct and please in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

}

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivaling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word against the times—
These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,
Their Muse aspires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In these the spleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatness of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere strangers to his manly sense.

}

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muse,
 Whom with her kindest eye she views ;
 Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
 Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze ;
 Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
 In Imitation's dang'rous road,
 Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
 Shall scent each happy curate's room,
 Oft as in elbow-chair he smokes,
 And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
 So long, O * Brown, shall last thy praise,
 Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays ;
 And whoso'er thy verse shall see,
 Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

* Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq. author of a piece called the Pipe
 of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation of six different authors.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

WRITTEN JANUARY 1, 1761,

FROM TISSINGTON IN DERBYSHIRE.

FRIENDSHIP with most is dead and cool,
 A dull, inactive, stagnant pool;
 Yours like the lively current flows,
 And shares the pleasure it bestows.
 If there is ought, whose lenient pow'r
 Can soothe affliction's painful hour,
 Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
 And snatch the wretched from despair,
 Superior to the sense of woes,
 From friendship's source the balsam flows.
 Rich then am I, possess of thine,
 Who know that happy balsam mine.

In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
 The souls congenial spring to meet,
 And emulation's infant strife,
 Cements the man in future life.
 Oft too the mind well-pleas'd surveys
 Its progress from its childish days;
 Sees how the current upwards ran,
 And reads the child o'er in the man.
 For men, in reason's sober eyes,
 Are children, but of larger size,

Have still their idle hopes and fears,
And Hobby-Horse of riper years.

Whether a blessing, or a curse,
My rattle is the love of verse.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which still aspires to reputation,
Bade infant fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel full to fight.
For vanity, the poet's sin,
Had ta'en possession all within :
And he whose brain is verse-possest,
Is in himself as highly blest,
As he, whose lines and circles vie
With heav'n's direction of the sky.

Howe'er the river rolls its tides,
The cork upon the surface rides.
And on Ink's Ocean, lightly buoy'd,
The cork of vanity is Lloyd.
Let *me* too use the common claim
And souse at once upon my name,
Which some have done with greater strefs,
Who know me, and who love me less.

Poets are very harmless things,
Unless you tease one till it stings ;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to resent :
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd person to reply ?

In these familiar emanations,
Which are but writing conversations,

Where

Where thought appears in dishabille,
 And fancy does just what she will,
 'The fourest critic would excuse
 The vagrant fallies of the Muse :
 Which lady, for Apollo's blessing,
 Has still attended our careffing,
 As many children round her fees
 As maggots in a Cheshire cheese,
 Which I maintain at vast expence,
 Of pen and paper, time and sense :
 And surely 'twas no small miscarriage
 When first I enter'd into marriage.
 The poet's title which I bear,
 With some strange castles in the air,
 Was all my portion with the fair.

However narrowly I look,
 In Phœbus's *valorem* book,
 I cannot from enquiry find
 Poets had much to leave behind.
 They had a copyhold estate
 In lands which they themselves create,
 A foolish title to a *fountain*,
 A right of common in a *mountain*,
 And yet they liv'd amongst the great,
 More than their brethren do of late ;
 Invited out at feasts to dine,
 Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine ;
 Nor is it any where set down
 They tipt the servants half a crown,

But

But pass'd amid the waiting throng
 And pay'd the porter with a song ;
 As once, a wag, in modern days,
 When all are in these bribing ways,
 His shillings to dispense unable,
 Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,
 And walking gravely through the croud,
 Which stood obsequiously, and bow'd,
 To keep the fashion up of tipping,
 Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.

But there's a difference indeed
 'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
 Though poet known, in Roman days,
 Fearless he walk'd the public ways,
 Nor ever knew that sacred name
 Contemptuous smile, or painful shame :
 While with a foolish face of praise,
 The folks wou'd stop to gape and gaze,
 And half untold the story leave,
 Pulling their neighbour by the sleeve,
 While th' index of the finger shews,
 —There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.

This finger, I allow it true,
 Points at us modern poets too ;
 But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
 To laugh, or as the phrase is, *smoke*.

Yet there are those, who're fond of wit,
 Although they never us'd it yet,
 Who wits and witlings entertain ;
 Of Taste, Virtu, and Judgment vain,

And

And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun :

“ Yes—He at bottom—don't you know him ?

“ That's He that wrote the last new poem.

“ His Humour's exquisitely high,

“ You'll hear him open by and by.”

The man in print and conversation
Have often very small relation ;

And he, whose humour hits the town,

When copied fairly, and set down,

In public company may pass,

For little better than an ass.

Perhaps the fault is on his side,

Springs it from modesty, or pride,

Those qualities ashamed to own,

For which he's happy to be known ;

Or that his nature's strange and shy,

And diffident, he knows not why ;

Or from a prudent kind of fear,

As knowing that the world's severe,

He wou'd not suffer to escape

Familiar wit in easy shape :

Left gaping fools, and vile repeaters,

Should catch her up, and spoil her features,

And, for the child's unlucky maim,

The faultless parent come to shame.

Well, but methinks I hear you say,

“ Write then, my friend !”—Write what ?—“ a Play.

“ The theatres are open yet,

“ The market for all sterling wit ;

“ Try

" Try the strong efforts of your pen,
 " And draw the characters of men ;
 " Or bid the bursting tear to flow,
 " Obedient to the fabled woe ;
 " With Tragedy's severest art,
 " Anatomize the human heart,
 " And, that you may be understood,
 " Bid nature speak, as nature shou'd."

That talent, George, though yet untried,
 Perhaps my genius has denied ;
 While you, my friend, are sure to please
 With all the pow'rs of comic ease.

Authors, like maids at fifteen years,
 Are full of wishes, full of fears.
 One might by pleasant thoughts be led,
 To lose a trifling maiden-head ;
 But 'tis a terrible vexation
 To give up with it reputation.
 And he, who has with Plays to do,
 Has got the devil to go through.
 Critics have reason for their rules,
 I dread the censure of your fools.
 For tell me, and consult your pride,
 (Set Garrick for a while aside)
 How cou'd you, George, with patience bear,
 The critic prying in the play'r ?

Some of that calling have I known,
 Who held no judgment like their own ;
 And yet their reasons fairly scan,
 And separate the wheat and bran ;

You'd

You'd be amaz'd indeed to find,
What little wheat is left behind.
For, after all their mighty rout,
Of chatt'ring round and round about;
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,
Like crossing on the stage, and walking.

The form of this tribunal past,
The play receiv'd, the parts all cast,
Each actor has his own objections,
Each character, new imperfections :
The man's is drawn too coarse and rough,
The lady's has not smut enough.
It want's a touch of Cibber's ease,
A higher kind of talk to please ;
Such as your titled folks would chuse,
And Lords and Ladyships might use,
Which stile, whoever would succeed in,
Must have small wit, and much good breeding.
If this is dialogue—*ma foi*,
Sweet Sir, say I, *pardonnez moi* !

As long as life and business last,
The actors have their several cast,
A walk where each his talent shews,
Queens, Nurses, Tyrants, Lovers, Beaux ;
Suppose you've found a girl of merit,
Wou'd shew your part in all its spirit,
Take the whole meaning in the scope,
Some little lively thing, like Pope,
You rob some others of a feather,
They've worn for thirty years together.

But

But grant the cast is as you like,
 To actors which you think will strike.
 To-morrow then—(but as you know
 I've ne'er a Comedy to shew,
 Let me a while in conversation,
 Make free with yours for application)
 The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
 To-morrow then, will be presented
 The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right.
 How do you sleep, my friend, to-night?
 Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
 Roast-beef, and catcalls in your ears?
 Mabb's wheels a-crofs your temples creep,
 You tofs and tumble in your sleep,
 And cry aloud, with rage and spleen,
 "That fellow murders all my scene."

To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
 And see the piece's fire and spirit;
 Yet friendship's zeal is ever hearty,
 And dreads the efforts of a party.

The coach below, the clock gone five,
 Now to the theatre we drive:
 Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
 Behold the house in dreadful view!
 Observe how close the critics sit,
 And not one bonnet in the pit.
 With horror hear the galleries ring,
 Nofy! Black Joke! God save the King!
 Sticks clatter, catcalls scream, *Encore!*
 Cocks crow, pit hisses, galleries roar:

E'en

E'en *cha' some oranges* is found
This night to have a dreadful sound :
'Till, decent fables on his back,
(Your prologuizers all wear black)
The prologue comes ; and, if its mine,
Its very good, and very fine :
If not, I take a pinch of snuff,
And wonder where you got such stuff.
That done, a-gape the critics sit,
Expectant of the comic wit.
The fiddlers play again pell-mell :
—But hift !—the prompter rings his bell.
—Down there ! hats off !—the curtain draws !
What follows is—the just applause.

T W O O D E S*.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ. ΕΣ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

O D E I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muse, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!
What Poet sings, and strikes the strings?
It was the mighty Theban spoke,
He from the ever-living Lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of Modern Rhimers bray?
It was cool M——n, or warm G—y,
Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

I. 2.

The shallow Fop in antic vest,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be singly drest,

* I take the liberty of inserting the two following Odes, though I cannot, with strict propriety, print them as my own composition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend, to whose labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the Author of the Jealous Wife.

Changes,

Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.

Say, shall not then the heav'n-born Muses too

Variety pursue?

Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?

Whether the Muse the stile of Cambria's sons,

Or the rude gabble of the Huns,

Or the broader dialect

Of Caledonia she affect,

Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terrestial ball

The tyrant, Fashion, governs all.

She, fickle Goddess, whom, in days of yore,

The Idiot Moria, on the banks of Seine,

Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore :

Long she paid him with disdain,

And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd :

At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain

On thy blest Calends, April, he reveal'd.

From their embraces, sprung,

Ever changing, ever ranging,

Fashion, Goddess ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, She love to ride,

Upon a weather-cock, astride.

Each blast that blows, around she goes,

While nodding o'er her crest,

Emblem of her magic pow'r,

The light Cameleon stands confest,

Changing it's hues a thousand times an hour.

And in a vest is she array'd,
 Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
 Nor zoneless is her waist :
 But fair and beautiful, I ween,
 As the cestus-cinctur'd Queen,
 Is with the Rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd,

II. 2.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road
 Of lofty cloud-capt Ode.
 Meantime each Bard, with eager speed,
 Vaults on the Pegasean Steed :
 Yet not that Pegasus, of yore
 Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,
 But one of nobler breed ;
 High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire :
 From Tottipontimoy He came,
 Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name ?
 The bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his Sire ;
 * His White-nose, He on fam'd Doncastria's plains
 Resign'd his fatal breath :
 In vain for life the struggling courser strains.
 Ah! who can run the race with death ?
 The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,
 Strives all in vain to fly.
 He leads the chace, he wins the race,
 We stumble, fall, and die.

* The Author is either mistaken in this place, or has else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. White-nose was not the Sire, but a Son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar.

HEBER.

II. 3. Third

II. 3.

Third from Whitenose springs
 Pegafus with eagle wings :
 Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
 With many a bound he beats the ground,
 While all the Turf with acclamation rings :
 He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York :
 He too Newmarket won :
 There Granta's Son
 Seiz'd on the Steed ;
 And thence him led, (so fate decreed)
 To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,
 With his dark and inky waves,
 Either bank in silence laves,
 Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

III. 1.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,
 In trimmest guise array'd,
 First the neighing Steed assay'd ?
 His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel
 Sparkles refulgent with elastick steel :
 The whiles he wins his whiffling way,
 Prancing, ambling, round and round,
 By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward gay :
 Till fated with the pleasing ride,
 From the lofty Steed dismounting,
 He lies along, enwrapt in conscious pride,
 By gurgling rill, or chrystal fountain.

III. 2.

Lo! next, a Bard, secure of praise,
 His self-complacent countenance displays.
 His broad Mustachios, ting'd with golden die,
 Flame like a meteor, to the troubled air:
 Proud his demeanor, and his eagle-eye,
 O'er-hung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious
 glare.

The grizzle grace
 Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
 In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight
 Would sink each wight of modern date,
 He rides, well pleas'd: So large a pair
 Not Garagantua's self might wear:
 Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,
 Who, if we trust to antient Ballad,
 Devour'd Three Pilgrims in a Sallad;
 Nor He of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' adventurous Youth
 Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
 Fast by whose side clear streams meandering creep;
 But urges on amain the fiery Steed
 Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock uncouth:
 Where the venerable herd
 Of Goats, with long and sapient beard,
 And wanton Kidlings their blithe revels keep.
 Now up the mountain see him strain!
 Now down the vale he's toft,
 Now flashes on the fight again,
 Now in the Palpable Obscure quite lost.

IV. 1.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
 With high or low, all, all, is woe,
 Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate.

But, o'er every peril bounding,
 Ambition views not all the ills furrounding,
 And, tiptoe on the mountains steep,
 Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, see, he soars! With mighty wings outspread,
 And long resounding mane,
 The Courser quits the plain.
 Aloft in air, see, see him bear
 The Bard, who shrouds
 His Lyrick Glory in the clouds,
 Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head!
 He topples headlong from the giddy height,
 Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endless
 night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine! what daring spirit
 Rides thee now? though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,
 Which elate the mighty Pair,
 Each of Taste the fav'rite minion,
 Prancing through the desert air;
 By help mechanick of Equestrian Block,
 Yet shall he mount, with classick housings grac'd,
 And, all unheedful of the Critick Mock,
 Drive his light Courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

O D E II.

T O O B L I V I O N,

I.

***P**ARENT OF EASE! OBLIVION old,
 Who lov'st thy dwelling-place to hold,
 Where scepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary sway,
 Whose fullen pride the shiv'ring ghosts obey!
 Thou, who delightest still to dwell
 By some hoar and moss-grown cell,
 At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
 Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove controul!
 Or if it suit thy better will
 To chuse the tinkling weeping rill,
 Hard by whose side the seeded poppy red
 Heaves high in air his sweetly curling head,
 While, creeping in meanders flow,
 Lethe's drowsy waters flow,
 And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,
 Hum to each care-struck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
 A prey no longer let me be
 To that gossip MEMORY,
 Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
 To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.

* According to Lillæus, who bestows the Parental Function on Oblivion.

Verba OBLIVISCENDI *regunt* GENITIVUM.

Lib. xiii. Cap. 8.

There is a similar passage in Busbæus.

With

With Thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
 For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
 With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair silent Queen,
 The solemn stole of grief is never seen.

II.

All, All is thine. Thy pow'rful sway
 The throng'd poetic hosts obey :
 Though in the van of MEM'RY proud t'appear,
 At thy command they darken in the rear.
 What though the modern Tragic strain
 For nine whole days protract thy reign,
 Yet through the Nine, like whelps of currish kind,
 Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
 Sacred to thee the Crambo Rhime,
 The motley forms of Pantomime :
 For Thee from Eunuch's throat still loves to flow
 The soothing sadness of his warbled woe :
 Each day to Thee falls Pamphlet clean :
 Each month a new-born Magazine :
 Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!
 And, if Thou deign'st to take one moment's care,
 Attend Thy Bard! who duly pays
 The tribute of his votive lays;
 Whose Muse still offers at thy sacred shrine;—
 Thy Bard, who calls THEE *His*, and makes him
 THINE.
 O, sweet FORGETFULNESS, supreme
 Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,
 O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,
 Of mine, O GODDESS, stretch thine awful reign!
 Nor

Nor let MEM'RY steal one note,
 Which this rude hand to Thee hath wrote!
 So shalt thou save me from the Poet's shame,
 Though on the letter'd Rubric DODSLEY post my
 Name.

III.

O come! with opiate poppies crown'd,
 Shedding slumbers soft around!
 O come! FAT GODDESS, drunk with Laureat
 Sack!—
 See, where she sits on the benumb'd Torpedo's
 back!
 Me, in thy dull Elysium lapt, O bless
 With thy calm Forgetfulness!
 And gently lull my senses all the while
 With placid poems in the sinking stile!
 Whether the Herring-Poet sing,
 Great Laureat of the Fishes' King,
 Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
 Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny —;
 Or, if HE sing, whose verse affords
 A *bevy* of the *choicest* words,
 Who meets his Lady Muse by moss-grown cell,
 Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
 These, GODDESS, let me still forget,
 With all the dearth of Modern Wit!
 So may'st Thou gently o'er my youthful breast,
 Spread, with thy welcome hand, OBLIVION's friendly
 vest.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

I.

AH me! unhappy state of mortal wight,
 Sith ENVY's sure attendant upon fame,
 Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,
 Until she works him mickle woe and shame;
 Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth spoil,
 Ne doth she check her ever restless hate:
 Until she doth his reputation foil:
 Ah! luckless imp is he, whose worth elate,
 Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

There stood an ancient mount, yclept Parnass,
 (The fair domain of sacred poesy)
 Which, with fresh odours ever-blooming, was
 Besprinkled with the dew of Castaly;
 Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring glides,
 Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant foil,
 Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
 Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
 Dame NATURE's handy-work, not form'd by lab'ring
 toil.

III.

The MUSES fair, these peaceful shades among,
 With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings;
 The air in silence listens to the song,
 And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings;

Pale-

Pale-visag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
 Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
 Ne can the hag arrive the blifsful feat;
 Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,
 CONTENT fits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS self left his divine abode,
 And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
 Regardless of his state, lay'd by the God,
 And own'd sweet Music's more alluring pow'r.
 On either side was plac'd a peerless wight,
 Whose merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME;
 This, FANCY's darling child, was SPENSER hight,
 Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Tame;
 That no less fam'd than He, and MILTON was his name.

V.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm;
 Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;
 While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,
 Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
 Alternately they sung; now SPENSER 'gan,
 Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong;
 Now MILTON sung of disobedient man,
 And Eden lost: The bards around them throng,
 Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes' song.

VI.

Not far from these, Dan CHAUCER, antient wight,
 A lofty seat on Mount Parnassus held,
 Who long had been the Muses' chief delight;
 His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld;

Grave

Grave was his visage, and his habit plain;
 And while he sung, fair nature he display'd,
 In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain;
 Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
 Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII.

Next SHAKESPEARE fat, irregularly great,
 And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
 Which visionary beings did create,
 And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:
 Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
 Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
 To his behests these willingly repair,
 Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
 The which not all their pow'rs united might withstand.

VIII.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,
 Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyes;
 Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd,
 FANCY her name, ysprung of race divine;
 Her mantle* wimpled low, her silken hair,
 Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders stray'd,
 ' She made a net to catch the wanton air,'
 Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd
 And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly
 maid.

* *Wimpled*. A word used by Spenser for *hung down*. The line inclosed within Commas is one of Fairfax's in his translation of Tasso.

IX. And

IX.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air
 A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r :
 She wav'd it round : Eftsoons there did appear
 Spirits and witches, forms unknown before :
 Again she lifts her wonder-working wand ;
 Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain were seen
 The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
 And blithe attendants upon MAB their queen
 In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

X.

On th' other side stood NATURE, goddess fair ;
 A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid ;
 Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
 In loose attire of purest white array'd :
 A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such,
 (As from her darling's works may well be shown)
 That often with its soul-enchancing touch,
 She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
 And each man's passions made subservient to her own.

XI.

But lo ! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
 And murky mists the buxom air invade,
 Which with contagion dire infect the skies,
 And all around their baleful influence shed ;
 Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,
 With thick Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread ;
 The sun, which whilom shone without compare,
 Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
 And fore the time fore-grieving seeks his wat'ry bed.

XII. ENVY,

XII.

ENVY, the daughter of fell Acheron,
 (The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
 Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
 And through the frightened heavens wing'd her flight :
 With careful eye each realm she did explore,
 Ne mote she ought of happiness observe;
 For happiness, alas! was now no more,
 Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,
 And trample on religion base designs to serve.

XIII.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,
 Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
 SPENSER and MILTON met her scowling eye,
 And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
 Full fast unto her sister did she post,
 There to unload the venom of her breast,
 To tell how all her happiness was crost,
 Sith others were of happiness possest :
 Did never gloomy hell send forth like ugly pest.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
 Where fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,
 O'ergrown with tangling briars a cavern stood ;
 Fit place for melancholy * dreary-head.

* *Dreary-head.* Gloominess.

Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the rising to the setting sun,
Her heart pursued spite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

XV.

In flowing fable stole she was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief gone
mad,
A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd ;
A ghastly grin and eyes askint, display
The rancour which her hellish thoughts contain,
And how, when man is blest, she pines away,
Burning to turn his happiness to pain ;
MALICE the monster's name, a foe to God and man.

XVI.

Along the floor black loathsome toads still crawl,
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they spit at all
Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den ;
Around her waist, in place of filken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foe,
But death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,
Fly, reckless mortals, fly, in vain is * hardy-head.

* *Hardy-head.* Courage.

XVII. Im-

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, through th' ætherial waste,
 With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
 Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,
 Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.
 Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
 And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
 Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
 A-while contending passions utt'rance choke,
 At length the fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

XVIII.

Sister, arise! see how our pow'r decays,
 No more our empire 'Thou and I can boast,
 Sith mortal man now gains immortal praise,
 Sith man is blest, and 'Thou and I are lost:
 See in what state Parnassus' Hill appears;
 See PHOEBUS' self two happy bards atween;
 See how the God their song attentive hears;
 This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween!
 Who can behold unmov'd like heart-tormenting scene?

XIX.

Sister, arise! ne let our courage droop,
 Perforce we will compel these mortals own,
 That mortal force unto our force shall stoop;
 ENVY and MALICE then shall reign alone:
 Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,
 And to deceive mankind with specious bait:
 Like TRUTH accoutred, spreadest forgeries,
 The fountain of contention and of hate:
 Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
 “ Tremble, ye bards, within that blissful feat;
 “ MALICE and ENVY shall o'erthrow your joys,
 “ Nor PHOEBUS self shall our designs defeat.
 “ Shall We, who under friendship's feigned veil,
 “ Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
 “ Shall We, who under show of sacred zeal,
 “ Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in lowest hell—
 “ Such vile disgrace of us no mortal man shall tell,

XXI.

And now, more hideous rendered to the fight,
 By reason of her raging cruelty,
 She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
 And find fit engine for her forgery.
 Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,
 While hellish imps prepare the monster's car,
 In which she might cut through the wide expanse,
 And find out nations that extended far,
 When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright star

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
 And each fell serpent had a double tongue,
 Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,
 The regions of the tainted air among;
 A lofty feat the sister-monsters bore,
 In deadly machinations close combin'd,
 Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
 And cruel DISCORD follow'd fast behind;
 God help the man 'gainst whom such caitiff foes are join'd

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
 While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels ;
 Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,
 The air deprefs'd unusual burthen feels ;
 Detested fight ! in terrible array,
 They spur their fiery dragons on amain,
 Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,
 Until the wish'd-for region they obtain,
 And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

XXIV.

Here, eldest son of MALICE, long had dwelt
 A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn ;
 His fame on double falsties was built :
 (Ah ! worthless son, of worthless parent born !)
 Under the shew of semblance fair, he veil'd
 The black intentions of his hellish breast ;
 And by these guileful means he more prevail'd
 Than had he open enmity profess'd ;
 The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's cloath-
 ing drest.

XXV.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,
 (Sure sign of woe when such are pleas'd, alas !)
 Then measure back the air with swifter pace,
 Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnass.
 Hither in evil hour the monsters came,
 And with their new companion did alight,
 Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,
 Beholding worth with poisonous despight ;
 On his success depends their impious delight.

XXVI.

Long burnt He fore the summit to obtain,
 And spread his venom o'er the blissful feat;
 Long burnt He fore, but still He burnt in vain;
 Mote none come there, who come with impious feet,
 At lenth, at unawares, he out doth spit
 That spite which else had to himself been bane;
 The venom on the breast of MILTON lit,
 And spread benumbing death through every vein;
 The Bard of life bereft fell senseless on the plain.

XXVII.

As at the banquet of Thyestes old,
 The sun is said t' have shut his radiant eye,
 So did he now through grief his beams with-hold,
 And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky;
 Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes
 The birds attendant upon hideous night,
 Shriek-owls and ravens, whose fell croaking bodes
 Approaching death to miserable wight:
 Did never mind of man behold like dreadful sight?

XXVIII.

APOLLO wails his darling done to die
 By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane;
 The MUSES sprinkle him with dew of Castaly,
 And crown his death with many a living strain;
 Hoary PARNASSUS beats his aged breast,
 Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know;
 The flowers drooping their despair attest,
 Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow;
 All nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

XXIX. But,

XXIX.

But, lo! the sky a gayer livery wears,
 The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
 And now the cloak of darkness disappears,
 (May darkness ever thus to light give place!)
 Erst griev'd APOLLO jocund looks resumes,
 The NINE renew their whilom chearful song,
 No grief PARNASSUS' aged breast consumes,
 For from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,
 The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

The stricken Bard fresh vital heat renews,
 Whose blood, erst stagnate, rushes through his veins;
 Life through each pore her spirit doth infuse,
 And FAME by MALICE unextinguish'd reigns:
 And see, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
 Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
 A Female Form, yclad in snowy white,
 No half so fair at distance seen as nigh;
 DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER
 die.

P R O L O G U E
 TO THE
 J E A L O U S W I F E

S P O K E N B Y M R. G A R R I C K,

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a Comedy! poor man!
 A charming subject! but a wretched plan.
 His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
 Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
 Quarrels, upbraidings, Jealousies, and spleen,
 Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
 Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
 'Tis Passion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
 What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
 A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
 Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,
 See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
 Drawcanfir death had rag'd without controul,
 Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
 What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
 What hands had thunder'd at each *Hab* and *Ob*!
 But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
 Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
 At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
 Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim.

He

PROLOGUE TO THE JEALOUS WIFE. 119

He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store.—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakespeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shewn,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do justice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to *Blockheads* past one *Blockhead* more.

P R O L O G U E,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT DRURY-
LANE THEATRE, ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-
DAY, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But soars to heav'n from virtue's generous praise,
When Kings themselves the proper judges sit
O'er the blest realms of science, arts and wit,
Each eager breast beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Augustus rose imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then finew'd Genius, strong and nervous rose,
In Spenser's numbers, and in Raleigh's prose;
On Bacon's lips then every science hung,
And Nature spoke from her own Shakspeare's tongue.
Her patriot smiles fell, like refreshing dews,
To wake to life each pleasing useful Muse,
While every virtue which the Queen profess'd,
Beam'd on her subjects, but to make them blest.
O glorious times!—O theme of praise divine!
—Be happy, Britain, then—such times are thine.
Behold e'en now strong science imp's her wing,
And arts revive beneath a Patriot King.

The

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY. 121

The Muses too burst forth with double light,
To shed their lustre in a Monarch's sight.
His cheering smiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps *this spot* may boast a Royal Friend.
And when a Prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himself shall marshal out the way to taste,
Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may rise
Some powerful genius of uncommon size,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depth explore,
And be what our great Shakspeare was before.

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO HECUBA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1761.

A Grecian bard, two thousand years ago,
 Plann'd this sad fable of illustrious woe;
 Waken'd each soft emotion of the breast,
 And called forth tears, that would not be suppress.

Yet, O ye mighty Sirs, of judgment chaste,
 Who, lacking Genius, have a deal of Taste,
 Can you forgive out modern ancient piece,
 Which brings no chorus, tho' it comes from Greece?
 Kind social chorus, which all humours meets,
 And sings and dances up and down the streets.
 —Oh! might true taste, in these unclassic days,
 Revive the Grecian fashions with their plays!
 'Then, rais'd on stilts, our Players would stalk and rage,
 And, at three steps, stride o'er a modern stage;
 Each gesture then would boast unusual charms,
 From lengthen'd legs, stuff'd body, sprawling arms!
 Your critic eye would then no pigmies see,
 But Buskins make a giant, even of me.
 No features then the Poet's mind would trace,
 But one black vizor blot out all the face.
 O! glorious times, when actors thus could strike,
 Expressive, inexpressive, all alike!
 Less change of face than in our punch they saw,
 For punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw;
 With one set glare they mouth'd the rumbling verse;
 Our Gog and Magog look not half so fierce!

Yet,

Yet, though depriv'd of instruments like these,
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to please ;
Which, wheresoe'er she glows with genuine flame,
In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the same.

Of raillery then, ye modern wits, beware,
Nor damn the Grecian poet for the player.
Theirs was the skill, with honest help of art,
To win, by just degree, the yielding heart,
What if our Shakspeare claims the magic throne,
And in one instant makes us all his own ;
They differ only in one point of view,
For Shakspeare's nature, was their nature too.

TEARS

O D E

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WEST-
MINSTER SCHOOL.

NOR at Apollo's vaunted shrine,
Nor to the fabled Sisters Nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow,
Far be their rites!—Such worship fits not now;
When at Eliza's sacred name
Each breast receives the present flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulse strikes th' accordant strings,
Reflecting on the crowded line
Of mitred sages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cause,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory! how thou lov'st to stray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when simple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!

'Tis then the souls congenial meet,
Inspir'd with friendship's genuine heat,
Ere interest, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here*, in many an early strain
Dryden first try'd his classic vein,
Spurr'd his strong genius to the distant goal,
In wild effusions of his manly soul;

When

When Busby's skill, and judgment sage,
Repress'd the poet's frantic rage,
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the strength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muse forgot! which strays
In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and studied art:
Though affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and sublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The *Poet's* trifles ne'er disgrac'd the *Man*.

Well might thy morals sweet engage
Th' attention of the Mitred Sage,
Smit with the plain simplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy strife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which snare the gay unstable youth,
Cou'd lure Thee from the sober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirement's arms,
Whence Thou, untainted with the pride of state,
Coud'st smile with pity on the bustling Great.

Such were Eliza's sons. Her soft'ring care
Here bade free genius tune his grateful song;
Which else had wasted in the desert air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.

—Ne'er may her youth degenerate shame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inspir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of Fame!

T H E

THE TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF
PARNASSUS:

A N O D E,

SET TO MUSICK AND PERFORMED AT DRURY-
LANE, 1760.

*The Scene discovers APOLLO and the NINE MUSES in
their proper Habits.*

APOLLO.

FATE gave the word; the deed is done;
AUGUSTUS is no more;
His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.

[The Muses tear off their laurels.]

CALLIOPE.

Well, sisters of the sacred spring,
Well may you rend your golden hair;
Well may you now your dirges sing,
And pierce with cries the troubled air.

CHORUS.

Fate gave the word, &c.

CLIO.

Founded in justice was his sway;
Ambition never mark'd his way.

CALLIOPE.

Unless the best ambition that can fire
A monarch's breast and all his soul inspire,

The

TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS. 127

The gen'rous purpose of the noble mind,
The best ambition—to serve human kind.

A P O L L O.

Yes, Virgins, yes; that wish sublime
Rank'd him with those of earliest time,

Who for a people's welfare strove;
Whose spirits breathe ætherial air,
And for their meed of earthly care,
Drink Nectar with Olympian Jove.

C A L L I O P E.

Oh! TRUTH! fair daughter of the sky,
And MERCY!—that with asking eye
Near the OMNIPOTENT do'st stand;
And, when mankind provoke his rage,
Do'st clasp his knees, his wrath assuage,
And win the thunder from his hand!

C L I O.

Oh! white-rob'd FAITH! cælestial maid!
Twin-born with JUSTICE! by whose aid
He liv'd the guardian of the laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's isle
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,
Who now will guard your sacred cause?

C H O R U S.

Dear liberty, &c.

C A L L I O P E.

Where were ye, Muses, when the fatal sheers
The FURY rais'd, to close his rev'rend years?
But ah! vain wish!—you could not stop the blow!
No Omen warn'd ye of th' impending woe.

A P O L L O.

APOLLO.

See! where BRITANNIA stands
 With close-infolded hands,
 On yonder sea-beat shore!
 Behold her languid air!
 Lo! her dishevell'd hair!
 Majestic now no more!
 Still on the fullen wave her eye is bent,
 The TRIDENT of the MAIN thrown idle by;
 OLD THAMES, his sea-green mantle rent,
 Inverts his urn, and heaves a doleful sigh.
 Hark! to the winds and waves
 Frantic with grief she raves,
 And, cruel Gods! she cries;
 Each chalky cliff around,
 Each rock returns the sound,
 And, cruel Gods! replies.

CALLIOPE.

See! the procession sad and slow,
 Walks in a solemn pomp of woe
 Through awful arches, gloomy isles,
 And rows of monumental piles,
 Where lie the venerable just,
 Where heroes moulder into dust.
 Now quietly inurn'd he lies,
 Pale! pale! inanimate and cold!
 Where round him baleful vapours rise,
 'Midst bones of legislators old!

CLIO.

C L I O.

Of him who fought th' ambitious Gaul
Oe'r thick-embattled plains,
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,
This only now remains.

A P O L L O.

Bring, in handfuls, lillies bring
Bring me all the flow'ry spring.
Scatter roses on his bier;
Ever honour'd, ever dear!

C H O R U S.

Scatter Roses, &c.

M E R C U R Y *descends.*

No more, harmonious Progeny of Jove,
No more let fun'ral accents rise;
The great, the good AUGUSTUS reigns above,
Translated to his kindred skies.

C L I O.

No more for my historic page—

C A L L I O P E.

No more for my great epic rage—

B O T H.

Will by the hero now be done—

C H O R U S.

His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.

Enter M A R S.

Lo! Mars, from his beloved land,
Where freedom long hath fix'd her stand,
Bids ye collect your flowing hair,
And again the laurel wear :

For see! BRITANNIA rears her drooping head;
 Again resumes her TRIDENT of the main;
 THAMES takes his urn, and seeks his wat'ry bed,
 While gay content sits smiling on the plain.

Hark! a glad voice.

Proclaims the people's choice.

CHORUS, *within the Scenes.*

He is our liege, our rightful lord!
 Of heart and tongue with one accord

We all will sing

Long live the king!

He is our liege!—he!—he alone!

With BRITISH HEART he mounts the throne;

Around him throngs a loyal band;

He will protect his NATIVE LAND!

He is our liege, &c.

[The Muses rise and put on their laurels]

CALLIOPE.

The muses now their heads shall raise;

The arts to life shall spring;

Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd bayes,

And wake each vocal string;

Now shall the sculptor's happy skill

Touch the rude stone to life;

The painter shall his canvass fill,

Pleas'd with his mimic strife.

CLIO.

Sweet MERCY! FAITH! CÆLESTIAL TRUTH!

Now by your aid the royal youth

Shal

TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS. 131

Shall live the guardian of the laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's isle
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,
He now will guard your sacred cause.

A P O L L O.

Blest Prince! whose subjects in each adverse hour
For freedom still have stood!
Blest isle! whose Prince but deems the sov'reign pow'r,
The pow'r of doing good!

M A R S.

Now open all your Helicon; explore
Of harmony the lostiest store;
Let the drum beat alarms,
Such as rouse us to arms;
The trumpet's shrill clangor shall pierce through the sky!
Swell the rapture, swell it high;
And in notes sublime and clear
Pour the strong melody, that Heav'n may hear.

A P O L L O.

Nothing mortal will I found;
Lo! the flame, the flame divine!
High I mount, I quit the ground,
Holy fury! I am thine.

With rage possess'd
Big swells my breast!

In visions rapt, before my sight appears
A brighter order of increasing years.

M A R S.

I see the Rhine devolve his flood
Deep-crimson'd with the Gallic blood!

K 2

I hear,

I hear, I hear the distant roar
 Of ruin on yon hostile shore!
 I see, young Prince, to thee I see
 The savage Indian bend the knee!
 Lo! AFRIC from her fable kings
 Her richest stores in tribute brings!
 And farthest IND, beneath the rising day
 Lays down her arms, and venerates thy sway.

CALLIOPE.

I see Bellona banish'd far!
 I see him close the gates of war,
 While purple rage within
 With ghastly Ire shall grin,
 And rolling his terrific eyes,
 Where round him heaps of arms arise,
 Bound with a hundred brazen chains,
 In vain shall foam, and thirst for sanguine plains.

CLIO.

Sweet peace returns;
 O'er Albion's sons
 She waves her dove-like wing:
 On ev'ry plain
 The shepherd train
 Their artless loves shall sing.
 Pale DISCORD shall fly
 From the light of the sky.
 To black Cocytus hurl'd;
 There, there shall feel
 Ixion's wheel,

TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS. 133

The furies with their serpents curl'd;
With the unceasing toil shall groan
Of the unconquerable stone,
And leave in harmony the British world.

A P O L L O.

Proceed great days; lead on th' auspicious years;
Such years (—for lo! the scene of fate appears!)
Such years, the DESTINIES have said, shall roll;
Jove nods consent, and thunder shakes the pole.

ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. *A view of the country.*

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES,

CHORUS.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

SYLVIA.

A I R.

Hither haste, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund song
To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic measures with your feet.
Ev'ry gift of time employ;
Make the most of proffer'd joy.
Pleasure hates the scanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free
Now's the time for jollity.

[A dance of Shepherds, &c.]

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy swains, rejoice;
It is the heart that prompts the voice.

Be

Be sorrow banish'd far away;
 Thyrsis shall make it holy-day.
 Who at his name can joy suppress?
 ARCADIAN-BORN to rule and blest.

D A M O N.

And hark! from rock to rock the sound
 Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
 Breaking with rapture on the ear,
 Proclaims the blithsome Phœbe near:
 See where she hastes with eager pace,
 To speak the joys that paint her face.

S C E N E II. *Opens to a prospect of rocks.*

Huntsmen, Huntresses, &c. coming down from them.

P H O E B E.

Hither I speed with honest glee,
 Such as befits the mind that's free;
 Your chearful troop, blithe youth, to join,
 And mix my social joys with thine.
 Now may each nymph, and frolic swain,
 O'er mountain steep, or level plain,
 Court buxom health, while jocund horn
 Bids echo wake the sluggard morn.

A I R.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's
 cool gale,
 Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
 Up, ye nymphs, and ye swains, and together we'll rove,
 Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:

K 4

Then

Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horns, and the cry of the
hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health.
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys
No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys.
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we roam;
Yet returning, still find the dear pleasures at home;
Where the chearful good humour gives honesty grace,
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face.
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to present joys.

S Y L V I A.

Though the white locks of silver'd age,
And long experience hail thee sage;
Ill suits it in this joy, to wear
A brow so over-hung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raise,
And join a whole Arcadia's praise.

D A M Æ T A S.

With you I joy that Thyrsis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains:

But

But praise is scanty to reveal
The speaking blessings all must feel.

D A M O N.

True, all must feel—but thanks too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart shall ever shew
The debt I need not blush to owe.

A I R.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I please,
That my labour's the price of contentment and ease,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taste the true family joys,
That my kids wanton safely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my sheep graze secure from the robber or fox;
These are blessings I share with the rest of the swains,
For it's Thyrsis who gave them, and Thyrsis main-
tains.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Perish my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliss alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his busy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtues which their sire hath shewn.

A I R

A I R.

With joy the parent loves to trace
 Resemblance in his children's face:
 And as he forms their docile youth
 To walk the steady paths of truth,
 Observes them shooting into men,
 And lives in them life o'er again.

While active sons, with eager flame,
 Catch virtue at their father's name;
 When full of glory, full of age,
 The parent quits this busy stage,
 What in the sons we most admire,
 Calls to new life the honour'd fire.

S Y L V I A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O prudent Sage forgive the zeal
 Of thoughtless youth. With thee I feel,
 The glories now Arcadia shares
 May but embitter future cares.

Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
 Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

A I R.

So may all thy fylvan train,
 Dryad, nymph, and rustic faun,
 To the pipe and merry strain,
 Trip it o'er the russet lawn!
 May no thorn or bearded grass
 Hurt their footsteps as they pass,

Whilst

Whilst in gambols round and round
They sport it o'er the shaven ground!

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vanish'd in the limpid stream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,
If again thy heart should burn,
In caressing,
Blest, and blessing,
May'st thou find a wish'd return.

C H O R U S.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

[A dance of huntsmen and huntresses.]

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Peace, shepherds, peace, with jocund air,
Which speaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia hastes. The glad surprize
Of rapture flashing from her eyes.

E N T E R D E L I A.

D E L I A.

A I R.

Shepherds, shepherds, come away;
Sadness were a sin to-day.

Let

Let the pipe's merry notes aid the skill of the voice;
For our wishes are crown'd, and our hearts shall re-
joice.

Rejoice, and be glad;
For sure he is mad

Who, where mirth and good humour, and harmony's
found,

Never catches the smile, nor lets pleasure go round.

Let the stupid be grave,
'Tis the vice of the slave;

But can never agree
With a maiden like me,

Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What means this rapture, Delia? Shew
Th' event our bosoms burn to know.

D E L I A.

Now as I trod yon verdant side,
Where Ladon rolls its silver tide,
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous state,
Sail'd a proud barge of richest freight:
Where sat a nymph, more fresh and fair
Than blossoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modest grace
Of maiden blush bespread her face.
Hither it made, and on this strand
Pour'd it's rich freight for shepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, smooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrsis' bride.

D A M Æ T A S.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Stop, shepherds, if aright I hear,
 The sounds of joy proclaim them near :
 Let's meet them, friends, I'll lead the way ;
 Joy makes me young again to-day.

S C E N E III.

A view of the sea, with a vessel at a distance,

*[Here follows a Pastoral Procession to the wedding
 of Thyrsis.]*

P R I E S T.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mighty Pan! with tender care,
 View this swain and virgin fair;
 May they ever thus impart
 Just return of heart for heart.
 May the pledges of their bliss
 Climb their knees to share the kiss.
 May their steady blooming youth,
 While they tread the paths of truth,
 Virtues catch from either side,
 From the bridegroom and the bride.

C H O R U S.

May their steady blooming youth,
 While they tread the paths of truth,
 Virtues catch from either side,
 From the bridegroom and the bride.

A N

AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those
 That condescend to write in prose;
 Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
 I always soar—in doggrel rhyme,
 And scarce can ask you how you do,
 Without a jingling line or two.
 Besides, I always took delight in
 What bears the name of *easy writing*;
 Perhaps the reason makes it please
 Is, that I find it's writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
 Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
 Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
 Than Addison and his Spectator,
 Who says (it is no matter where,
 But that he says it, I can swear)
 With *easy verse* most Bards are smitten,
 Because they think it's *easy written*;
 Whereas the *easier* it appears,
 The greater marks of *care* it wears;
 Of which, to give an explanation,
 Take this by way of illustration:
 The fam'd Mat Prior, it is said,
 Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,

And

And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes.
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he *labour'd* to write *easy*.
And yet, no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no Taylor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolater of *ease*.

Who, but a madman, would engage
A Poet in the present age?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,

Ere

Ere Colman wrote in stile so pure,
 Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
 Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
 Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
 And happy in the close connexion,
 T' acquire some name from their reflexion;
 So (the similitude is trite)
 The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
 And, like the race of modern beaux,
 Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time
 To shew the use I make of rhyme,
 Than now, when I, who from beginning
 Was always fond of couplet-finning,
 Presuming on good-nature's score,
 Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
 Is, that I ramble loose and free:
 The Bard indeed full oft complains,
 That rhymes are *fetters*, *links*, and *chains*,
 And when he wants to leap the fence,
 Still keep him pris'ner to the sense.
 Howe'er in common-place he rage,
 Rhyme's like your *fetters* on the *stage*,
 Which when the player once hath wore,
 It makes him only strut the more,
 While, raving in pathetic strains,
 He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
 Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;

I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd elope:
So ministers of basest tricks
(I love a fling at *politicks*)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking Fowke, and hanging Byng;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater* flink away.
This simile perhaps would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it dress'd a second time
In Prior's ease, and *my* sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haste to catch a thief,
While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the croud?
So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such, what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the Connoisseur!

To-day, before the sun goes down,
Will die the Cenfor, Mr. 'TOWN!
He dies, whoever takes pains to con him,
With blushing honours thick upon him;

O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!

Know, reader, that on Thursday died
The CONNOISSEUR, a suicide!
Yet think not that his soul is fled,
Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.
Howe'er defunct you set him down,
He's only *going out of Town*.

T H E P U F F.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER
AND AUTHOR.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, fir! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a Puff;

A title to entrap the eyes,
And catch the reader by surprize:
As gaudy signs, which hang before
The tavern or the alehouse door,
Hitch every passer's observation,
Magnetic in their invitation.

—That SHAKSPEARE is prodigious fine!
Shall we step in, and taste the wine?
Men, women, houses, horses, books,
All borrow credit from their looks.
Externals have the gift of striking,
And lure the fancy into liking.

AUTHOR.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean—
Call it *St. James's Magazine*.

BOOKSELLER.

Or the *New British*—

AUTHOR.

Oh! no more.

One name's as good as half a score.
And titles oft give nothing less
Than what they *staringly* profess.

L 2

Puffing,

Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;
 The common hackney turnpike road:
 But custom is the blockhead's guide,
 And such low arts disgust my pride.
 Success on merit's force depends,
 Not on the partial voice of friends;
 Not on the *seems*, that bully sin;
 But that *which passeth shew within*:
 Which bids the warmth of friendship glow,
 And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deserve success, and proudly claim,
 Not *steal* a passage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, sir, will never do;
 You're right in theory, it's true.
 But then, experience in *our* trade
 Says, there's no harm in some parade.
 Suppose we said, by Mr. Lloyd?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I would avoid;
 And would be rather pleas'd to own
 Myself unknowing, and unknown:
 What could th' unknowing muse expect,
 But information or neglect?
 Unknown—perhaps her reputation
 Escapes the tax of defamation,
 And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,
 While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt:
 But he who madly prints his name,
 Invites his foe to take sure aim.

BOOK-

B O O K S E L L E R.

True—but a name will always bring
A better sanction to the thing :
And all your scribbling foes are such,
Their censure cannot hurt you much ;
And, take the matter ne'er so ill,
If *you* don't print it, sir, *they* will.

A U T H O R.

Well, be it so—that struggle's o'er —
Nay,—this shall prove one spur the more.
Pleas'd if success attends, if not,
I've writ *my name*, and made a blot.

B O O K E L L E R.

But a good print.

A U T H O R.

The print? why there

I trust to honest LEACH's care.
What is't to me? in verse or prose,
I find the stuff, you make the cloaths :
Add paper, print, and all such drefs,
Will lose no credit from *his* press.

B O O K S E L L E R.

You quite mistake the thing I mean,
—I'll fetch you, sir, a MAGAZINE ;
You see that picture there—the QUEEN.

A U T H O R.

A dedication to her too !
What will not folly dare to do ?
O days of art ! when happy skill
Can raise a likeness whence it will ;
When portraits ask no REYNOLDS' aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.

L 3

No,

No, no, my friend, by helps like these,
 I cannot wish my work should please;
 No pictures taken from the life,
 Where all proportions are at strife;
 No HUMMING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
 No BEAST just landed in the TOWER,
 No WOODEN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
 No COUNTRY-DANCE shall stop a gap;
 O PHILOMATH, be not severe,
 If not one problem meets you here;
 Where gossip A, and neighbour B,
 Pair, like good friends, with C and D;
 And E F G, H I K join;
 And curve and *incidental* line
 Fall out, fall in, and cross each other,
 Just like a sister and a brother.
 Ye *tiny* poets, *tiny* wits,
 Who frisk about on *tiny* tits,
 Who words disjoin, and sweetly sing,
 Take one third part, and take the thing;
 Then close the joints again, to frame
 Some LADY's, or some CITY's name,
 Enjoy your own, your proper *Phæbus*;
 We neither make, nor print a REBUS.
 No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
 Great letters lacing down each line;
 No strange CONUNDRUM, no invention
 Beyond the reach of comprehension,
 No RIDDLE, which whoe'er unties,
 Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,

Shall

Shall strive to please you, at th' expence
Of simple taste, and common sense.

B O O K S E L L E R.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
Some real grace, and proper use?
A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

A U T H O R.

Plain letter-press shall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The Paste-board Guard delights me more,
That stands to watch a bun-house door,
Than such a mockery of grace,
And ornament so out of place.

B O O K S E L L E R.

But one word more, and I have done—
A PATENT might insure its run.

A U T H O R.

Patent! for what! can patents give
A Genius? or make blockheads live?
If so, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what alas! will that avail,
Beyond the *property* of sale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honest fame we strive,
But not to struggle half alive,
And drag a miserable being,
Its end still fearing and foreseeing.

L 4

Oh!

Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
 Enkindled with the breath of praise!
 But far be ev'ry fruitless puff,
 To blow to light a dying snuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But should not something, fir, be said,
 Particular on ev'ry head?
 What your ORIGINALS will be,
 What *infinite* variety,
Multum in Parvo, as they say,
 And something neat in every way?

AUTHOR.

I wish there could—but that depends
 Not on myself, so much as friends.
 I but set up a new machine,
 With harness tight, and furnish'd clean;
 Where such, who think it no disgrace,
 To send in time, and take a place,
 The book-keeper shall minute down,
 And I with pleasure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, fir, and then say,
 What letters come in every day;
 And what great *Wits* your care procures,
 To join their social hands with yours.

AUTHOR.

What! must I huge proposals print,
 Merely to drop some saucy hint,
 That real folks of real fame
 Will give their works, and not their name?

—This

—This Puff's of use, you say—why let it,
We'll boast such friendship when we get it.

B O O K S E L L E R,

Get it! Ah, sir, you do but jest,
You'll have assistance, and the best.
There's CHURCHILL—will not CHURCHILL lend
Assistance?

A U T H O R.

Surely—to his FRIEND.

B O O K S E L L E R.

And then your interest might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their social hand, to strengthen thine :
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

A U T H O R.

True, I've indulg'd such hopes before,
From those you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not asham'd of mine.
Bold is the task we undertake,
The friends we wish, the WORK must make :
For Wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which stands alone.

B O O K S E L L E R.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure some useful aid :
Could we engage some able pen,
To furnish matter now and then ;

There's

There's—what's his name, fir? wou'd compile,
And methodize the news in *style*.

AUTHOR.

'Take back your newfman whence he came,
Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You must enrich your book, indeed!
Bare MERIT never will succeed;
Which readers are not now a-days,
By half so apt to buy, as praise;
And praise is hardly worth pursuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books shift about, like ladies' drefs,
And there's a fashion in fuccess.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies *imaginary* raise?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?
Bid *General ESSAY* lead the van,
By—Oh! the *Style* will shew the man:
Bid *Major SCIENCE* bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

AUTHOR.

True, true—our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHYMES,
Shall shew the colour of the times;
For which most salutary ends,
We've fellow-soldiers, fellow-friends.
For city, and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.

For

or politics—eternal talkers,
 profound observers, and park-walkers.
 or plays, great actors of renown,
 lately or just arriv'd in town)
 or some, in state of abdication,
 of oratorical reputation;
 or those who live on scraps and bits,
 Mere green-room wasps, and Temple wits;
 shall teach you, in a page or two,
 What GARRICK should, or should not do.
 Trim poets from the *City* desk,
 Deep vers'd in *rural* picturesque,
 Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
 What RIDER'S Almanack contains
 On flow'r and feed, and wind, and weather,
 And bind them in an *Ode* together;
 Shall through the seasons monthly sing
 Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

B O O K S E L L E R.

Ah, sir! I see you love to jest,
 I did but hint things for the best.
 Do what you please, 'tis *your* design,
 And if it fails, no blame is mine;
 I leave the management to you,
 Your servant, sir,

A U T H O R.

I'm yours,—Adieu.

C H I T.

C H I T - C H A T.

A N I M I T A T I O N O F T H E O C R I T U

IDYLL. XV. Εὔδοι Πραξινοῶ, &c.

M R S. B R O W N.

IS Mistress SCOT at home, my dear?

S E R V A N T.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here,
My *Misses*, though resolv'd to wait,
Is quite *unpatient*—'tis so late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, MA'M —Mrs. BROWN.

M R S. S C O T.

Your servant, MADAM. Well, I swear
I'd giv'n you over —Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be seated.

M R S. B R O W N.

Lard! my dear,

I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such *scrouging* and such *squeeging*,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all these narrow ways,
What with the bustle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Besides the walk is so *immense*—
Not that I grudge a coach expence,

ut then it jumbles me to death,
 And I was always short of breath.
 How can you live so far, my dear?
 's quite a journey to come here.

M R S. S C O T.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *Him*,
 Husbands you know, will have their whim.
 He took this house.—This house! this den.—
 See but the temper of some men.
 And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,
 To live *quite out of all the world*.
 Husband, indeed!

M R S. B R O W N.

Hift! lower, pray,
 The child hears every word you say.
 See how he looks—

M R S. S C O T.

Jacky, come here,
 There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
 'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
 —Surely he cannot find it out.

M R S. B R O W N.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
 Upon my life he understands.
 —There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,
 Will *Jacky* have a sugar-plumb?

M R S. S C O T.

This Person, MADAM (call him so
 And then the child will never know)

From

From house to house would ramble out,
 And every night a drunken-bout.
 For at a tavern he will spend
 His twenty shillings with a friend.
 Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,
 With curious choice of dainty picking,
 Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
 With port and punch to wash 'em down,
 Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
 Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.

MRS. BROWN.

My good man, too—Lord bless us! Wives
 Are born to lead unhappy lives,
 Although his profits bring him clear
 Almost two hundred pounds a year,
 Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
 That *I have not a gown to wear*;
 Except my robe, and yellow sack,
 And this old lutestring on my back.
 —But we've no time, my dear, to waste.
 Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.
 The KING, God bless his majesty, I say,
 Goes to the house of lords to-day,
 In a fine painted coach and eight,
 And rides along in all his state.
 And then the QUEEN—

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know,
 Great folks can always make a show.

But tell me, do—I've never seen
Her present majesty, the QUEEN.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Mark!—one—two—three—'tis *twelve* I vow.

MRS. SCOT.

KITTY, my things,—I'll soon have done,
It's time enough, you know, at *one*.

—Why, girl! see how the creature stands!

Some water here, to wash my hands.

—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!

—Look how the drawling daudle creeps.

That bason there—why don't you pour,

Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—

Lud! I could beat the huffey down,

She's pour'd it all upon my gown.

—Bring me my ruffles—can't not mind?

And pin my handkerchief behind.

Sure thou hast aukwardness enough,

Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.

—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done,

I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.

Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,

And bring me back the key yourself.

MRS. BROWN.

That clouded silk becomes you much,

I wonder how you meet with such,

But you've a charming taste in drefs.

What might it cost you, Madam?

MRS. SCOT.

Guess.

MRS.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh! that's impossible—for I
Am in the world the worst to buy.

MRS. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five shillings, as I think, a yard.
—I was afraid it should be gone—
'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with success,
For its a most delightful dress.
Besides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis stop'd with such an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think so,—*Kitty*, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,
Take *you abroad!*—indeed not I;
For all the *Bugaboes* to fright ye—
Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye;
With such a mob about the street,
Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber, than be lame.
The more you cry, the less you'll—
—Come, come then, give mamma a kiss,
Kitty, I say, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the last new toy,

Make him as merry as you can,
—There, go to KITTY—there's a *man*,
Call in the dog, and shut the door,
Now, MA'M.

M R S. B R O W N.

Oh Lard!

M R S. S C O T.

Pray go before.

M R S. B R O W N.

I can't indeed, now.

M R S. S C O T.

MADAM, pray.

M R S. B R O W N.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

M R S. S C O T.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!

How shall we do to get along?

What will become of us?—look here,

Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.

Let us cross over—haste, be quick,

—Pray fir, take care—your horse will kick.

He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.

—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

M R S. B R O W N.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,

Why don't you see the guards are gone?

M R S. S C O T.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;

But I was almost scar'd to death

VOL. LXVIII.

M

For

For when a horse rears up and capers,
 It always puts me in the vapours.
 For as I live,—nay, don't you laugh,
 I'd rather see a toad by half,
 They kick and prance, and look so bold,
 It makes my very blood run cold.
 But let's go forward—come, be quick,
 The crowd again grows vastly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crouded when you came?

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majesty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray
 To see him robe himself to-day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour.

TROY could not stand a siege for ever.
 By frequent trying, TROY was won.
 All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well she's gone—
 Shall we turn back, or venture on?

Look

Look how the folks prefs on before,
And throng impatient at the door.

M R S. S C O T.

Perdigious! I can hardly stand,
Lord blefs me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we muft tick as clofe as burrs,
Or in this racket, noife and pother,
We certainly fhall lofe each other.

—Good God! my cardinal and fack
Are almoft torn from off my back.
Lard, I fhall faint—Oh Lud—my breaf—
I'm crush'd to atoms, I proteft.
God blefs me—I have dropt my fan,
—Pray did you fee it, honeft man?

M A N.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with fome misfortune here.
—Stand back, I fay—pray, fir, forbear—
Why, don't you fee the ladies there?
Put yourselves under my direftion,
Ladies, I'll be your fafe proteftion.

M R S. S C O T.

You're very kind, fir; truly few
Are half fo complaisant as you.
We fhall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always fure to meet
A welcome, fir, in—Lard! the ftreet

M 2

Bears

Bears such a name, I can't tell how
 To tell him where I live, I vow.
 —Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?
 Pray is the KING a coming, sir?

M A N.

No—don't you hear the people shout?
 'Tis Mr. PITT, just *going out*.

M R S. B R O W N.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n blefs him!
 Well may the people all carefs him.
 —Lord, how my husband us'd to fit,
 And drink success to honest PITT,
 And hapy o'er his evening cheer,
 Cry, you shall pledge this toast, my dear.

M A N.

Hift—silence—don't you hear the drumming?
 Now, ladies, now, the KING's a coming.
 There, don't you see the guards approach?

M R S. B R O W N.

Which is the King?

M R S. S C O T.

Which is the coach?

S C O T C H M A N.

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE,
 Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a salute.
 For he's the *Laird of aw our clan*,
 Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man*.

M A N.

M A N.

Here comes the Coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

M R S. S C O T.

Upon my word, it's *monstrous* fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shews!
It puts *one's* eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

M R S. B R O W N,

So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And so it is—look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.

M A N.

Large! it can't pass *St. James's* gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do.
Could they a *body*-coachman get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head* to drive the king.

M 3

M R S.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what are those two ugly things
 There—with their hands upon the springs,
 Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
 With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
 What could the faucy maker mean,
 To put such things to fright the QUEEN?

MAN.

Oh! they are Gods, Ma'm, which you see,
 Of the *Marine Society*,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
 And only rise to blow their shell.

MRS. SCOT.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
 Why don't they go to sea again?
 Pray, tell me, fir, you understand,
 What do these *Tritons* do on land?

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they? those hindmost things,
 Men, fish and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?

MAN.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,
 All of one family and brothers,
 Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
 Nor seen about the King before.
 For *Show*, they wear the *yellow Hue*,
 Their *proper* colour is *True-blue*.

MRS.

M R S. S C O T.

Lord blefs us! what's this noife about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks holla, hifs, and hoot!
Well—Heav'n preſerve the EARL OF BUTE!
I cannot ſtay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I ſhall die.
Let's make for any houſe we can,
Do—give us ſhelter, honeſt man.

M R S. B R O W N.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I ſhould have died with fear.
This noiſe and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in ſuch a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd loſt you, Mrs. Scot;
Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin?
Lard, I'm ſo glad we're all got in.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND,

F R I E N D.

YOU say, "it hurts you to the soul
To brook confinement or controul."

And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would shun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harness on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,
Which often flings whole stores away,
And oft has not a doit to pay!
—Give us a work, indeed—of length—
Something which speaks poetic strength;
Is sluggish fancy at a stand?
No scheme of consequence in hand?
I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,
But why your name, and why A. M?

A U T H O R.

Yes—it stands forth to public view
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic Letters,
Not dash'd—emvowell'd—like my betters.
And though it stares me in the face,
Reflects no shame, hints no disgrace.

While

While these unlaboured trifles please,
Familiar chains are worn with ease.

—Behold! to yours and my surprize,
These trifles to a VOLUME rise.

Thus will you see me, as I go,
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of snow,
Steal by degrees upon your shelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.

The current studies of the day,
Can rarely reach beyond a PLAY:

A PAMPHLET may deserve a look,
But Heav'n defend us from a BOOK!

A LIBEL flies on Scandal's wings,
But works of length are heavy things.

—Not one in twenty will succeed—
Consider, fir, how few can read.

F R I E N D.

I mean a work of *merit*——

A U T H O R.

True.

F R I E N D.

A man of *Taste* MUST buy.

A U T H O R.

Yes;——You

And half a dozen more, my friend,
Whom your good Taste shall recommend.

Experience will by facts prevail,

When argument and reason fail;

The NUPTIALS now——

F R I E N D.

FRIEND.

Whose nuptials, fir?—

AUTHOR.

A Poet's—did that poem *stir*?
 No—fixt—tho' thousand readers pass,
 It still looks through its pane of glass,
 And seems indignant to exclaim
 Pass on ye SONS of TASTE, for shame!

While duly each revolving moon,
 Which often comes, God knows too soon,
 Continual plagues my soul molest,
 And *Magazines* disturb my rest,
 While scarce a night I steal to bed,
 Without a couplet in my head.
 And in the morning, when I stir,
 Pop comes a *Devil*, “Copy fir.”
 I cannot strive with daring flight
 To reach the bold *Parnassian* HEIGHT;
 But at it's foot, content to stray,
 In easy unambitious way,
 Pick up those flowers the muses send,
 To make a nosegay for my friend.
 In short, I lay no idle claim
 To genius strong, and noisy fame.
 But with a hope and wish to please,
 I write, as I would live, with ease.

FRIEND.

But you must have a fund, a mine,
 Prose, poems, letters,

AUTHOR.

A U T H O R.

Not a line.

And here, my friend, I rest secure;
 He can't lose much, who's always poor.
 And if, as now, through numbers *five*,
 This work with pleasure kept alive
 Can still its currency afford,
 Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
 Can pay you, as at sundry times,
 For *self* per *Mag*, two thousand Rhimes,
 From whence should apprehension grow,
 That *self* should fail, with richer Co?

No *doer* of a monthly grub,
 Myself *alone* a learned *club*,
 I ask my readers to no treat
 Of scientifick *bash'd-up* meat,
 Nor seek to please theatrick friends,
 With scraps of plays, and odds and ends.—

F R I E N D.

Your method, sir, is plain enough;
 And all the world has read your PUFF*.
 Th' allusion's neat, expression clean,
 About your travelling MACHINE,
 But yet—it is a *Magazine*.

}

A U T H O R.

Why let it be, and wherefore shame?
 As JULIET says, what's in a name?

* See the PUFF.

Besides

Besides it is the way of *trade*,
 Through which all science is convey'd,
 Thus knowledge parcels out her shares;
 The COURT has hers, the LAWYERS theirs.
 Something to SCHOLARS sure is due,—
 Why not *one* MAGAZINE for YOU?

FRIEND.

That's an Herculean task, my friend,
 You toil and labour—to offend.
 Part of your scheme—a free translation,
 To SCHOLARS is a profanation;
 What! break up *Latin*! pull down *Greek*!
 (Peace to the soul of sir JOHN CHEEKE!*)
 And shall the gen'rous liquor run,
 Broach'd from the rich FALERNIAN tun?
 Will you pour out to *Englisch* swine,
 Neat as imported, old GREEK wine?
 Alas! such beverage only fits
 Collegiate tastes, and classic wits.

AUTHOR.

I seek not, with satyrick stroke,
 To strip the pedant of his cloak;
 No——let him cull and spout quotations,
 And call the jabber, demonstrations,
 Be his the great concern to shew,
 If *Roman* gowns were *tied* or no †;

* The first restorer of Greek learning in England.

† See SIGONIUS and MANUTIUS.

Whether the *Grecians* took a slice
Four times a-day, or only *twice*,
Still let him work about his hole,
Poor, busy, blind, laborious mole;
Still let him puzzle, read, explain,
Oppugn, remark, and read again.

Such, though they waste the midnight oil
In dull, minute, perplexing toil,
Not understanding, do no good,
Nor can do harm, not understood.

By scholars, apprehend me right,
I mean the learned, and polite,
Whose knowledge unaffected flows,
And fits as easy as their cloaths;
Who care not though an *ac* or *sed*
Misplac'd, endanger PRISCIAN's head;
Nor think his wit a grain the worse,
Who cannot frame a *Latin* verse,
Or give the *Roman* proper word
To things the ROMANS never heard.

'Tis true, *except among the Great*,
Letters are rather out of date,
And *quacking* genius more discerning,
Scoffs at your *regulars* in learning.
—PEDANTS, indeed, are learning's curse,
But IGNORANCE is something worse:
All are not blest with reputation,
Built on the WANT of EDUCATION,

And

And some, to letters duly bred,
 Mayn't *write* the worse, because they've *read*.
 Though books had better be unknown,
 Than not one thought appear our own;
 As some can never speak themselves,
 But through the authors on their shelves,
 Whose writing smacks too much of reading,
 As affectation spoils good breeding.

FRIEND.

True; but that fault is seldom known,
 Save in your bookish *college* drone.
 Who, constant (as I've heard them say)
 Study their fourteen hours a-day,
 And squatting close, with dull attention,
 Read themselves out of apprehension;
 Who scarce can wash their hands or face,
 For fear of losing time, or place,
 And give one hour to meat and drink,
 But never *half a one* to THINK.

AUTHOR.

Lord! I have seen a thousand such,
 Who read, or seem to read, too much.
 So have I known, in that rare place,
 Where *Classics* always breed disgrace,
 A wight, upon discoveries hot,
 As whether flames have heat or not,
 Study himself, poor sceptic dunce,
 Into the very fire at once,

And clear the philosophic doubt,
 By burning all ideas out.
 With such, eternal books, successive
 Lead to no sciences progressive,
 While each dull fit of study past,
 Just like a wedge drives out the last.

From these I ground no expectation
 Of genuine wit, or free translation;
 But you mistake me, friend. Suppose,
 ('Translations are but modern cloaths)
 I dress my boy—(for instance sake
 Maintain these children which I make)
 I give him coat and breeches—

F R I E N D.

True—

But not a bib and apron too!
 You would not let your child be seen,
 But dress consistent, neat, and clean.

A U T H O R.

So would I cloath a free translation,
 Or as Pope calls it, imitation;
 Not pull down authors from my shelf,
 To spoil their wit, and plague myself,
 My learning studious to display,
 And lose their spirit by the way.

F R I E N D.

Your HORACE now—e'en borrow thence
 His easy wit, his manly sense,

But

But let the Moralist convey
 Things in the manners of to-day,
 Rather than that old garb assume,
 Which only suits a man at *Rome*.

AUTHOR.

Originals will always please,
 And copies too, if done with ease.
 Would not old PLAUTUS wish to wear,
 Turn'd *English* host, an *English* air,
 If THORNTON, rich in native wit,
 Would make the modes and diction fit?
 Or, as I know you hate to roam,
 To fetch an instance nearer home;
 Though in an idiom most unlike,
 A similarity must strike,
 Where both of simple nature fond,
 In art and genius correspond;
 And *naïve* both (allow the phrase
 Which no one *English* word conveys)
 Wrapt up their stories neat and clean,
 Easy as —————

FRIEND.

DENIS's you mean.

—The very man—not mere translation,
 But LA FONTAINE by transmigration.

AUTHOR.

Authors, as DRYDEN's maxim runs
 Have what he calls poetic sons,
 Thus MILTON, more correctly wild,
 Was richer Spenser's lawful child:

And

And CHURCHILL, got on all the nine,
Is DRYDEN's heir in ev'ry line.
Thus DENIS proves his parents plain,
The child of EASE, and LA FONTAINE.

F R I E N D.

His muse, indeed, the work secures,
And asks our praise as much as yours;
For, if delighted, readers too
May pay their thanks, as well as you.

But YOU, my friend (so folks complain)
For ever in this easy vein,
This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flights, nor strive to give
A real poem fit to live.

A U T H O R.

(To critics no offence, I hope)
PRIOR shall live as long as POPE,
Each in his manner sure to please,
While both have strength, and both have ease;
Yet though their various beauties strike,
Their ease, their strength is not alike.
Both with consummate horseman's skill,
Ride as they list, about the *bill*;
But take, peculiar in their mode,
Their favourite horse, and favourite road.

For me, once fond of author-fame,
Now forc'd to bear its weight and shame,

VOL. LXVIII.

N

I have

I have no time to run a race,
 A traveller's my only pace.
 They, whom their steeds unjaded bear
 Around *Hydepark*, to take the air,
 May frisk and prance, and ride their fill,
 And go all paces which they will;
 We, *hackney* tits—nay, never smile,
 Who trot our stage of *thirty* mile,
 Must travel in a constant plan,
 And run our journey, as we can.

FRIEND.

A critic says, upon whose sleeve
 Some pin more faith than you'll believe,
 That writings which as *easy* please,
 Are not the writings wrote with *ease*.
 From whence the inference is plain,
 Your friend MAT PRIOR wrote with pain.

AUTHOR.

With pain perhaps he might correct,
 With care supply each loose defect,
 Yet sure, if rhyme, which seems to flow
 Whether its master will or no,
 If humour, not by study fought,
 But rising from immediate thought,
 Are proofs of ease, what hardy name
 Shall e'er dispute a PRIOR's claim!

But still your critic's observation
 Strikes at no POET's reputation,

His keen reflection only hits
 Your rhiming fops and pedling wits.
 As some take stiffness for a grace,
 And walk a dancing-master's pace,
 And others, for familiar air
 Mistake the flouching of a bear;
 So some will finically trim,
 And dress their lady-muse too prim,
 Others, mere slovens in their pen
 (The mob of *Lords* and *Gentlemen*)
 Fancy they write with ease and pleasure,
 By rambling out of rhyme and measure.
 And, on your critic's judgment, these
 Write *easily*, and not with EASE.

There are, indeed, whose wish pursues,
 And inclination courts the muse;
 Who, happy in a partial fame,
 A while possess a poet's name,
 But read their works, examine fair,
 —Shew me invention, fancy there,
 Taste I allow; but is the flow
 Of genius in them? Surely, no.
 'Tis labour from the classic brain.
 Read your own ADDISON'S CAMPAIGN.

E'en he, nay, think me not severe,
 A critic fine, of *Latin* ear,
 Who tofs'd his classic thoughts around
 With elegance on *Roman* ground,

Just simmering with the muse's flame
 Woos but a cool and sober dame ;
 And all his *English* rhimes express
 But beggar-thoughts in royal dress.
 In verse his genius seldom *glows*,
 A POET only in his *prose*,
 Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaste,
 Improv'd by Fancy, Wit, and Taste.

FRIEND.

I task you for yourself, my friend,
 A subject you can ne'er defend,
 And you cajole me all the while
 With dissertations upon stile.
 Leave others wits and works alone,
 And think a little of your own,
 For FAME, when all is said and done,
 Though a coy mistress, may be won ;
 And half the thought, and pains, and time,
 You take to jingle *easy* rhyme,
 Would make an ODE, would make a PLAY,
Done into English, MALLOCH's way,
 —Stretch out your more *Heroic* feet,
 And write an ELEGY complete.
 Or, not a more laborious task,
 Could you not pen a *Classic* MASQUE?

AUTHOR.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,
 I durst not soar to such *high* things.

For

For I, who have more phlegm than fire,
Must understand, or not admire,
But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in IMITATION.

F R I E N D.

But business of this monthly kind,
Need that *alone* engross your mind.
Assistance must pour in a-pace,
New passengers will take a place,
And then your friends——

A U T H O R.

Aye, they indeed,
Might make a better work succeed,
And with the helps which they shall give,
I and the Magazine shall live.

F R I E N D.

Yes, live, and *eat*, and nothing more.

A U T H O R.

I'll live as——Authors did before.

T H E P O E T.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL.

WELL——shall I wish you joy of fame,
 That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
 And sets you on the Muses' throne,
 Which right of conquest made your own?
 Or shall I (knowing how unfit
 The world esteems a man of wit,
 That wheresoever he appears,
 They wonder if the knave has ears)
 Address with joy and lamentation,
 CONDOLENCE and CONGRATULATION,
 As colleges, who duly bring
 Their mess of verse to every king,
 Too *æconomical* in taste,
 Their sorrow or their joy to waste :
 Mix both together, sweet and sow'r;
 And bind the thorn up with the flow'r ?

Sometimes 'tis Elegy, or Ode.
Epistle now's your only mode.
 Whether that style more glibly hits,
 The fancies of our rambling wits,
 Who wince and kick at all oppression,
 But love to straggle in digression ;
 Or, that by writing to the GREAT
 In letters, honours, or estate,

We,

We slip more easy into fame,
By clinging to another's name,
And with their strength our weakness yoke,
As ivy climbs about an oak;
As TUFT-HUNTERS will buzz and purr
About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
Or Crows will wing a higher flight,
When sailing round the floating kite.

Whate'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
And I will travel in the road,
The fashionable track pursue,
And write my simple thoughts to YOU,
Just as they rise from head or heart,
Not marshall'd by the herald Art.

By vanity or pleasure led,
From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
Shall any start up sons of rhyme
PATHETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?
—You'd think, to hear what Critics say,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but such a paltry station
Reflects disgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forsake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has superior skill,
And can write better when he will.

In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
 The world, the mighty world, is judge,
 And nice and fanciful opinion
 Sways all the world with strange dominion;
 Opinion! which on crutches walks,
 And sounds the words another talks.

Bring me eleven Critics *grown*,
 Ten have no judgment of their own:
 But, like the Cyclops watch the nod
 Of some informing master god:
 Or as, when near his latest breath,
 The patient fain would juggle death,
 When DOCTORS sit in CONSULTATION
 (Which means no more than conversation,
 A kind of comfortable chat
 'Mongst social friends, on This and That,
 As whether stocks get up or down,
 And tittle-tattle of the town;
 Books, pictures, politics, and news,
 Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
 Opinions never disagree,
 One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.

But eminence offends at once
 The owlish eye of critic dunce,
 DULLNESS alarm'd, collects her Force,
 And FOLLY screams till she is hoarse.
 Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
 From all th' artillery of lies,

MALICE,

MALICE
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MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
 And EPIGRAM prepares her sting.
 Around the frequent pellets whistle
 From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
 While every blockhead strives to throw
 His share of vengeance on his foe:
 As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
 And cocks and poets were the same.

Thus should a wooden collar deck
 Some woe-full 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
 When high above the croud he stands
 With equi-distant sprawling hands,
 And without hat, politely bare,
 Pops out his head to take the air;
 The mob his kind acceptance begs
 Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs.

O GENIUS! though thy noble skill
 Can guide thy *Pegasus* at will;
 Fleet let him bear thee as the wind—
 DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
 In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
 You cannot shake her from your back.

Ill-nature springs as merit grows,
 Close as the thorn is to the rose.
 Could HERCULANEUM's friendly earth
 Give MÆVIUS' works a second birth,
 MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
 Would sanctify the noble prize.

While *modern* critics should behold
 Their near relation to the *old*,
 And wondring gape at one another,
 To see the likeness of a brother.

But with us *rhiming* moderns here,
 Critics are not the only fear ;
 The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
 From other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,
 Whose book and memory are at hand,
 Who scientific skill profess,
 And are great adepts—*more or less* ;
 (Whether distinguish'd by degree,
 They write A. M. or sign M. D.
 Or make advances somewhat higher
 And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
 Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
 And bring you strange quotations pat in,
 As if each sentence grew more terse
 From odds and ends, and scraps of verse ;
 Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
 And load one Letter with the labours,
 Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.
 Who know that thought produces pain,
 And deep reflection mads the brain,
 And *therefore*, wise and prudent grown,
 Have no ideas of their own.

But

But if the man of *Nature* speak,
Advance their Bayonets of *Greek*,
And keep plain sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies,
But those who cannot *spell*, will TALK,
As women scold, who cannot walk.

Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
Who stands for ever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't;
Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a NAME.

A Rake! Alas! how many wear
The brow of mirth, with heart of care!

The

The desperate wretch reflection flies,
 And shuns the way where madness lies,
 Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
 And runs to FOLLY for relief,
 There, 'midst the momentary joys
 Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
 FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
 Smooths the World's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
 Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
 Ye CARES, go whistle to the wind;
 Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
 The world is all alike to *him*.

Distress is all in apprehension;
 It ceases when 'tis past prevention:
 And happiness then presses near,
 When not a hope's left, nor a fear.
 —But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
 And I was never for m'd for teaching.

Male prudes we know, (those driv'ling things)
 Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
 How will the sober Cit abuse,
 The fallies of the Culprit muse;
 To her and Poet shut the door—
 And whip the beggar, with his whore!

POET!—a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
 A mere mechanic dirty slave!
 What is his verse, but cooping sense
 Within an arbitrary fence?

At best, but ringing that in rhyme,
 Which prose would say in half the time?
 Measure and numbers! what are those
 But artificial chains or prose?
 Which mechanism quaintly joins
 In parallels of see-saw lines.
 And when the frisky wanton writes
 In PINDAR'S (what d'ye call 'em)—flights
 Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
 Now rhiming *twice*, now *not at all*,
 In *curves* and *angles* twirls about,
 Like *Chinese railing*, in and out.

Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
 Cull'd all the *sweets*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,
 The churl, whose dull imagination
 Is dead to every fine sensation,
 Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
 Or taste her *simple* rich perfume,
 Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
 And fly with keenness to his—snuff.

Look round the world, not one in ten,
 Thinks Poets good, or honest men.

'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
 Sits often loose to easy vice.
 Perhaps *their Temperance* will not pass
 The due rotation of the glass;

And

And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.

Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as FEAR;
And every Moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:
Which, though pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will sally from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;
Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.

Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and shewn.
Till every *error* seems to rise
To SINS of most *gigantic* size.

Thus fares it still, however hard,
With every wit, and ev'ry bard.
His *publick* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,
And ev'ry social, dear connection,
Must bear a critical dissection;

While

While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
 Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.
 Perhaps you'll readily admit
 There's danger from the *trading* wit,
 And dunce and fool, and such as those,
 Must be of course the poet's foes:
 But sure no sober man alive,
 Can think that *friends* would e'er *connive*.

From just remarks on earliest time,
 In the first infancy of rhyme,
 It may be fairly understood
 There were two sects—the Bad, the Good,
 Both fell together by the ears,
 And both beat up for volunteers.
 By interest, or by birth allied,
 Numbers flock'd in on either side.
 WIT to his weapons ran at once,
 While all the cry was “down with DUNCE!”
 Onward he led his social bands,
 The common cause had join'd their hands.
 Yet even while their zeal they show,
 And war against the gen'ral foe,
 Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
 They'd stop it all to fight a duel.
 And each cool wit would meet his brother,
 To pink and tilt at one another.

Jealous of every puff of fame.
 The idle whist'ling of a name,

The

The property of half a line,
 Whether a comma's your's or mine,
 Shall make a Bard a Bard engage,
 And shake the friendship of an age.
 But diffident and modest wit
 Is always ready to submit;
 Fearful of press and publication,
 Consults a brother's observation,
 Talks of the maggot of his brains,
 As hardly worth the critic pains;
 " If ought disgusts the sense or ear,
 " You cannot, sir, be too *severe*.
 " Expunge, correct, do what you will,
 " I leave it to superior skill;
 " Exert the office of a friend,
 " You may oblige, but can't offend."

This Bard too has his private clan,
 Where *He's* the great, the only man.
 Here, while the bottle and the bowl
 Promote the joyous flow of soul,
 (And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
 When failing legs can stand no longer)
 Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
 And damns about her with an air.
 Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
 Able to cope with hosts alone,
 Drawcanfir like, his murders blends,
 First slays his foes, and then his *friends*.

While

While your good word, or conversation,
 Can lend a brother reputation;
 While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,
 Can raise the consequence of friend,
 How visible the kind affection!
 How close the partial fond connection!
 Then *He* is quick, and *I'm* discerning,
 And *I* have wit, and *He* has learning,
 My judgment's strong, and *His* is chaste;
 And BOTH—ay BOTH, are men of taste.

Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,
 And set up for yourself in trade,
 Resolv'd imprudently to show
 That 'tis not always Wit and *Co.*
 Feelings, before unknown, arise,
 And Genius looks with jealous eyes.
 Though thousands may arrive at fame,
 Yet never take one path the same,
 An Author's vanity or pride
 Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
 Although he but delighted goes
 Along the track which nature shows,
 Nor ever madly runs astray,
 To cross his brother in his way.
 And some there are, whose narrow minds,
 Center'd in self, self always blinds,
 Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
 Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,

VOL. LXVIII.

O

Shall

Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
Than from a foe's insulting dirt.

And some, too timid to reveal
That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
Which words are scanty to express,
But friends must feel from friends' success,
When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
Which every breath of praise pursues,
Wou'd open to their free embrace,
Meet her with such a blasting face,
That all the brave imagination,
Which seeks the sun of approbation,
No more its early blossoms tries,
But curls its tender leaves, and dies.

Is there a man, whose genius strong,
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose Muse, long hid in cheerless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whose acting comprehensive mind
Walks Fancy's regions, unconfin'd ;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affectation, warps aside ;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self ;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure, or of approbation ;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meets the Wit he never seeks ;

Whose

Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too:
CHURCHILL will be the last to know
His is the portrait, I would show.

THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS.

A DIALOGUE.

IN *Russel-street*, ensued of late,
 Between two posts a strange debate.
 —Two posts—aye posts—for posts can speak,
 In *Latin, Hebrew, French or Greek*,
 One Rubric thus address'd the other :
 “ —A noble situation, brother,
 “ With authors lac'd from top to toe,
 “ Methinks we cut a *taring* show,
 “ The *Dialogues* of famous dead *,
 “ You know how much they're bought and read,
 “ Suppose again we raise their ghosts,
 “ And make them chat through us two posts ;
 “ A thing's half finish'd well begun,
 “ So take the authors as they run.
 “ The list of names is mighty fine,
 “ You look down this, and I that line.
 “ Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY,
 “ And CONGREVE, in the modern way.
 “ Whilst you have those, I cannot speak,
 “ But found most wonderful in *Greek*.
 “ —A Dialogue— I should adore it,
 “ With such a show of names before it.”

* By Lord Lyttelton.

“ Modern,

“ Modern, your judgment wanders wide,”
The antient Rubric strait reply’d.
“ It grieves me much, indeed, to find
“ We never can be of a mind,
“ Before one door, and in one street,
“ Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet,
“ And we, as brother oft with brother,
“ Are at a distance from each other.
“ Suppose among the *letter’d* dead,
“ Some author should erect his head,
“ And starting from his Rubric, pop
“ Directly into *Davies’* shop,
“ Turn o’er the leaves, and look about
“ To find his own opinions out;
“ D’ye think one author out of ten
“ Would know his sentiments agen?
“ Thinking, your authors differ less in,
“ Than in their manner of expressing.
“ ’Tis stile which makes the writer known,
“ The mark he sets upon his own.
“ Let CONGREVE speak as CONGREVE writ,
“ And keep the ball up of his wit;
“ Let SWIFT be SWIFT, nor e’er demean
“ The sense and humour of the DEAN.
“ E’en let the antients rest in peace,
“ Nor bring good folks from *Rome* or *Greece*
“ To give a cause for past transactions,
“ They never dreamt of in their actions.
“ I can’t help quibbling, brother post,
“ ’Twere better we should *lay* the ghost,

“ But ’twere a task of real merit

“ Could we contrive to raise their *Spirit*.

“ Peace, brother, peace, though what you say,

“ I own has reason in its way,

“ On Dialogues to bear so hard,

“ Is playing with a dangerous card ;

“ Writers of rank are sacred things,

“ And crush like arbitrary kings.

“ Perhaps your sentiment is right,

“ Heav’n grant we may not suffer by’t.

“ For should friend DAVIES overhear,

“ He’ll publish ours another year.”

SONG.

S O N G.

THOUGH winter its desolate train
Of frost and of tempest may bring,
Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
And nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in his glories decreast,
Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy from the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
For *Cupid's* a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

SHALL I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
 Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd
 In that Affection firm and true,
 Which Gratitude excites to You ;
 Shall I indulge the Muse, or stifle
 This meditation of a trifle ?

But you, perhaps, will kindly take
 The trifle for the Giver's sake,
 Who only pays his grateful Mite,
 The just acknowledgment of Right,
 As to the Landlord duly sent
 A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.

Yet Trifles often shew the Man,
 More than his settled Life and Plan :
 These are the starts of inclination ;
 Those the mere gloss of EDUCATION,
 Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
 A Blockhead to a man of Learning ;
 And, by the help of form and place,
 The child of Sin to babe of Grace.
 Not that it alters Nature quite,
 And sets perverted Reason right,
 But, like Hypocrisy, conceals
 The very passions which she feels ;

And

And claps a Vizor on the face,
To hide us from the World's disgrace,
Which, as the first Appearance strikes,
Approves of all things, or dislikes.
Like the fond fool with eager glee,
Who sold his all, and put to sea,
Lur'd by the calm which seemed to sleep
On the smooth surface of the Deep;
Nor dreamt its waves could proudly rise,
And tofs up mountains at the skies.

APPEARANCE is the only thing,
A King's a Wretch, a Wretch a King.
Undress them both—You King, suppose
For once you wear the beggar's cloaths;
Cloaths that will take in every air;
—Bless me! they fit you to a hair.
Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
The robes his Majesty had on.
And now, O WORLD, so wond'rous wise,
Who see with such discerning eyes,
Put observation to the Stretch,
Come—which is King, and which is Wretch?

To cheat *this* World, the hardest task
Is to be constant to our Mask.
Externals make direct impressions
And masks are worn by all Professions.

What need to dwell on topics stale?
Of Parsons drunk with wine or ale?

Of

Of Lawyers, who with face of brass,
 For learned Rhetoricians pass?
 Of Scientific Doctors big,
 Hid in the pent-house of their wig?
 Whose conversation hardly goes
 Beyond half words, and hums! and Oh's!
 Of Scholars, of superior *Taste*,
 Who cork it up for fear of waste,
 Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
 But keep it always for themselves?

Wretches like these, my Soul disdains,
 And doubts their hearts as well as brains.
 Suppose a Neighbour should desire
 To light a candle at your fire,
 Would it deprive your flame of Light,
 Because another profits by't?

But Youth must often pay its court,
 To these *great* Scholars, *by report*,
 Who live on hoarded reputation,
 Which dares no risque of Conversation,
 And boast within a store of Knowledge,
 Sufficient, bless us! for a College,
 But take a prudent care, no doubt,
 That not a grain shall straggle out;
 And are of Wit too nice and fine,
 To throw their Pearl and gold to *Swine*;
 And therefore, to prevent deceit,
 Think every Man a *Hog* they meet.

These

These may perhaps as Scholars shine,
Who hang *themselves* out for a *Sign*.
What signifies a Lion's skin,
If it conceals an Ass within ?
If thou'rt a Lion, prithee roar ;
If Ass—bray once, and stalk no more ;
In Words as well as Looks be wise,
Silence is Folly in Disguise ;
With so much wisdom bottled up,
Uncork, and give your friends a sup.

What need your *nothings* thus to save ?
Why place the *Dial* in the *Grave* ?
A fig for Wit and Reputation,
Which sneaks from all Communication.
So in a post-bag, cheek by jole,
Letters will go from pole to pole,
Which *may* contain a wond'rous deal ;
But then they travel under seal,
And though they bear your Wit about,
Yet who shall ever find it out,
Till trusty Wax foregoes its use,
And sets imprison'd meaning loose ?

Yet idle Folly often deems
What Man must be from what he seems ;
As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
You'd go no farther than the Door.

Mark yon round Parson, fat and sleek,
Who preaches only once a Week,

Whom

Whom Claret, Sloth, and Ven'son join
To make an *orthodox* Divine;
Whose Holiness receives its beauty
From Income large, and little Duty;
Who loves the Pipe, the Glass, the Smock,
And keeps—a Curate for his Flock.
The world, obsequious to his nod,
Shall hail this oily man of God,
While the poor priest, with half a score
Of prattling infants at his Door,
Whose sober Wishes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of Ale,
Is hardly deem'd companion fit
For Man of Wealth, or Man of Wit,
Though learn'd perhaps and wise as He
Who signs with staring S. T. P.
And full of sacerdotal Pride,
Lays God and Duty both aside.

“ This Curate, say you, learn'd and wise!
“ Why does not then this Curate rise?”

This Curate then, at *forty-three*,
(Years which become a Curacy)
At no great mart of Letters bred,
Had strange odd notions in his head,
That Parts, and Books, and Application,
Furnish'd all means of Education;
And that a pulpiteer should know
More than his gaping flock below;

That

That Learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again ;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming sounds to speak,
Apt or unapt in each Quotation,
Were *insults* on a Congregation,
Who could not understand one word
Of all the learned stuff they heard ;
That something more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a sound divine ;
That Church and Pray'r, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuse for sinful *Monday* ;
That pious doctrine, pious Life,
Should both make one, as Man and Wife.

Thinking in this uncommon Mode,
So out of all the priestly road,
What Man alive can e'er suppose,
Who marks the way PREFERMENT goes,
That she should ever find her way
To this *poor Curate's* house of clay ?

Such was the Priest, so strangely wise !
He could not bow—How should He rise ?
Learned He was, and deeply read ;
—But what of that ?—not duly bred.
For he had suck'd no grammar rules
From Royal founts, or Public schools,
Nor gain'd a single Corn of Knowledge
From that vast Granary—a College.

A Granary,

A Granary, which food supplies
To vermin of uncommon Size.

Aye, now indeed the Matter's clear,
There is a mighty error here.
A public school's the place alone,
Where Talents may be duly known.
It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
But then, such Friendships! such connections!
The Parent, who has form'd his Plan,
And in his Child consider'd Man,
What is his grand and golden Rule?
" Make your connections, Child, at School.
" Mix with your Equals, fly inferiors,
" But follow *closely* your Superiors;
" On Them your ev'ry Hope depends,
" Be prudent, Tom, get *useful* Friends;
" And therefore like a spider wait,
" And spin your Web about the great.
" If *my Lord's* Genius wants supplies,
" Why—You must make his Exercise.
" Let the young *Marquis* take your Place,
" And bear a whipping for his *Grace*.
" Suppose (such Things may happen once)
" The Nobles Wits, and You the Dunce,
" Improve the means of Education;
" And learn commodious Adulation.
" Your Master scarcely holds it sin,
" *He* chucks his *Lordship* on the Chin,

" And would not for the World rebuke,
 " Beyond a pat, the school-boy *Duke*.
 " The Pastor there, of — what's the Place ?
 " With smiles eternal in his Face,
 " With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,
 " That shames the whiteness of his band ;
 " Whose mincing Dialect abounds
 " In Hums and Hahs, and half-form'd sounds ;
 " Whose Elocution, fine and chaste,
 " Lays his *commains* with judgment *waist* ;
 " And lest the Company should hear,
 " Whispers his Nothings in your Ear ;
 " Think you 'twas Zeal, or Virtue's Care
 " That placed the *smirking* Doctor there ?
 " No—'twas Connections form'd at School
 " With some rich Wit, or noble Fool,
 " Obsequious Flattery, and Attendance,
 " A wilful, useful, base dependance ;
 " A supple bowing of the Knees
 " To any *human God* you please.
 " (For true good-breeding's so *polite*,
 " 'Twould call the very Devil white)
 " 'Twas watching others' shifting Will,
 " And veering to and fro with Skill :
 " These were the means that made him rise,
 " Mind your *connections*, and be wise."

Methinks I hear son Tom reply,
 I'll be a Bishop by and by.

Connections

Connections at a public School
 Will often serve a wealthy Fool,
 By lending him a letter'd Knave
 To bring him Credit, or to save ;
 And Knavery gets a profit *real*,
 By giving parts and worth *ideal*.
 The child that marks this slavish Plan,
 Will make his Fortune when a Man.
 While honest Wit's ingenuous Merit
 Enjoys his pittance, and his Spirit.

The Strength of public Education
 Is quick'ning Parts by EMULATION ;
 And Emulation will create
 In narrow minds a jealous state,
 Which stifled for a course of Years,
 From want of Skill or mutual Fears,
 Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
 Which none but rival Wits can feel.
 For when good people Wits commence,
 They lose all other kind of sense ;
 (The maxim makes you smile, I see,
 Retort it when you please on me ;)
 One writer always hates another,
 As Emperors would kill a brother,
 Or Empress Queen to rule alone,
 Pluck down a Husband from the throne.

When tir'd of Friendship and alliance,
 Each side springs forward to defiance,

Inveterate

Inveterate Hate and Resolution,
Faggot and Fire and Persecution,
Is all their aim, and all their Cry,
Though neither side can tell you why.
To it they run like valiant Men,
And slash about them with their Pen.

What Inkshed springs from Altercation!
What loppings off of Reputation!
You might as soon hush stormy Weather,
And bring the North and South together,
As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.

Your desperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a jail,
Who muse and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,
Will blast the veriest heart of oak)
Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.
Though swain look glum, and miss look fiery,
'Tis nothing but *amantium iræ*,
And all the progress purely this—
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an easy mingled strife,
To make the salad up of life.

Love settles best from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.

In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jamm'd,
Did you ne'er writhe yourself about,
To find the seat and cushion out?
How disagreeably you sit,
With b—m awry, and place unfit,
Till some kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
Shall wedge you close, and nail you down,
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.

When tiffs arise, and words of strife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial course
Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,
And ev'ry married man is certain
T'attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
Though not another word is said,
When once the couple are in bed:
There things their proper channel keep,
(They make it up, and go to sleep)
These fallings in and fallings out,
Sometimes with cause, but most without,
Are but the common modes of strife,
Which oil the springs of married life,
Where fameness would create the spleen,
For ever *stupidly serene*.

Observe

Observe yon downy bed—to make it,
You tofs the feathers up and shake it.
So fondness springs from words and scuffling,
As beds lie smoothest after shuffling.

But authors' wranglings will create
The very quintessence of hate ;
Peace is a fruitless vain endeavour,
Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.

—Oh! had it pleas'd my wiser betters
That I had never tasted letters,
Then no Parnassian maggots bred,
Like fancies in a madman's head,
No grasplings at an idle name,
No childish hope of future fame,
No impotence of wit had ta'en
Possession of my muse-struck brain.

Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit ;
I had not held a shameful place,
Nor letters paid me with disgrace.

—O! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unfought, unknown!
Retir'd from all this pedant strife,
Far from the cares of bust'ling life ;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

THE MILK - MAID.

WHOE'ER for pleasure plans a scheme,
 Will find it vanish like a dream,
 Affording nothing sound or real,
 Where happiness is all ideal ;
 In grief, in joy, or either state,
 Fancy will always antedate,
 And when the thoughts on evil pore,
 Anticipation makes it more.
 Thus while the mind the *future* sees,
 It cancels all its *present* ease.

Is Pleasure's scheme the point in view ;
 How eagerly we all pursue !

Well—Tuesday is th'appointed day ;
 How slowly wears the time away !
 How dull the interval between,
 How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,
 Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
 And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

DELIA surveys, with curious eyes,
 The clouds collected in the skies ;
 Wishes no storm may rend the air,
 And Tuesday may be dry and fair ;
 And I look round, my boys, and pray,
 That Tuesday may be holiday.

Things

Things duely settled—what remains?
Lo! Tuesday comes—alas! it rains;
And all our visionary schemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and *monstrous* gain,
Till every penny which she told,
Creative fancy turn'd to gold;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.

" Please heav'n but to preserve my health,
" No doubt I shall have store of wealth;
" It must of consequence ensue
" I shall have store of lovers too.
" Oh! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,
" With all the pride of female arts.
" What Suitors then will kneel before me!
" *Lords, Earls, and Viscounts* shall adore me.
" When in my gilded coach I ride,
" *My Lady* at his *Lordship's* side,

“ How will I laugh at all I meet
“ Clatt’ring in pattins down the street !
“ And LOBBIN then I’ll mind no more,
“ Howe’er I lov’d him heretofore ;
“ Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
“ I will not hear the simple youth,
“ But rise indignant from my seat,
“ And spurn the lubber from my feet.”

 Action, alas ! the speaker’s grace,
Ne’er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe,
What fancied blifs the maid o’erthrew !
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

 Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home ;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

FROM THE REV. MR. HANBURY'S HORSE, TO
THE REV. MR. SCOT.

AMONGST you *bipeds*, reputation
Depends on *Rank* and *Situation*;

And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *Birth*.

Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor;
While wealthy dullness lolls at ease,
And is—as witty as you please.

—“What did his *Lordship* say?—O! fine!

“The very *Thing*! *Bravo*! *Divine*!”

And then 'tis buzz'd from *Route* to *Route*,
While ladies whisper it about,

“Well, I protest, a charming hit!

“His *Lordship* has a deal of wit:

“How elegant that double sense!

“*Perdigious*! *vaiſtly fine*! *Immense*!”

When all my lord has said or done,
Was but the *letting off* a pun.

Mark the fat *Cit*, whose good round sum,
Amounts at least to half a *Plumb*;

Whose chariot whirls him up and down

Some three or four miles out of town;

For thither sober folks repair,

To take the *Dust*, which they call air.

Dull folly (not the wanton wild
 Imagination's younger child)
 Has taken lodgings in his face,
 As finding that a *vacant* place,
 And peeping from *his* windows, tells
 To all beholders, where she dwells.
 Yet once a week, this purse-proud cit
 Shall ape the fallies of a wit,
 And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
 To priestly faint, or city finner,
 Shall tell the story o'er and o'er,
 H'as told a thousand times before;
 Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
 Talk the game o'er between the deal.

Mark! how the fools and knaves admire
 And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire:
 While he looks pleas'd at every guest,
 And laughs much louder than the rest;
 And cackling with incessant grin,
 Triples the *Double* of his chin.

Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill;
 Make *Wits* and *Statesmen* when they will;
 While genius holds no estimation,
 From luckless want of *Situation*;
 And, if through clouded scenes of life,
 He takes dame poverty to wife,
 Howe'er he work and teize his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a grain;

While

While with his *Lordship* it abounds,
And one light grain swells out to *pounds*.

Receive, good fir, with aspect kind,
This wanton *gallop* of the mind;
But, since all things encrease in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Lest you should think the letter base,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My *Breed*, my *Blood*, my *Sire*, my *Dam*.

My *Sire* was PINDAR'S *Eagle*, son
Of *Pegasus* of HELICON;
My *Dam*, the *Hippogryph*, which whirl'd
Astolpho to the lunar world.
Both high-bred things of *mettled blood*,
The best in all APOLLO'S stud.

Now CRITICS here would bid me speak
The OLD horse language, that is, *Greek*;
For HOMER made us talk, you know,
Almost three thousand years ago;
And men of *Taste* and *Judgment* FINE,
Allow the passage is *divine*.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar strength and breed;
What leaps they took, how far and wide!
—They'd take a country at a stride.
How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,

Affirms,

Affirms, with equal ardour whirld,
A third, good lord! would clear the world.

But till some learned wight shall shew
If *Accents* MUST be us'd, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
Of giant and of pigmy fize,
Who waste their time, and fancies vex
With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
And talk of *mark* and punctuation,
As 'twere a matter of salvation;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to *Men*,
And think they keep the world in awe
By brandishing a very *Straw*;
Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,
As a plain nag, in homely phrase,
I'll use the language of *our* days;
And, for this first and only time,
Just make a *trot* in easy rhyme.

Nor let it shock your thought or fight,
That thus a *quadruped* should write;
Read but the papers, and you'll see
More prodigies of wit than me;
Grown men and *Sparrows* taught to dance,
By monsieur *Passerat* from France;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare;

And all are *fashionable* too,
And play at cards as well as you.

Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
With faculties of writing blest,
Why should not I then, *Howannybwm* bred
(A word that must be *seen*, not said)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folks feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more discerning eyes of steed;
When in the shape of useful hack,
I bore a poet on my back?

Know, safely rode my master's bride,
The bard before her for *my* guide.
Yet think not, sir, his awkward care
Ensur'd protection to the fair.
No—conscious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footsteps slipt no more.
For though I scorn the *Poet's* skill,
My mistress guides me where she will.

Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
Lost in laborious meditation,
As whether 'twould promote *Sublime*
If *Silver* could be pair'd in rhyme;
Or, as the word of *sweeter Tune*,
Month might be clink'd instead of moon:
No wonder poets hardly know
Or what they do, or where they go.

Whether

Whether they ride or walk the street,
 Their *heads* are always on their *feet*;
 They now and then may get astride
 Th' *ideal* Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys—round a room,
 As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.

Whether *Acrostics* teize the brain,
 Which goes a hunting words in vain,
 (For words most *capitally* fin,
 Unless their letters right begin.)
 Since how to man or woman's name,
 Could you or I Acrostic frame.
 Or make the *staring* letters join,
 To form the word, that tells us *thine*,
 Unless we'd *right* initials got,
 S, C, O, T, and so made SCOT?
 Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle's* brother
 (Both which had DULLNESS for their mother)
 Employ the gentle poet's care,
 To celebrate some town or fair,
 Which all *ad libitum* he flits
 For *you* to pick it up by bits,
 Which bits together plac'd, will frame
 Some city's or some lady's name;
 As when a worm is cut in twain,
 It joins and is a worm again;
 When thoughts *so* weighty, *so* intense,
 Above the reach of common sense,
 Distract and twirl the mind about,
 Which fain would hammer something out;

A kind

A kind discharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred
Take place of sense in poet's head,
They fix themselves without controul,
Where'er its seat is on the soul.

Then, like your heathen idols, we
Have eyes indeed, but cannot see.

(*We*, for I take the poet's part,
And for my blood, am *Bard* at heart)
For in reflection deep immerst,
The man muse-bitten and *be-verst*,
Neglectful of externals all,
Will run his head against a wall,
Walk, through a river as it flows,
Nor see the bridge before his nose.

Are things like these equestrians fit
To mount the back of mettled tit?
Are—but farewell, for here comes *Bob*,
And I must serve some hackney job;
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Transport the bard to our *Plantation*.

Robert joins compts with *Burnam Black*.
Your humble servant, *Hanbury's* hack.

THE NEW - RIVER HEAD,
A T A L E.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF MR. C. DENIS,

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, Esq.

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

DEAR WILKES, whose lively social Wit
Disdains the prudish Affectation
Of gloomy Folks, who love to sit
As Doctors *should* at Consultation,
Permit me, in familiar Strain,
To steal you from the idle hour
Of combating the NORTHERN THANE,
And all his puppet tools of Pow'r.

Shame to the Wretch, if sense of shame
Can ever touch the miscreant's breast,
Who dead to virtue as to fame,
(A Monster whom the Gods detest)
Turns traitor to himself, to court
Or Minister or Monarch's smile ;
And dares, in insolence of sport,
Invade the CHARTER of our Isle.

But why should I, who only strive
By telling of an easy tale,
To keep attention half alive
'Gainst BOLGOLAM and FLIMNAP rail?

For

For whether ENGLAND be the name,
(Name which we're taught no more to prize)
Or BRITAIN, it is all the same,
The Lilliputian Statesmen rise
To malice of gigantic size.

Let them enjoy their warmth a while,
Truth shall regard them with a smile,
While you, like GULLIVER, in sport
Piss out the fire, and save the Court.
But to return—The tale is old;

Indecent, truly none of mine—
What BEROALDUS gravely told;
I read it in that found divine.

And for indecency, you know
He had a fashionable turn,
As prim observers clearly shew
In t'other Parson, Doctor STERNE.

Yet POPE denies it all defence,
And call it, bless us! Want of sense.

But e'en the *decent* POPE can write
* Of bottles, corks, and maiden fighs,

Of charming beauties less in fight,
Of the more secret precious hair,

† “And something else of little Size,
You know where.”

If such Authorities prevail,
To varnish o'er this petty sin,

I plead a pardon for my tale,
And having hemm'd and cough'd—begin.

* Rape of the Lock.

† Pope's Letters.

A Genius (one of those I mean,
 We read of in th' Arabian nights ;
 Not such as every day are seen
 At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's ;
 For howfoe'er you change the name,
 The Clubs and Meetings are the same ;
 Nor those prodigious learned folks,
 Your Haberdashers of stale Jokes,
 Who dress them up so neat and clean
 For News-paper or Magazine ;
 But one that could play wond'rous tricks,
 Changing the very course of Nature,
 Not ASMODEUS on two sticks
 Or sage URGANDA could do greater.)

Once on a time incog came down
 From his equivocal dominions,
 And travell'd o'er a country town
 To try folks' tempers and opinions.
 When to accomplish his intent
 (For had the cobbler known the king,
 Lord! it would quite have spoil'd the thing)
 In strange disguise he slyly went
 And stump'd along the high-way track,
 With greasy knapsack at his back ;
 And now the night was pitchy dark,
 Without one star's indulgent spark,
 Whether he wanted sleep or not,
 Is of no consequence to tell ;
 A bed and lodging must be got,
 For geniuses live always well.

At the best house in all the town,
(It was th' attorney's you may swear)
He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,
Knock as you would, no entrance there.
But from the window cried the dame,
Go, firrah go, from whence you came.
Here, Nell, John, Thomas, see who knocks,
Fellow, I'll put you in the stocks.
Be gentle ma'm, the Genius cried;
Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,
Who knows not where his head to hide,
And asks a pittance at your door.
A mug of beer, a crust of bread—
Have pity on the houseless head;
Your husband keeps a lordly table,
I ask but for the offal crumbs,
And for a lodging—barn or stable
Will shroud me till the morning comes.

'Twas all in vain; she rang the bell,
The servants trembl'd at the knell;
Down flew the maids to tell the men,
To drive the vagrant back agen.

He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,
Till through a casement's dingy pane,
A rush-light's melancholy ray,
Bad him e'en try his luck again;
Perhaps beneath a house of clay

A wand'ring passenger might find,
A better friend to human kind,
And far more hospitable fare,
'Though not so costly, nice, or rare,
As smokes upon the silver plate
Of the luxurious pamper'd great.

So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the same plight the genius came:
Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch;
What want ye sir?

God save you, dame.

And so he told the piteous tale,
Which you have heard him tell before;
Your patience and my own would fail
Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care
Brought forth her best, though simple fare,
And from the corner-cupboard's hoard,
Her stranger guest the more to please,
Bespread her hospitable board
With what she had—'twas bread and cheese.

'Tis honest though but homely cheer;
Much good may't do ye, eat your fill,
Would I cou'd treat you with strong beer,
But for the action take the will,
You see my cot is clean, though small,
Pray heav'n encrease my slender stock!
You're welcome, friend, you see my all;
And for your bed, Sir, there's a flock.

No matter what was after said,
He eat and drank and went to bed.

And now the cock his mattins sung,
(Howe'er such fingings light esteem'd,
'Tis precious in the Muses' tongue
When sung, rhimes better than he scream'd ;)
The dame and pedlar both arose,
At early dawn of rising day,
She for her work of folding clothes,
And He to travel on his way ;
But much he thought himself to blame,
If, as in duty surely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
For the reception he had found.
Hoffels, quoth He, before I go,
I thank you for your hearty Fare ;
Would it were in my pow'r to pay
My gratitude a better way ;
But money now runs very low,
And I have not a doit to spare ;
But if you'll take this piece of Stuff—
—No, quoth the dame, I'm poor as you,
Your kindest wishes are enough,
You're welcome, friend, farewell—Adieu.
But first reply'd the wand'ring guest,
For bed and board and homely dish,
May all things turn out for the best,
So take my blessing and my wish.

May what you first begin to do,
Create such profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finish till the depth of night.

Thank you, she said, and shut the door,
Turn'd to her work, and thought no more.
And now the napkin which was spread
To treat her guest with good brown bread,
She folded up with nicest care ;
When lo! another napkin there !
And every folding did beget
Another and another yet.
She folds a shift—by strange encrease,
The remnant swells into a piece.
Her Caps, her Laces, all the same,
Till such a quantity of Linen,
From such a very small beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the Dame,
Who wonder'd how the deuce it came,
That with the drap'ry she had got
Within her little shabby cot,
She might for all the town provide,
And break both York-street and Cheapside.

It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,
Who, to be sure, took much upon her,
As being one in higher Life,
Who did the Parish mighty honour,

Sent for the Dame, who, poor and willing,
Would take a job of charing work,
And sweat and toil like any Turk,
To earn a sixpence or a shilling.

She could not come, not she indeed!
She thank'd her much, but had no need.

Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous story came,
About the Pedlar and the Dame,
Which made th' Attorney's wife so mad,
That she resolv'd at any rate,
Spite of her pride and Lady airs,
To get the Pedlar tête-à-tête,
And make up all the past affairs:
And though she wish'd him at the devil,
When he came there the night before,
Determin'd to be monstrous civil,
And drop her curtsie at the door.

Now all was racket, noise and pother,
Nell running one way, John another,
And Tom was on the coach-horse sent,
To learn which way the Pedlar went.
Thomas return'd;—the Pedlar brought.
—What could my dainty Madam say,
For not behaving as she ought,
And driving honest folks away?

Upon my word, it shocks me much,
 —But there's such thieving here of late—
 Not that I dream'd that you were such,
 When you came knocking at my gate.
 I must confess myself to blame,
 And I'm afraid you lately met
 Sad treatment with that homely dame,
 Who lives on what her hands can get.
 Walk in with me at least to-night,
 And let us set all matters right.
 I know my duty, and indeed
 Would help a friend in time of need.
 Take such refreshment as you find,
 I'm sure I mean it for the best,
 And give it with a willing mind
 To such a grave and sober guest.

So in they came, and for his picking,
 Behold the table covers spread,
 Instead of Goody's cheese and bread,
 With tarts, and fish, and flesh, and chicken.
 And to appear in greater state,
 The knives and forks with silver handles,
 The candlesticks of bright (French) plate
 To hold her best mould (tallow) candles.
 Were all brought forth to be display'd,
 In female housewifry parade.
 And more the Pedlar to regale,
 And make the wond'rous man her friend,
 Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
 And port and claret without end;

They

They hobb'd and nobb'd, and smil'd and laugh'd,
 Touch'd glasse, nam'd their toasts, and quaff'd;

Talk'd over every friend and foe,
 Till eating, drinking, talking past,
 The kind house-clock struck twelve at last,

When wishing Madam *bon repos*,
 The Pedlar pleaded weary head,
 Made his low bow, and went to bed.

Wishing him then at perfect ease,
 A good soft bed, a good sound sleep,

Now, gentle reader, if you please,
 We'll at the Lady take a peep.

She could not rest, but turn'd and tofs'd,
 While Fancy whisper'd in her brain,

That what her indiscretion lost,
 Her art and cunning might regain.

Such Linen to so poor a dame!
 For such coarse fare! perplex'd her head;

Why might not she expect the same,
 So courteous, civil, and well-bred?

And now she reckon'd up her store
 Of Cambricks, Hollands, Muslins, Lawns,
 Free gifts, and Purchases, and Pawns,

Resolv'd to multiply them more,
 Till she had got a Stock of Linen,
 Fit for a Dowager to sin in.

The morning came, when up she got,
 Most ceremoniously inclin'd
 To wind up her sagacious plot,
 With all that civil stuff we find
 'Mongst those who talk a wond'rous deal
 Of what they neither mean nor feel.

How shall I, Ma'm, reply'd the Guest,
 Make you a suitable return,
 For your attention and concern,
 And such civilities express
 To one, who must be still in debt
 For all the kindness he has met?
 For this your entertainment's sake,
 If ought of good my wish can do,
 May what you first shall undertake,
 Last without ceasing all day through.

Madam, who kindly understood
 His wish effectually good,
 Strait dropp'd a curtsie wond'rous low,
 For much she wanted him to go,
 That she might look up all her store,
 And turn it into thousands more.
 Now all the maids were sent to look
 In every cranny, hole and nook,
 For every rag which they could find
 Of any size, or any kind.
 Draw'rs, Boxes, Closets, Chests and Cases

Were

Were all unlock'd at once to get
 Her Point, her Gawz, her Prussia-net,
 With fifty names of fifty kinds,
 Which suit variety of minds.

How shall I now my tale pursue,
 So passing strange, so passing true?

When every bit from every hoard,
 Was brought and laid upon the board,
 Left some more urgent obligation
 Might interrupt her pleasing toil,
 And marring half her application,
 The promis'd hopes of profit spoil,
 Before she folds a single rag,
 Or takes a cap from board or bag,
 That nothing might her work prevent,
 (For she was now resolv'd to labour,
 With earnest hope and full intent
 To get the better of her neighbour)
 Into the garden she would go
 To do that necessary thing,
 Which must by all be done, you know,
 By rich and poor, and high and low,
 By Male and Female, Queen and King;
 She little dream'd a common action,
 Practis'd as duely as her pray'rs,
 Should prove so tedious a transaction,
 Or cost her such a sea of cares.

In short the streams so plenteous flow'd,
That in the dry and dusty weather,
She might have water'd all the road
For ten or twenty miles together.
What could she do? as it began,
Th' involuntary torrent ran.

Instead of folding Cap or Mob,
So dreadful was this distillation,
That from a simple watering job,
She fear'd a general Inundation.

While for her Indiscretion's crime,
And coveting too great a store,
She made a river at a time,
Which sure was never done before.

A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHIMES.

TO A LADY.

YES—I could rifle grove and bow'r
 And strip the beds of every flow'r,
 And deck them in their fairest hue,
 Merely to be out-blush'd by you.
 The lily, pale, by my direction,
 Should fight the rose for your complexion :
 Or I could make up sweetest posies,
 Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,
 Which drooping, on your breast reclining,
 Should all be withering, dying, pining,
 Which every songster can display,
 I've more authorities than GAY ;
 Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
 To pay all homage to your beauty,
 And, wit's creative pow'r to show,
 The very *fire* should mix with *snow* ;
 Your eyes, that brandish burning *darts*
 To scorch and singe our *tinder* hearts,
 Should be the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
 And light them to their own undoing ;
 While all the *snow* about your breast
 Should leave them hopeless and distressed.

For those who rarely soar above
 The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,

In

In their conceits and amorous fictions,
 Are mighty fond of contradictions,
 Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
 And things that do, or do not breathe,
 All have their parts, and separate place,
 To paint the fair one's various grace.

Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show
 The rose, the lily, diamond, snow.
 Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
 Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,
 The poet gives them all a share
 In the description of his fair,
 She *burns*, she *chills*, she pierces hearts
 With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
 And could we trust th' extravagancy
 Of every poet's youthful fancy,
 They'd make each nymph they love so well,
 As *cold* as snow, as *hot* as —.

—O gentle lady, spare your fright,
 No horrid rhyme shall wound your sight.
 I would not for the world be heard,
 To utter such *unseemly* word,
 Which the politer parson fears
 To mention to politer ears.

But, could a female form be shown,
 (The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
 Where every circumstance should meet
 To make the poet's nymph compleat

Form'd

Form'd to his Fancy's utmost pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.

Come then, O muse, of trim conceit,
Muse, always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unfated ear
Of *French* or *Tuscan* SONNETEER,
Tak'st up the same unvaried tone,
Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To poet's mistress, whore, or saint ;
Whether thou dwell'st on ev'ry grace,
Which lights the world from LAURA's face,
Or amorous praise expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph must hide ;
For wit affected, loves to show
Her every charm from top to toe,
And wanton fancy oft pursues
Minute description from the muse,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's mortal nymph divine.

Her golden locks of classic hair,
Are nets to catch the wanton air ;
Her forehead ivory, and her eyes
Each a bright sun to light the skies,
Orb'd in whose centre, *Cupid* aims
His darts, protect us ! tipt with flames ;
While the sly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her brow.

Each

Each lip a *ruby*, parting, shews
 The precious *pearl* in even rows,
 And all the loves and graces sleek
 Bathe in the dimples of her *cheek*.
 Her *breasts* pure *snow*, or white as *milk*,
 Are *ivory* apples, smooth as *filk*,
 Or else, as fancy trips on faster,
 Fine *marble* hills or *alabaster*.

A figure made of wax wou'd please
 More than an aggregate of these,
 Which though they are of precious worth,
 And held in great esteem on earth,
 What are they, rightly understood,
 Compar'd to real flesh and blood?

And I, who hate to act by rules
 Of whining, rhiming, loving fools,
 Can never twist my mind about
 To find such strange resemblance out,
 And simile that's only fit
 To shew my plenteous lack of wit.
 Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
 Wounds, sighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
 Obeying, what I here declare,
 Makes half my happiness, the Fair,
 The favourite subject I pursue,
 And write, as who would not, for you.

Perhaps

Perhaps my muse, a common curse,
Errs in the manner of her verse,
Which, slouching in the doggrel lay,
Goes tittup all her easy way.
Yes—an Acrostic had been better,
Where each good natured prattling letter,
Though it conceal the writer's aim,
Tells all the world his lady's name.

But all Acrostics, it is said,
Shew wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.

I love a fanciful disorder,
And straggling out of rule and order;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've said,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's so full of you.

Like TRISTRAM SHANDY, I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning,
A little sideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myself, pursue
The civil mode of teasing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumstance in story telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Describe the time, the folks, the place,

And

And are religiously exact
 To point out each unmeaning fact,
 Repeat their wonders *undesired*,
 Nor think one hearer can be tired ;
 So they who take a method worse,
 And *prose* away, like me, in *verse*,
 Worry their mistress, friends or betters,
 With satire, sonnet, ode, or letters,
 And think the knack of pleasing follows
 Each jingling pupil of APOLLO's.
 —Yet let it be a venial crime
 That I address you thus in rhyme.
 Nor think that I am *Phæbus*'-bit
 By the *Tarantula* of wit,
 But as the meanest critic knows
 All females have a knack at prose,
 And letters are the mode of writing
 The ladies take the most delight in ;
 Bold is the man, whose saucy aim
 Leads him to form a rival claim ;
 A double death the victim dies,
 Wounded by wit as well as eyes.

—With mine disgrace a lady's prose,
 And put a nettle next a rose ?
 Who would, so long as taste prevails,
 Compare St. *James's* with *Versailles* ?
 The nightingale, as story goes,
 Fam'd for the music of his woes,
 In vain against the artist try'd,
 But strain'd his tuneful throat—and died.

Perhaps

Perhaps I fought the rhiming way,
For reasons which have pow'rful fway.
The swain, no doubt, with pleasure fues
The nymph he's sure will not refuse.
And more compassion may be found
Amongst these goddesses of sound,
'Than always happens to the share
Of the more cruel human fair;
Who love to fix their lover's pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoicing in their servant's grief,
As 'twere a sin to give relief.
They twist each easy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire
Of apprehension and desire,
As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The school-boy stabs, to make them spin.

For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
To make a man of sense a fool;
I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed;
But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intention,
Can ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.

Now Poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Strait go a courting to the muse.

But still some difference we find
 'Twixt goddesses and human kind;
 The muses' favours are ideal,
 The ladies' scarce, but always real.
 The poet can, with little pain,
 Create a mistress in his brain,
 Heap each attraction, every grace
 That should adorn the mind or face,
 On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a score
 Of *Phyllisses* and *Delias* more.
 Or as the whim of passion burns,
 Can court each frolic muse by turns;
 Nor shall one word of blame be said,
 Altho' he take them all to bed.
 The muse detests coquetry's guilt,
 Nor apes the manners of a jilt.

Jilt! O dishonest hateful name,
 Your sex's pride, your sex's shame,
 Which often bait their treacherous hook
 With smile endearing, winning look,
 And wind them in the easy heart
 Of man, with most ensnaring art,
 Only to torture and betray
 The wretch they mean to cast away.
 No doubt 'tis *charming* pleasant angling
 To see the poor fond creatures dangling,
 Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
 And gorge the mischief they should hate.
 Yet sure such cruelties deface
 Your virtues of their fairest grace.

And pity, which in woman's breast,
Should swim at top of all the rest,
Must such insidious sport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.

So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a trav'ler's word,
(Authority may pass it down,
So, *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
At METZ, a dreadful engine stands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely drest, with primmest grace,
Receives the culprit's first embrace;
But at the second (dismal wonder!)
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart afunder.

You'll say, perhaps, I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.

A *Robin* once, who lov'd to stray,
And hop about from spray to spray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold presume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careless often take his stand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom fought,
—In short, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an *Eagle's* place:

And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Wish'd not to gain his native air,
But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
'To gain the liberty he lost.

Till at the last, a fop was seen,
A *parrot*, dress'd in red and green,
Who could not boast one genuine note,
But chatter'd, swore and ly'd—by rote.
“ Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
“ When honour and affection fail.”
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
For novelty will please the best;
And whether it is lace or fan,
Or silk, or china, bird or man,
None sure can think it wrong, or strange,
That ladies should admire a change.
The *Parrot* now came into play,
The *Robin!* he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's disdain,
So fled—and ne'er came back again.

T H E

COBBLER OF TISSINGTON'S LETTER

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

MY predecessors often use
 To cobble verse as well as shoes;
 As PARTRIDGE (*vide* SWIFT'S disputes)
 Who turn'd BOOTES into *boots*,
 Ah!—PARTRIDGE!—I'll be bold to say
 Was a rare scholar in his day;
 He'd tell you when t'wou'd rain, and when
 The weather would be fine agen;
 Precisely when your bones *should* ache,
 And when grow found, by th' almanack.
 For he knew ev'ry thing, d'ye see,
 By, what d'ye call't, astrology,
 And skill'd in all the starry system,
 Foretold events, and often mist'em.
 And then it griev'd me fore to look
 Just at the *heel-piece* of his book,
 Where stood a man, Lord blefs my heart!
 (No doubt by *matthew maticks* art,)
 Naked, expos'd to public view,
 And darts stuck in him through and through.
 I warrant him some hardy fool,
 Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,

And dar'd blasphemously despise
 Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.
 Full dearly he abides his laugh,
 I'm sure 'tis SWIFT, or BICKERSTAFF.

Excuse this bit of a digression,
 A cobbler's is a learn'd profession.
 Why may not I too couple rhimes?
 My wit will not disgrace the times;
 I too, forsooth, among the rest,
 Claim one advantage, and the best,
 I scarce know writing, have no reading,
 Nor any kind of scholar *breeding*;
 And *wanting* that's the sole foundation
 Of half your poets' reputation.
 While genius, perfect at its birth,
 Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth.

You know they send me to and fro
 To carry messages or so;
 And though I'm somewhat old and crazy,
 I'm still of service to the lazy,
 For our good squire has no great notion
 Of much alacrity in motion,
 And when there's miles betwixt you know
 Would rather *send* by half than go;
 Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,
 And bear myself by way of card.
 I'm a two-legg'd excuse to show
 Why other people cannot go;

And

And merit sure I must assume,
For once I went in GARRICK's room.

In my old age, 'twere wond'rous hard
To come to town, as trav'ling card,
Then let the post convey me there,
The clerk's direction tell him where,
For, though I ramble at this rate
He writes it all, and I *dictate*;
For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour,
(Who keeps a school, and goes to *labour*)
To tell you all things as they pass;
Cobblers will go beyond their last,
And so I'm told will authors too,
—But that's a point I leave to you;
Cobbling extends a thousand ways,
Some cobble shoes, some cobble plays;
Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
It makes a body write for ever.
While with the motion of the pen,
METHOD pops in and out agen,
So, as I said, I thought it better,
To set me down and *think* a letter,
And without any more ado,
Seal up my mind, and send it you.
You'll ask me, master, why I chuse
To plague your worship with my muse?
I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
Though cobbler, yet I love my friend.
Besides, I like you merry folks,
Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;

Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
 I love a story, or a song;
 But always feel most grievous qualms,
 From WESLEY's hymns, or WISDOM's psalms*.

My father often told me, one day
 Was for religion—that was Sunday,
 When I should go to prayers twice,
 And hear our parson battle vice;
 And drefs'd in all my finest cloaths,
 Twang the *psalmody* through my nose.
 But betwixt churches, for relief,
 Eat bak'd plumb-pudding, and roast-beef;
 And chearful, without sin, regale
 With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,
 But not one word of *fasting* greetings,
 And *dry* religious singing meetings.
 But here comes folks a-preaching to us
 A *saving* doctrine to *undo* us,
 Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
 Turn old religion topsy-turvy.
 I'll give my pleasure up for no man
 And an't I right now, master SHOW-MAN?
 You seem'd to me a person civil,
 Our parson gives you to the devil;
 And says, as how, that after grace,
 You laugh'd directly in his face;

* Robert Wisdom was an early translator of the Psalms. Wood says, "he was a good Latin and English poet of his time." He died 1568.

Ay, laugh'd out-right (as I'm a finner)
I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
Not for the sake of master's fare,
But to have seen the doctor stare.
Odzooks, I think, he's perfect mad,
Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
For wherefoe'er the doctor comes,
He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
And mutters, in a broken rage,
The MINOR, GARRICK, FOOTE, the STAGE;
(For I must blab it out—but hift,
His reverence is a *methodist*)
And preaches like an errant fury,
'Gainst all your *show* folks about DRURY,
Says actors all are hellish imps,
And managers the devil's pimps.
He knows not what he sets about;
Puts on his surplice inside out,
Mistakes the lessons in the church,
Or leaves a collect in the lurch;
And t'other day—God help his head,
The gardner's wife being brought to bed,
When sent for to baptize the child
His wig awry, and staring wild,
He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
And read the burial service o'er him.
—The folks must wait without their shoes,
For I must tell you all the news.
For we have had a deal to do,
Our squire's become a show-man too!

And

And horse and foot arrive in flocks,
To see his worship's famous rocks,
Whilst, he with humorous delight,
Walks all about and shews the sight,
Points out the place, where trembling you
Had like t' have bid the world adieu;
It bears the sad remembrance still,
And people call it GARRICK'S HILL.
The goats their usual distance keep,
We never have recourse to sheep;
And the whole scene wants nothing now,
Except your ferry-boat and cow.
I had a great deal more to say,
But I am sent exprefs away,
To fetch the squire's three children down
To TISSINGTON from DERBY town;
And ALLEN says he'll mend my rhyme,
When e'er I write a second time.

THE

T H E

COBBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

TO ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

UNUS'D to verse, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
 Of drudging on in heavy prose,
 Day after day, year after year,
 Which I have sent the GAZETTEER;
 Now, for the first time, I essay
 To write in your own easy way.
 And now, O LLOYD, I wish I had,
 To go that road your ambling pad,
 While you, with all a poet's pride,
 On the *great horse* of verse might ride.
 You leave the road that's rough and stoney,
 To pace and whistle with your poney;
 Sad proof to us you're *lazy* grown,
 And fear to gall your huckle-bone.
 For he who rides a nag so small,
 Will soon, we fear, ride none at all.

There are, and nought gives more offence,
 Who have some fav'rite excellence,
 Which evermore they introduce,
 And bring it into constant use.
 Thus GARRICK still in ev'ry part
 Has pause, and attitude, and start:

The

The pause, I will allow, is good,
 And so, perhaps, the attitude;
 The start too's fine: but if not scarce,
 The tragedy becomes a farce.

I have too, pardon me, some quarrel,
 With other branches of your laurel.
 I hate the stile, that still defends
 Yourself, or praises all your friends,
 As if the club of wits was met
 To make eulogiums on *the Set*;
 Say, must the town for ever hear,
 And no *Reviewer* dare to sneer,
 Of THORNTON'S humour, GARRICK'S nature,
 And COLMAN'S wit, and CHURCHILL'S satire?
 CHURCHILL, who—let it not offend,
 If I make free, though he's your friend,
 And sure we cannot want excuse,
 When CHURCHILL'S nam'd, for smart abuse—
 CHURCHILL! who ever loves to raise
 On slander's dung his mushroom bays:
 The priest, I grant, has something clever,
 A something that will last for ever:
 Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
 Whose muse, now queen, and now a flattern,
 Trick'd out in ROSCIAD rules the roast,
 Turns trapes and trollop in the GHOST,
 By turns both tickles us, and warms,
 And, drunk or sober, has her charms.

GARRICK

GARRICK, to whom with lath and plaister
 You try to raise a fine pilaster,
 And found on LEAR and MACBETH,
 His monument e'en after death,
 GARRICK's a dealer in grimaces,
 A haberdasher of wry faces,
 A hypocrite, in all his stages,
 Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;
 As undertakers' men draw grief
 From onion in their handkerchief,
 Like real mourners cry and sob,
 And of their passions make a job.

And COLMAN too, that little finner,
 That essay-weaver, drama-spinner,
 Too much the comic *Sock* will use,
 For 'tis the law must find him *Shoes*.
 And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean
 He swims, and has a pretty motion,
 Inform him, LLOYD, for all his grin
 That HARRY FIELDING holds his chin.

Now higher soar, my muse, and higher,
 To BONNEL THORNTON, hight Esquire!
 The only man to make us laugh,
 A very PETER PARAGRAPH;
 The grand conductor and adviser
 In CHRONICLE, and ADVERTISER,
 Who still delights to run his rig
 On *Citizen* and *Periwig*!

Good

Good sense, I know, though dash'd with oddity,
 In THORNTON is no scarce commodity:
 Much learning too I can descry,
 Beneath *his* perriwig doth lie.—
 —I beg his pardon, I declare,
 His grizzle's gone for greasy hair,
 Which now the wag with ease can scrue,
 With dirty ribband in a queue—
 But why neglect (his trade forsaking
 For scribbling, and for merry-making,)
 With tye to overshade that brain,
 Which might have shone in WARWICK-LANE?
 Why not, with spectacles on nose,
 In chariot lazily repose,
 A formal, pompous, deep physician,
 HIMSELF A SIGN-POST EXHIBITION?

But hold, my Muse! you run a-head:
 And where's the clue that shall unthread
 The maze, wherein you are entangled?
 While out of tune the bells are jangled
 Through rhimes rough road that serve to deck
 My jaded Pegasus his neck.
 My muse with LLOYD alone contends:
 Why then fall foul upon his friends?
 Unless to shew, like handy-dandy,
 Or CHURCHILL'S GHOST, or TRISTRAM SHANDY,
 Now here, now there, with quick progression,
 How smartly you can make digression:

Your

Your rambling spirit now confine,
And speak to LLOYD in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, LLOYD, what is't you mean
By cobbling up a MAGAZINE?
A MAGAZINE, a wretched Olio
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
From Pamphlet, News-paper, and Book;
Which toft up by a monthly cook,
Borrows fine shapes, and titles new,
Of fricafee and rich ragout,
Which dunces drefs, as well as you.

Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
And tumble through this narrow hoop?
The body thrives, and so the mind,
When both are free and unconfin'd;
But harnes'd in like hackney tit,
To run the monthly stage of wit,
The racer stumbles in the shaft,
And shews he was not meant for draft.
Pot-bellied gluttons, slaves of taste,
Who bind in leathern belt their waist,
Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
But hate to see the strutting paunch,
Full often rue the pain that's felt
From circumscription of the belt.
Thus women too we ideots call,
Who lace their shapes too close and small.

Tight

Tight stays, they find, oft end in humps,
 And take, too late, alas! to jumps.
 The Chinese ladies cramp their feet,
 Which seem, indeed, both small and neat,
 While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
 And can do ev'ry thing—but walk;
 Thus you, “who trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,”
 And in the *Ring* are ever seen,
 Or *Rotten-Row* of Magazine,
 Will cramp your muse in four-foot verse,
 And find at last your ease your curse.
 CLIO already humbly begs
 You'd give her leave to stretch her legs,
 For though sometimes she takes a leap,
 Yet quadrupeds can only creep.

While Namby-Pamby thus you scribble,
 Your manly genius a mere fribble,
 Pinn'd down, and sickly, cannot vapour,
 Nor dares to spring, or cut a caper.

Rouse then, for shame, your ancient spirit!
 Write a great work! a work of merit!
 'The conduct of your friend examine,
 And give a PROPHECY OF FAMINE;
 Or like yourself, in days of yore,
 Write ACTORS, as you did before:
 Write what may pow'rful friends create you,
 And make your present friends all hate you.

Learn not a shuffling, shambling, pace,
 But go erect with manly grace;
 For OVID says, and pr'ythee heed it,
O: homini sublime dedit.
 But if you still waste all your prime
 In spinning Lilliputian rhyme,
 Too long your genius will lie fallow,
 And ROBERT LLOYD be ROBERT SHALLOW.

O N R H Y M E.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

BRING paper, ASH, and let me send
My hearty service to my friend.

How pure the paper looks and white!
What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour scrawl
With desperate ink, and heart of gall!
Yet thus it often fares with those
Who, gay and easy in their *prose*,
Incur ill-nature's ugly crime,
And lay about 'em in their *rhyme*.

No man more generous, frank and kind,
Of more ingenuous social mind,
Than CHURCHILL, yet though CHURCHILL hear,
I will pronounce him too severe,
For, whether scribbled at or not,
He writes no name without a blot.

Yet let me urge one honest plea?
Say, is the Muse in fault or He?
The man, whose genius thirsts for praise,
Who boldly plucks, not waits the bays;
Who drives his rapid car along,
And feels the energy of song;
Writes, from the *impulse* of the Muse,
What sober reason might refuse.

My

My Lord, who lives and writes *at ease*,
 (Sure to be pleas'd, as sure to please)
 And draws from silver-stand his pen,
 'To scribble sonnets *now* and *then* ;
 Who writes not what he truly feels,
 But rather what he slyly steals,
 And patches up, in courtly phrase,
 The manly sense of better days ;
 Whose dainty Muse is only kist ;
 But as his dainty Lordship list,
 Who treats her like a *Mistress* still,
 To turn her off, and keep at will ;
 Knows not the labour, pains, and strife.
 Of him who takes the Muse to *Wife*.
 For then the poor good-natur'd man
 Must bear his burden as he can ;
 And if my lady prove a shrew,
 What would you have the husband do ?

Say, should he thwart her inclination
 To work his own, and her vexation ?
 Or giving madam all her rein,
 Make marriage but a silken chain ?
 Thus we, who lead poetic lives,
 The hen-peck'd culls of vixen wives,
 Receive their orders, and obey,
 Like husbands in the common way :
 And when we write with too much phlegm,
 The fault is not in us, but them :
 True servants always at command,
 We hold the pen; they guide the hand.

Why need I urge so plain a fact
 To you who catch me in the act?
 And see me, (ere I've said my grace,
 That is, put SIR in proper place,
 Or with epistolary bow,
 Have prefac'd, as I scarce know how,)
 You see me, as I said before,
 Run up and down a page or more,
 Without one word of tribute due
 To friendship's altar, and to YOU.
 Accept, then, in or out of time,
 My honest thanks, though writ in rhyme.
 And these once paid, (to obligations
 Repeated thanks grow stale vexations,
 And hurt the liberal donor more
 Than all his lavish gifts before,)
 I skip about, as whim prevails,
 Like your own frisky goats in WALES,
 And follow where the Muse shall lead,
 O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.

Well might the * Lordly writer praise
 The first inventor of *Essays*,
 Where wanton fancy gaily rambles,
 Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles;
 And all things may be sung or said,
 While drowsy METHOD's gone to bed.
 And blest the poet, or the rhymist,
 (For surely none of the sublimest)

* Shaftsbury.

Who

Who prancing in his easy mode,
 Down this epistolary road,
 First taught the Muse to play the fool,
 A truant from the pedant's school,
 And skipping, like a *tasteless* dunce,
 O'er all the UNITIES at once;
 (For so we keep but clink and rhyme,
 A fig for ACTION, PLACE, and TIME.)

But critics, (who still judge by rules,
 Transmitted down as guides to fools,
 And howfoe'er they prate about 'em,
 Drawn from wise folks who writ without 'em;)
 Will blame this frolic, wild excursion,
 Which fancy takes for her diversion,
 As inconsistent with the law,
 Which keeps the sober Muse in awe,
 Who dares not for her life dispense,
 With such *mechanic* chains for sense.

Yet men are often apt to blame
 Those errors they'd be proud to claim,
 And if their skill, of pigmy size,
 To glorious darings cannot rise,
 From critic spleen and pedant phlegm,
 Would make all genius creep with them.

Nay, e'en professors of the art,
 To prove their wit betray their heart,
 And speak against themselves, to show,
 What they would hate the world shou'd know.

As when the measur'd couplets curse,
 The manacles of Gothic verse,
 While the trim bard in *easy* strains,
 Talks much of *fetters*, *clogs*, and *chains*;
 He only aims that you should think,
 How charmingly he makes them clink.
 So have I seen in tragic stride,
 The hero of the Mourning Bride,
 Sullen and sulky tread the stage,
 Till, fixt attention to engage,
 He flings his fether'd arms about,
 That all may find ALPHONSO out.

Oft have I heard it said by those,
 Who most shou'd blush to be her foes,
 That rhyme's impertinent vexation,
 Shackles the brave imagination,
 Which longs with eager zeal to try
 Her trackless path above the sky,
 But that the clog upon her feet,
 Restrains her flight, and damps her heat.

From BOILEAU down to his translators,
 Dull paraphrasts, and imitators,
 All rail at metre at the time
 They write and owe their sense to rhyme.
 Had HE so maul'd his gentle foe,
 But for that lucky word QUINEAUT?
 Or had his strokes been half so fine,
 Without that closing name COTIN?

Yet

Yet dares He on this very theme,
 His own APOLLO to blaspheme,
 And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and sense,
 And murders which ensu'd from thence,
 As if they both resolv'd to meet,
 Like Theban sons, in mutual heat,
 Forgetful of the ties of brother,
 To maim and massacre each other.

'Tis true, sometimes to costive brains,
 A couplet costs exceeding pains ;
 But where the fancy waits the skill
 Of fluent easy drefs at will,
 The thoughts are oft, like colts which stray
 From fertile meads, and lose their way,
 Clapt up and fasten'd in the pound
 Of measur'd rhyme, and barren found.

—What are these jarring notes I hear,
 Grating harsh discord on my ear !
 How shrill, how coarse, th' unsettled tone,
 Alternate 'twixt a squeak and drone,
 Worse than the scrannel pipe of straw,
 Or music grinding on a saw !
 Will none that horrid fiddle break ?
 —O spare it for GIARDINI's sake.
 'Tis *His*, and only errs by chance,
 Play'd by the hand of ignorance.

From this allusion I infer,
 'Tis not the art, but artists err,

And rhyme's a fiddle, sweet indeed,
 When touch'd by those who well can lead,
 Whose varied notes harmonious flow,
 In tones prolong'd from sweeping bow ;
 But harsh the sounds to ear and mind,
 From the poor fidler lame and blind,
 Who begs in music at your door,
 And thrums *Jack Latin* o'er and o'er.

Some MILTON-mad, (an affectation
 Glean'd up from college education)
 Approve no verse, but that which flows
 In epithetic measur'd prose,
 With trim expressions daily drest
 Stol'n, misapply'd, and not confest,
 And call it writing in the stile
 Of that great HOMER of our isle.
Whilom, what time, estfoons and erst,
(So prose is oftentimes beverst)
 Sprinkled with quaint fantastic phrase,
 Uncouth to ears of modern days,
 Make up the metre, which they call
 Blank, CLASSICK BLANK, their All in All.

Can only blank admit sublime ?
 Go read and measure DRYDEN's rhyme.
 Admire the magic of his song,
 See how his numbers roll along,
 With ease and strength and varied pause,
 Nor cramp'd by sound, nor metre's laws.

Is harmony the gift of rhyme?
Read, if you can, your MILTON's chime;
Where taste, not wantonly severe,
May find the measure, not the ear.

As rhyme, rich rhyme, was DRYDEN's choice,
And blank has MILTON's nobler voice,
I deem it as the subjects lead,
That either measure will succeed.
That rhyme will readily admit
Of fancy, numbers, force and wit;
But though each couplet has its strength,
It palls in works of epic length.

For who can bear to read or hear,
Though not offensive to the ear,
The mighty BLACKMORE gravely sing
Of ARTHUR PRINCE, and ARTHUR KING,
Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeless, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity such laborious toil,
And loss of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But still, (though peace be to the dead,)
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.

So have I seen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd and drawn by horses eight,
Pair'd like great folks who strut in state:

While

While the gay steeds, as proud as strong,
 Drag the slow tottering weight along,
 Each as the steep ascent he climbs,
 Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.

The Muses dwelt on OVID's tongue,
 For OVID never said, but *sung*,
 And POPE (for POPE affects the same)
 In *numbers lisp'd*, for *numbers came*.
 Thus, in historic page I've read
 Of some queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
 Who could not either cough or spit,
 Without some precious flow of wit,
 While her fair lips were as a spout,
 To tumble pearls and diamonds out.

Yet, though dame nature may bestow
 This knack of verse, and jingling flow :
 (And thousands have that impulse felt,
 With whom the Muses never dwelt)
 Though it may save the lab'ring brain
 From many a thought-perplexing pain,
 And while the rhyme presents itself,
 Leaves BYSSHE untouch'd upon the shelf;
 Yet more demands the critic ear,
 Than the two catch-words in the rear,
 Which stand like watchmen in the close,
 To keep the verse from being prose.
 But when reflection has refin'd
 This boist'rous bias of the mind.

When

When harmony enriches sense,
And borrows stronger charms from thence,
When genius steers by judgment's laws
When proper cadence, varied pause
Shew nature's strength combin'd with art,
And through the ear possesses the heart;
Then numbers come, and all before
Is bab, dab, scab—mere rhymes—no more.

Some boast, which none could e'er impart,
A secret principle of art,
Which gives a melody to rhyme
Unknown to Bards in antient time.
And BOILEAU leaves it as a rule
To all who enter PHOEBUS' school,
To make the metre strong and fine,
Poets write first your *second* line.
'Tis folly all—No poet flows
In tuneful verse, who thinks in prose;
And all the mighty secret here
Lies in the niceness of the ear.

E'en in this measure, when the muse,
With genuine ease, her way pursues,
Though she affect to hide her skill,
And walks the town in dishabille,
Something peculiar will be seen
Of air, or grace, in shape or mien,
Which will, though carelessly display'd,
Distinguish MADAM from her maid.

Here,

Here, by the way of critic sample,
I give the precept and example.
Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line
Is PRIOR's measure, and is mine;
Yet Taste wou'd ne'er forgive the crime
To talk of mine with PRIOR's rhyme.

Yet, take it on a Poet's word,
There are who foolishly have err'd,
And marr'd their proper reputation,
By sticking close to imitation.
A double rhyme is often sought
At strange expence of time and thought;
And though sometimes a lucky hit
May give a zest to BUTLER's wit;
Whatever makes the measure halt
Is beauty seldom, oft a fault.
For when we see the wit and pains,
The twisting of the stubborn brains,
To cramp the sense within the bound
Of some queer double treble found:
Hard is the Muse's travail, and 'tis plain
'Tis pinion'd sense, and EASE in PAIN;
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
With flannel in the racking gout.
But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
To wave both simile and rhyme;
For while, as pen and Muses please,
I talk so much of ease and ease,

Though

Though the word's mention'd o'er and o'er,
I scarce have thought of yours before.

'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,
'Tis a rare science when to end,
As 'tis with wits a common fin
To want th' attention to begin.
So, Sir, (at last indeed) adieu,
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
And if henceforth, at any time,
APOLLO whispers you in rhyme,
Or Lady Fancy should dispose
Your mind to fally out in prose,
I shall receive, with hallow'd awe,
The Muse's mail from FLEXNEY's *draw*.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A
HAMPER OF WINE.

Decipit Exemplar vitii imitabile. HOR.

FOND of the loose familiar vein,
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
The Muse is rather truant grown
To buckram works of higher tone ;
And though perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme,
Might rise to fancies more sublime,
Prefers this easy down-hill road,
To dangerous leaps at five-barr'd ODE,
Or starting in the Classic race
Jack-booted for an EPIC chace.

That Bard, as other Bards, divine,
Who was *a sacris* to the Nine,
DAN PRIOR I mean, with natural ease,
(For what's not nature cannot please)
Would sometimes make his rhyming bow,
And greet his friend as I do now ;
And, howfoe'er the critic train
May hold my judgment rather vain,

Allow

Allow me *one* resemblance true,
I have my friend, a SHEPHERD * too.

You know, dear Sir, the Muses nine,
Though sober Maids are wooed in wine,
And therefore, as beyond a doubt,
You've found my dangling foible out,
Send me nectareous Inspiration,
Though others read Intoxication.
For there are those who vainly use
This grand Elixir of the Muse,
And fancy in their apish fit,
An idle trick of maudlin wit,
Their genius takes a daring flight,
'Bove PINDUS, or PLINLIMMON's height.
Whilst more of madman than of poet,
They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.

The Bard, whose charming measure flows
With all the native ease of prose,
Who, without flashy vain pretence,
Has best adorn'd Eternal Sense,
And, in his chearful moral page,
Speaks to mankind in every age;
Tells us, from folks whose situation
Makes them the mark of observation,
Example oft gives Folly rise,
And Imitation clings to Vice.

* Dr. Richard Shepherd, Author of a didactic Poem call'd
The Nuptials.

ENNIUS could never write, 'tis said,
 Without a bottle in his head ;
 And your own HORACE quaff'd his wine
 In plenteous draughts at BACCHUS' shrine ;
 Nay, ADDISON would oft unbend,
T'indulge his genius with a friend ;
 (For fancy, which is often dry,
 Must wet her wings, or cannot fly)
 What precedents for fools to follow
 Are BEN, the DEVIL and APOLLO !
 While the great gawky ADMIRATION,
 Parent of stupid imitation,
 Intrinsic proper worth neglects,
 And copies Errors and Defects.

The man, secure in strength of Parts,
 Has no recourse to shuffling Arts,
 Seeks not his nature to disguise,
 Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
 His wit, his faults at once displays,
 Careless of envy, or of praise ;
 And foibles, which we often find
 Just on the surface of the mind,
 Strike common eyes, which can't discern
 What to avoid, and what to learn.

Errors in wit conspicuous grow,
 To use GAY's words, like specks in snow ;
 Yet it were kind, at least, to make
 Allowance for the merit's sake ;

And

And when such beauties fill the eye,
 To let the blemishes go by.
 Plague on your philosophic fots!
 I'll view the sun without its spots.

Wits are peculiar in their mode;
 They cannot bear the hackney road
 And will contract habitual ways,
 Which sober people cannot praise,
 And fools admire: Such fools I hate;
 —Begone, ye slaves, who imitate.

Poor SPURIUS! eager to destroy
 And murder hours he can't enjoy,
 The last of witlings, next to dunce,
 Would fain turn Genius all at once,
 But that the wretch mistakes his aim,
 And thinks a Libertine the same.
 Connected as the hand and glove,
 Is Madam POETRY and LOVE;
 Shall not *He* then possess his Muse,
 And fetch CORINNA from the stews,
 The burthen of his amorous verse,
 And charming melter of his purse,
 While happy REBUS tells the name
 Of His and DRURY's common *Flame*?
 How will the wretch at BACCHUS' shrine,
 Betray the cause of wit and wine,
 And waste in bawdy, port, and pun,
 In taste a very GOTH or HUN,

Those *little hours*, of value more
 Than all the round of time before ;
 When fancy brightens with the flask,
 And the heart speaks without a mask ?

Must THOU, whose genius, dull and cool,
 Is muddy as the stagnant pool ;
 Whose torpid soul and sluggish brain's,
 Dullness pervades, and Wine disdains ;
 Must *Thou* to nightly taverns run,
 APOLLO's guest, and JONSON's son ?
 And in thy folly's beastly fit,
 Attempt the fallies of a wit ?
 Art thou the child of PHOEBUS' choir ?
 Think of the Adage—Afs and Lyre*.

If thou wouldst really succeed,
 And be a *mimic* wit indeed,
 Let DRYDEN lend thee SHEFFIELD's blows,
 Or like WILL. DAVENANT lose your nose.

O LUCIAN, Sire of antient wit,
 Who wedding HUMOUR, didst beget
 Those doctors in the laughing school,
 Those Giant sons of RIDICULE,
 SWIFT, RAB'LAIS, and † that favourite Child,
 Who, less excentrically wild,
 Inverts the misanthropic Plan,
 And hating vices, hates not Man :

* *Afinus ad Lyram.*

† The late inimitable HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

How do I love thy gibing vein!
 Which glances at the mimic train
 Of fots, who proud as modern beaux
 Of birth-day suits, and tinsel cloaths,
 Affecting cynical grimace
 With philosophic stupid face,
 In dirty hue, with naked feet,
 In rags and tatters, strole the street;
 OSTENSIVELY exceeding wise;
 But Knaves, and Fools, and walking Lies,
 External Mimicry their plan,
 The monkey's copy after Man.

Wits too possess this affectation,
 And live a life of imitation,
 Are Slovens, Revellers and Brutes,
 Laborious, absent, prattlers, Mutes,
 From some example handed down
 Of some great Genius of Renown.

If ADDISON, from habit's trick,
 Could bite his fingers to the quick,
 Shall not I nibble from design,
 And be an ADDISON to mine?
 If POPE most feelingly complains
 Of aching head, and throbbing pains,
 My head and arm his posture hit,
 And I already *ache* for wit.
 If CHURCHILL, following nature's call,
 Has *head that never aches at all*,

With burning brow, and heavy eye,
I'll give my looks and pain the Lye.

If huge tall words of termination,
Which ask a Critic's explanation,
Come rolling out along with thought,
And seem to stand just where they ought;
If language more in grammar dress,
With greater emphasis exprest,
Unstudied, unaffected flows,
In some great Wit's *conversing* prose;
If from the tongue the period round
Fall into style, and swell to sound,
'Tis nature which herself displays,
And JOHNSON speaks a JOHNSON's phrase.

But can you hear, without a smile,
The formal coxcomb ape his style,
Who, most dogmatically wise,
Attempts to censure, and despise,
Affecting what he cannot reach,
A trim propriety of speech?
What though his pompous Language wear
The grand decisive solemn Air,
Where quaint ANTITHESIS prevails,
And Sentences are weighed in scales,
Can you bow down with reverend awe
Before this puppet king of straw?
Or hush'd in mute attention sit,
To hear this CRITIC, POET, WIT,

PHILO-

PHILOSOPHER, all, all at once,
And to compleat them all, this—DUNCE?
—All this you'll say is mighty fine,
But what has this to do with Wine?

Have patience and the Muse shall tell
What you, my friend, know full as well.
Vices in Poets, Wits and Kings,
Are catching, *imitable* things;
And frailties standing out to view,
Become the objects fools pursue.
Thus have I pictures often seen,
Where features neither speak nor mean,
Yet spite of all, the Face will strike,
And mads us that it should be like,
When all the near resemblance grows,
From scratch or pimple on the Nose.

To Poets then (I mean not here
The scribbling Drudge, or scribbling Peer,
Nor those who have the monthly fit,
The Lunatics of modern Wit)
To Poets Wine is inspiration,
Blockheads get drunk in imitation.

As different Liquors different ways
Affect the body, sometimes raise
The fancy to an Eagle's flight,
And make the heart feel wondrous light;
At other times the circling mug,
Like LETHÉ's draught, or opiate drug,

Will strike the senses on a heap,
 When Folks talk wise, who talk asleep;
 A whimsical imagination,
 Might form a whimsical relation,
 How every Author writes and thinks
 Analagous to what he drinks,
 While quaint Conjecture's lucky hit,
 Finds out his bev'rage in his Wit.

Ye goodly dray-nymph Muses, hail!
 MUM, PORTER, STINGO, MILD and STALE,
 And chiefly thou of boasted fame,
 Of ROMAN and IMPERIAL name;
 O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry steals,
 His stockings dangling at his heels,
 To where some pendent head invites
 The Bard to set his own to rights,
 Who seeks thy influence divine,
 And pours libations on thy shrine,
 In wormwood draughts of inspiration,
 To whet his soul for defamation.

Hail too, your Domes! whose Master's skill
Takes up illustrious folks at will,
 And careless of place or name,
Beheads and hangs to public fame
 Fine garter'd Knights, blue, red, or green,
 Lords, Earls and Dukes, nay King, or Queen,
 And sometimes pairs them both together,
 To dangle to the wind and weather;

Or claps some mighty General there,
 Who has not any head to spare.
 Or if it more his fancy suit,
 Pourtrays or fish, or bird, or brute.
 And lures the gaping, thirsty guest,
 To SCOTT'S *entire*, or TRUEMAN'S *best*.

Ye *chequer'd* Domes thrice hail! for hence
 The fire of Wit, the froth of Sense,
 Here gentle Puns, ambiguous Joke,
 Burst forth oracular in smoke,
 And Inspiration pottle deep
 Forgets her sons, and falls asleep.
 Hence issue Treatises and Rhymes,
 The Wit and Wonder of the Times,
 Hence Scandal, Piracies and Lies,
 Defensive Pamphlets on EXCISE,
 The murd'rous Articles of News,
 And pert THEATRICAL REVIEWS.
 Hither, as to their Urns, repair,
 Bard, Publisher, and minor Play'r,
 And o'er the Porter's foaming head
 Their venom'd malice nightly shed,
 And aim their batteries of dirt
 At Genius, which they cannot hurt.

Smack not *their* works, if verse or prose
 Offend your eye, or ear, or nose,
 So frothy, vapid, stale, hum-drum,
 Of STINGO, PORTER, PURL and MUM?

And when the muse *politely* jokes,
 Cannot you find the Lady smokes?
 And spite of all her inspiration,
 Betrays her alehouse education?

Alas! how very few are found,
 Whose style tastes neat and full and sound!
 In WILMOT's loose ungovern'd vein
 There is, I grant, much *burnt* CHAMPAIGN,
 And DORSET's lines all palates hit,
 The very BURGUNDY of wit.
 But when, obedient to the mode
 Of panegyric, courtly ode,
 The bard bestrides his annual hack,
 In vain I taste, and sip and smack,
 I find no flavour of the SACK.
 But while I ramble and refine
 On flavour, Style, and Wit and Wine,
 Your Claret, which I would not waste,
 Recalls me to my proper taste;
 So ending, as 'tis more than time,
 At once my Letter, glass and rhyme,
 I take this bumper off to you,
 'Tis SHEPHERD's health—dear friend, adieu.

THE CANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

A F A B L E.

“ **N**O author ever spar’d a brother :
 “ Wits are game cocks to one another.”

But no antipathy so strong,
 Which acts so fiercely, lasts so long
 As that which rages in the breast
 Of *critic*, and of *wit* profess :
 When, eager for some bold emprise,
 WIT, Titan-like, affects the skies,
 When, full of energy divine,
 The mighty dupe of all the nine,
 Bids his kite soar on paper wing,
 The critic comes, and cuts the string ;
 Hence dire contention often grows
 ’Twixt man of verse, and man of prose ;
 While prose-man deems the verse-man fool,
 And measures wit by line and rule,
 And, as he lops off fancy’s limb,
 Turns executioner of whim ;
 While genius, which too oft disdains
 To bear e’en honourable chains ;
 (Such as a sheriff’s self might wear
 Or grace the wisdom of a may’r)
 Turns rebel to dame REASON’s throne
 And holds no judgment like his own.

Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,
 In idle threats that cannot hurt,
 Methinks they waste a deal of time,
 Both fool in prose, and fool in rhyme ;
 And when the angry bard exclaims,
 And calls a thousand paltry names,
 He doth his critic mighty wrong,
 And hurts the dignity of song.

The prefatory matter past
 The tale, or story, comes at last.

A candle stuck in flaring state
 Within the nozzle of French plate,
 Tow'ring aloft with smoaky light,
 The snuff and flame of wondrous height,
 (For, virgin yet of amputation,
 No force had check'd its inclination)
 Sullen address'd with conscious pride,
 The dormant snuffers at its side.
 " Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim
 " Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
 " Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,
 " See how my beams triumphant soar!
 " See how I gayly blaze alone
 " With strength, with lustre all my own.

" Lustre, good fir!" the snuffers cried,
 " Alas! how ignorant is pride!
 " Thy light which wavers round the room,
 " Shews as the counterfeit of gloom,

" Thy

" Thy snuff which idly tow'rs so high
" Will waste thy essence by and by,
" Which, as I prize thy lustre dear
" I fain would lop to make thee clear.
" Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,
" Thy wasting strength, and quiv'ring blaze,
" You shine but as a beggar's link,
" To burn away, and die in stink,
" No merit waits unsteady light,
" You must burn *true* as well as *bright*."

Poets like candles all are puffers,
And *critics* are the candle snuffers.

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR,

TO WILLIAM KENRICK.

THOUGH pilot in the ship no more,
To bring the cargo safe to shore *;
Permit, as time and place afford,
A passenger to come aboard.

The shepherd who survey'd the deep,
When all its tempests were asleep,
Dreamt not of danger; glad was he
To sell his flock, and put to sea:
The consequence has Æsop told,
He lost his venture, sheep and gold.
So fares it with us sons of rhyme,
From doggrel wit, to wit sublime;
On ink's calm ocean all seems clear,
No sands affright, no rocks appear;
No lightnings blast, no thunders roar;
No furies lash the peaceful shore;
Till, all too vent'rous from the land,
The tempests dash us on the strand:
Then the low pirate boards the deck,
And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.

The harlot muse so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray;

Though

* When this was published in the Saint James's Magazine Mr. Lloyd had relinquished the conduct of that Work to Mr. Kenrick.

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR. 285

Though for a while, with easy air,
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
With fancy's transitory gleams.
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.

Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
Consider well the poet's case ;
By turns protected and caress'd,
Defam'd, dependent, and distress'd ;
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves ;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends ;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live :
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain ;
He quits the world he never priz'd,
Pitied by few, by more despis'd ;
And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made.
Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,
The shabby OTWAY, DRYDEN grey,
Those tuneful servants of the nine,
(Not that I blend their name with mine)

Repeat

Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
 And teach the world some useful shame.
 At first the Poet idly strays
 Along the greensward path of praise,
 Till on his journies up and down,
 To see, and to be seen, in town,
 What with ill-natur'd flings and rubs
 From flippant bucks, and *hackney* scrubs,
 His toils through dust, through dirt, through gravel,
 Take off his appetite for travel.

Transient is fame's immediate breath,
 Though it blows stronger after death;
 Own then, with MARTIAL, after fate
 If glory comes, she comes too late.
 For who'd his time and labour give
 For praise, by which he cannot live?

But in APOLLO's court of fame
 (In this all courts are much the same)
 By FAVOUR folks must make their way,
 FAVOUR, which lasts, perhaps, a day,
 And when you've twirl'd yourself about
 To wriggle *in*, you're wriggled *out*.
 'Tis from the sunshine of her eyes
 Each courtly insect lives or dies;
 'Tis she dispenses all the graces
 Of profits, pensions, honours, places;
 And in her light capricious fits
 Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,

Gives

Gives vices, folly, dullness birth,
 Nay stamps the currency on worth;
 'Tis she that lends the muse a spur,
 And even *Kissing* goes by Her.

Far in the sea a temple stands
 Built by dame ERROR's hasty hands,
 Where in her dome of lucid shells
 The visionary goddess dwells,
 Here o'er her subject sons of earth
 Regardless or of place, or worth,
 She rules triumphant; and supplies
 The gaping world with hopes and lies,
 Her throne, which weak and tott'ring seems,
 Is built upon the wings of dreams;
 The fickle winds her altars bear
 Which quiver to the shifting air;
 Hither hath REASON seldom brought
 The child of VIRTUE or of THOUGHT,
 And JUSTICE with her equal face,
 Finds this, alas! no throne of Grace.

CAPRICE, OPINION, FASHION wait,
 The porters at the temple's gate,
 And as the fond adorers press
 Pronounce fantastic happiness;
 While FAVOUR with a SYREN's smile,
 Which might ULYSSES' self beguile,
 Presents the sparkling bright libation,
 The nectar of intoxication;

And

And summoning her ev'ry grace
Of winning charms, and chearful face,
Smiles away Reason from his throne,
And makes his votaries her own :
Instant resounds the voice of fame ;
Caught with the whistlings of their name,
The fools grow fantic, in their pride
Contemning all the world beside :
Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
The noisy pageant of an hour,
Struts forth the statesman, haughty, vain,
Amidst a supple servile train,
With shrug, grimace, nod, wink, and stare,
So proud, he almost treads in air ;
While levee-fools, who sue for place,
Crouch for employment from his Grace,
And e'en good Bishops, taught to trim,
Forfake their GOD to bow to him.

The Poet in that happy hour,
Imagination in his pow'r,
Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
Enjoys the liberty of mind :
Dupe to the smoke of flimsy praise,
He vomits forth sonorous lays ;
And, in his fine poetic rage,
Planning, poor soul, a deathless page,
Indulges pride's fantastic whim,
And all the WORLD must wake to HIM,

Awhile

A while from fear, from envy free,
He sleeps on a pacific sea;
Lethargic ERROR for a while
Deceives him with her specious smile,
And flatt'ring dreams delusive shed
Gay gilded visions round his head.

When, swift as thought, the goddess lewd
Shifts the light gale; and tempests rude,
Such as the northern skies deform,
When fell DESTRUCTION guides the storm,
Transport him to some dreary isle
Where FAVOUR never deign'd to smile.
Where waking, helpless, all alone,
'Midst craggy steeps and rocks unknown;
Sad scenes of woe his pride confound,
And DESOLATION stalks around.
Where the dull months no pleasures bring,
And years roll round without a spring;
Where He all hopeless, lost, undone,
Sees cheerless days that know no sun;
Where jibing SCORN her throne maintains,
Midst mildews, blights, and blasts, and rains.

Let others, with submissive knee,
Capricious goddess! bow to Thee;
Let them with fixt incessant aim
Court fickle favour, faithless fame;
Let vanity's fastidious slave
Lose the kind moments nature gave,

In invocations to the shrine
 Of Phœbus and the fabled Nine,
 An Author, to his latest days,
 From hunger, or from thirst of praise,
 Let him through every subject roam
 To bring the useful morsel home;
 Write upon LIBERTY oppress'd,
 On happiness, when most distress'd,
 Turn bookfeller's obsequious tool,
 A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;
 Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane
 The muse's dignity for gain,
 Yield to the dunce his sense condemns,
 Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,
 And, at a blockhead's bidding, force
 Reluctant genius from his course;
 Write ode, epistle, essay, libel,
 Make notes, or steal them, for the bible;
 Or let him, more judicial, fit
 The dull *Lord Chief*, on culprit wit,
 With rancour read, with passion blame,
 Talk high, yet fear to put his name,
 And from the dark, but useful shade,
 (Fit place for murd'rous ambuscade,)
 Weak monthly shafts at merit hurl,
 The GILDON of some modern CURL.

For me, by adverse fortune plac'd
 Far from the colleges of taste,

I jostle

I jostle no poetic name;
 I envy none their proper fame;
 And if sometimes an easy vein,
 With no design, and little pain,
 Form'd into verse, hath pleas'd a while,
 And caught the reader's transient smile,
 My muse hath answer'd all her ends,
 Pleasing herself, while pleas'd her friends;
 But, fond of liberty, disdains
 To bear restraint, or clink her chains;
 Nor would, to gain a *Monarch's* FAVOUR,
 Let dulness, or her sons, enslave her *.

* These two last lines were added by Mr. Kenrick; to whom the piece was originally addressed.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A T A L E.

THE very filliest things in life
 Create the most material strife.
 What scarce will suffer a debate,
 Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
It is, you say; I say *'tis not* —
 Why you grow warm—and you are hot.
 Thus each alike with passion glows,
 And words come first, and, after, blows.

Friend JERKIN had an income clear,
 Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year,
 And rented, on the farming plan,
 Grounds at much greater sums *per ann.*
 A man of consequence, no doubt,
 'Mongst all his neighbours round about;
 He was of frank and open mind,
 Too honest to be much refin'd,
 Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
 Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould;
 Her age was neither young nor old;
 Her features strong, but somewhat plain;
 Her air not bad, but rather vain;

Her temper neither new nor strange,
 A woman's, very apt to change;
 What she most hated was conviction,
 What she most lov'd, flat CONTRADICTION.

A charming housewife ne'ertheless;
 —Tell me a thing she could not dress,
 Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,
 Nought came amiss—she was so *wise*.
 For she, bred twenty miles from town,
 Had brought a world of breeding down,
 And Cumberland had seldom seen
 A farmer's wife with such a mein;
 She could not bear the sound of *Dame*;
 —No—*Mistress* JERKIN was her name.

She could harangue with wond'rous grace
 On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;
 But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
 She had a vast contempt for spouse,
 As being one who *took no pride*,
 And was a *deal* too *countrified*.
 Such were our couple, man and wife;
 Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair
 For exercise and chearful air,
 It happen'd in his morning's roam,
 He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
 —Here, CICELY, take away my gun—
 How shall we have these starlings done?

U 3

Done!

Done! what my love? Your wits are wild;
 Starlings, my dear; they're thrushes child.
 Nay now but look, confider, wife,
 They're starlings—No—upon my life:
 Sure I can judge as well as you,
 I know a thrush and starling too.
 Who was it shot them, you or I?
 They're starlings—thrushes—zounds you lie.
 Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
 I scorn your language as your bird;
 It ought to make a husband blush,
 To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.
 Thrush, Cicely!—Yes—a starling—No,
 The lie again, and then a blow.
 Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
 And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.

Peace soon ensued, and all was well:
 It were imprudence to rebel,
 Or keep the ball up of debate
 Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
 'Twas *as you like*, and *what you please*,
 'Till in its course and order due,
 Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
 Quoth Cicely, this is charming life,
 No tumults now, no blows, no strife.
 What fools we were this day last year!
 Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!

—Sure

—Sure it was idle and absurd
To wrangle so about a bird ;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling—no, my love, a thrush,
That I'll maintain—that I'll deny.
—You're wrong, good husband—wife, you lie.

Again the self-same wrangle rose,
Again the lye, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife.
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and buss, and friends ;
'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling ;
You dog, you b—; my dear, my darling.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO *****

WHAT, three months gone, and never fend
A single letter to a friend ?

In that time, sure, we might have known
Whether you fat or lean was grown ;
Whether your host was short or tall,
Had manners good, or none at all ;
Whether the neighb'ring squire you found
As mere a brute as fox or hound ;
Or if the parson of the place
(With all due rev'ence to his grace)
Took much more pains himself to keep,
Than to instruct and feed his sheep ;
At what hour of the day you dine ;
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine ;
Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride ;
Or, by some muddy ditch's side,
Which you, in visionary dream,
Call bubbling rill, or purling stream,
Sigh for some aukward country lafs,
Who must of consequence surpass
All that is beautiful and bright,
As much as day surpasses night ;
Whether the people eat and drink,
Or ever talk, or ever think ;
If, to the honour of their parts,
The men have heads, the women hearts ;

If

If the moon rises and goes down,
And changes as she does in town ;
If you've returns of night and day,
And seasons varying roll away ;
Whether your mind exalted woos
Th' embraces of a serious muse ;
Or if you write, as I do now,
The L—d knows what, the L—d knows how.—
These, and a thousand things like these,
The friendly heart are sure to please.

Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
And look superlatively wise ;
Wonder what all this stuff's about,
And how the plague I found him out !
When he had taken so much pains,
In order to regale his brains
With privacy and country air,
To go, no foul alive knew where !
Besides, 'tis folly to suppose
That any person breathing goes
On such a scheme, with a design
To write or read such stuff as mine,
And idly waste his precious time
In all th' impertinence of rhyme.

My good, wise, venerable fir !
Why about nonsense all this stir !
Is it, that you would stand alone,
And read no nonsense but your own ;

Though

Though you're (to tell you, by the bye)
Not half so great a fool as I;
Or is it that you make pretence,
Being a fool, to have some sense?

And would you really have my muse
Employ herself in writing news,
And most unconscionably teize her
With rhyming to Warsaw and Wefer;
Or tofs up a poetic olio,
Merely to bring in Marshal Broglio?
Should I recite what now is doing,
Or what for future times is brewing,
Or triumph that the poor French see all
Their hopes defeated at Montreal,
Or should I your attention carry
To Fred'rick, Ferdinand, or Harry,
Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,
And baffled Austria let you read;
Or gravely tell with what design
The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine?
Or should I shake my empty head,
And tell you that the king is dead,
Observe what changes will ensue,
What will be what, and who'll be who,
Or leaving these things to my betters,
Before you set the state of letters?
Or should I tell domestic jars,
How author against author wars,

How

How both with mutual envy rankling,
Fr—k—n damns M—rp—y, M—rp—y Fr—k—n?
Or will it more your mind engage
To talk of actors and the stage,
To tell, if any words could tell,
What GARRICK acts still, and how well,
That SHERIDAN with all his care
Will always be a labour'd play'r,
And that his acting at the best
Is all but art, and art confest;
That BRIDE *, if reason may presume
To judge by things past, things to come,
In future times will tread the stage,
Equally form'd for love and rage,
Whilst POPE, for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when CLIVE no more is nam'd.

Your wisdom I suppose can't bear
About dull pantomime to hear;
Nor would you have a single word
Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,
Of dumb shew, fools tricks, and wry faces,
And wit which lies all in grimaces,
Nor should I any thing advance
Of new invented comic dance.

Callous, perhaps, to things like these,
Would it your worship better please,

That

* Miss Bride an Actress then of Drury-Lane Theatre, who soon after quitted the Stage. See her character in the Rosciad.

That I, more loaden than the camels,
Should crawl in philosophic trammels ?
Should I attack the stars, and stray
In triumph o'er the milky way,
And like the TITANS try to move
From seat of empire royal Jove,
Then spread my terrors all around,
And his Satellites confound,
Teach the war far and wide to rage,
And ev'ry star by turns engage ?
The danger we should share between us,
You fight with MARS and I with VENUS.

Or should I rather, if I cou'd,
Talk of words little understood,
Centric, excentric, epicycle,
Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle !
A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,
And other words of like relation,
Which may agree with studious men,
But hurt my teeth, and gag my pen ;
Things of such grave and serious kind
Puzzle my head and plague my mind ;
Besides in writing to a friend
A man may any nonsense send,
And the chief merit's to impart,
The honest feelings of his heart.

CHARITY. A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY.

WORTH is excis'd, and Virtue pays
A heavy Tax for barren praise.

A friend to universal Man,
Is universal good your plan?
God may perhaps your project bless
But man shall strive to thwart success.
Though the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,
Bespeak a noble generous view,
Where CHARITY o'er all presides,
And SENSE approves what VIRTUE guides,
Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For Rogues hate virtue, Blockheads sense.

Believe me, Opposition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it seldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous seeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis War for War, and dare who dare;
But your sly, sneaking, worming ousls,
Whom FRIENDSHIP scorns and FEAR controuls,
Who praise, support, and help by halves,
Like Heifers, neither Bulls, nor Calves;

Who,

Who, in Hypocrisy's disguise,
 Are truly *as the Serpent wise*,
 But cannot ALL the precept love,
 And *be as harmless as the Dove*.
 Who hold each charitable meeting,
 To mean no more than good sound eating,
 While each becomes a hearty fellow
 According as he waxes mellow,
 And kindly helps the main design,
 By drinking its success in wine;
 And when his feet and senses reel,
 Totters with correspondent zeal;
 Nay, would appear a patron wise,
 But that his wisdom's in disguise,
 And would harangue, but that his mouth,
 Which ever hates the sin of drowth,
 Catching the full perpetual glafs,
 Cannot afford a word to pass.

Such, who like true Churchwardens eat,
 Because the Parish pays the treat,
 And of their bellyful secure,
O'ersee, or over-look the poor;
 Who would no doubt be wond'rous just,
 And faithful Guardians of their trust,
 But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their Heirs for ever,
 That Charity, too apt to roam,
 Might end, where she begins, at home;
 Who make all public good a trade,
 Benevolence a mere parade,

And

And Charity a cloak for sin,
To keep it snug and warm within;
Who flatter, only to betray,
Who promise much and never pay,
Who wind themselves about your heart
With hypocritic, knavish art,
Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
And undermine you to your ruin;
Such, or of low or high estate,
To speak the honest truth, I hate :
I view their tricks with indignation,
And loath each fulsome protestation,
As I would loath a whore's embrace,
Who smiles, and smirks, and strokes my face,
And all so tender, fond, and kind,
As free of body, as of mind,
Affects the softness of the Dove,
And p—xes me to shew her Love.

The Maiden wither'd, wrinkled, pale,
Whose charms, tho' strong, are rather stale,
Will use that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beauteous and the young.
—What, DELIA handsome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or stupid grown.
—The girl is well enough to pass,
A rosy, fimple, rustic lass,
—But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, so void of grace!

And

And all the world, with half an eye,
May see her shape grows quite awry.
—I speak not from an ill design,
For she's a favourite of mine,
—Though I could wish that she would wear
A more reserv'd becoming air;
Not that I hear of indiscretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confessions,
Though the WORLD says, that Parson there,
That smock-fac'd Man with darkish hair,
He who wrote verses on her bird,
The simplest things I ever heard,
Makes frequent visits there of late,
And is become exceeding great;
This I myself aver is true,
I saw him lead her to his pew.

Thus scandal, like a false quotation,
Misrepresents in defamation;
And where she haply cannot spy
A loop whereon to hang a lye,
Turns every action wrong side ont
To bring her paultry tale about.

Thus Excellence of every kind,
Whether of body or of mind,
Is but a mark set up on high,
For knaves to guide their arrows by,
A mere Scotch Post for public itch,
Where Hog, or Man, may scrub his breech.

But

But thanks to nature, which ordains
 A just reward for all our pains,
 And makes us stem, with secret pride,
 Hoarse DISAPPOINTMENT's rugged tide,
 And like a lordly ship, which braves
 The roar of winds, and rush of Waves,
 Weather all storms, which jealous Hate
 Or frantic Malice may create.
 'Tis CONSCIENCE, a reward alone,
 CONSCIENCE, who plac'd on Virtue's throne,
 Eyes raging men, or raging seas,
 Undaunted, firm, with heart at ease.

From her dark Cave, though ENVY rise
 With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,
 Though HATRED league with FOLLY vain,
 And SPLEEN and RANCOUR join the train;
 Shall VIRTUE shrink, abash'd, afraid,
 And tremble at an idle shade?
 Fear works upon the Fool, or Knave,
 An honest man is always brave.
 While OPPOSITION's fruitless aim
 Is as the bellows to the flame,
 And, like a Pagan persecution,
 Enforces FAITH and RESOLUTION.

Though Prejudice in narrow minds,
 The mental eye of reason blinds;
 Though WIT, which not e'en friends will spare,
 Affect the sneering, laughing air,

VOL. LXVIII.

X

Though

Though DULLNESS, in her monkish gown,
 Display the WISDOM of a frown,
 Yet TRUTH will force herself, in spite
 Of all their efforts, into light.

See Bigot Monks in Spain prevail,
 See GALILÆO dragg'd to gaol:
 Hear the grave Doctors of the schools,
 The *Golgotha* of learned Fools,
 As *damnable* and *impious* brand
 That art they cannot understand,
 And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
 As if it were a standing Libel,
 On every good and useful plan
 That rises in the brain of man.

O BIGOTRY! whose frantic rage
 Has blotted half the classic page,
 And in Religion's drunken fit,
 Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit;
 Who zealous for that Faith's encrease,
 Whose *ways are righteousness and peace*,
 With rods and whips, and sword, and axe,
 With prisons, tortures, flames and racks,
 With persecution's fiery goad,
 Enforcing some new-fangl'd mode,
 Wouldst pluck down REASON from her throne
 To raise some phantom of thy own;
 Alas! the fury undiscerning,
 Which blasts, and stunts, and hews up Learning,

Like

Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blasphemes that Wisdom you defend.

Go, kick the prostituted whores,
The *nine* stale *virgins* out of doors;
For let the Abbess beat her drum,
Eleven thousand troops shall come;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever Saint or Poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of WINIFREDE, of SAINTED fame,
Who to the Church like light'ning sped,
And ran three miles without her head;
(Well might the modest Lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The Prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of Life as well as Honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.

No matter of what shape or size,
Gulp down the Legendary Lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Christ allows, nor sense maintains;
Make Saint of Pope, or Saint of Thief,
Believe almost in unbelief;
Yet with thy solemn priestly air,
By book and bell, and candle swear,
That God has made his own elect
But from your stem and favourite sect;

That He who made the world, has blest
One part alone, to damn the rest,
As if th' Allmerciful and Just,
Who form'd us of one common dust,
Had render'd up his own decree,
And lent his attributes to thee.

Thus his own eyes the Bigot blinds,
To shut out light from human minds,
And the clear truth (an emanation
From the great Author of creation,
A beam transmitted from on high,
To bring us nearer to the sky,
While ev'ry path by science trod,
Leads us with wonder up to God,)
Is doom'd by Ignorance to make
Atonement at the Martyr's stake;
Though, like pure gold, th' illustrious dame,
Comes forth the brighter from the flame.
No persecution will avail;
No inquisition racks, nor gaol;
When Learning's more enlight'ned ray
Shall drive these sickly fogs away;
A thankful age shall pay her more,
Than all her troubles hurt before.
See Shame and Scorn await on those
Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,
But will the grateful voice of fame
Sink Truth, and GALILÆO's name?

How

How wilful, obstinate, and blind,
Are the main herd of human kind!
Well said the Wit, who well had tried
That malice which his Parts defied;
When merit's sun begins to break,
The Dunces stretch, and strive to wake,
And amity of Dunce with Dunce,
Fingers out Genius all at once.
As you may find the honey out,
By seeing all the flies about.
All ugly Women hate a toast;
The goodliest fruit is pick'd the most;
The ivy winds about the oak,
And to the fairest comes the smoke.

Escap'd the dangers of the deep,
When GULLIVER fell fast asleep,
Stretch'd on the Lilliputian strand,
A Giant in a pigmy Land;
Watchful against impending harms,
All Lilliput cried out, To arms;
The trumpets echoed all around,
The Captain slept exceeding sound,
Though crowds of undistinguish'd size
Assail'd his body, legs, and thighs,
While clouds of arrows flew apace,
And fell like feathers on his face.

T H E W H I M.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. WOTTY.

THE praise of Genius will offend
 A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend;
 But curse on genius, wit, and parts;
 The thirst of science, love of arts,
 If inconsistent with the plan
 Of social good from man to man.
 For me, who will, may wear the bays,
 I value not such idle praise:
 Let wrangling wits abuse, defame,
 And quarrel for an empty name,
 What's in this shuffling pace of rhyme,
 Or *grand pas* stride of stiff sublime,
 That vanity her trump should blow,
 And look with scorn on folks below?
 Are wit and folly close ally'd,
 And match'd, like poverty, with pride?
 When rival bards for fame contend,
 The poet often spoils the friend;
 Genius self-center'd feels alone
 That merit he esteems his own,
 And cold, o'er-jealous, and severe,
 Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;
 Malice steps in, good nature flies,
 Folly prevails, and friendship dies.

Peace

Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
 With those who bear about a hell,
 Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
 By their own feelings stung to death.
 None but a weak and brainless fool,
 Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,
 Can hope for favours from the wit :
 He pleads prescription to forget,
 Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
 And, as forgetful, be forgot,
 Most wags, whose pleasure is to *smoke*,
 Wou'd rather lose their friend, than joke;
 A man in rags looks something *queer*,
 And there's *vast humour* in a sneer;
 That jest, alike all wtlings suits,
 Which lies no further than *the boots*.
 Give me the man whose open mind
 Means social good to all mankind;
 Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
 Is toppled headlong to the ground,
 Can meet him with a warm embrace,
 And wipe the tear from sorrow's face;
 Who, not self-taught and proudly wise,
 Seeks more to comfort than advise,
 Who less intent to shine than please,
 Wears his own mirth with native ease,
 And is from sense, from nature's plan,
 The jovial guest, the honest man;
 In short, whose picture, painted true,
 In ev'ry point resembles you.

And will my friend for once excuse
 This off'ring of a lazy muse?
 Most lazy,—lest you think her not,
 I'll draw her picture on the spot.
 A perfect ease the dame enjoys;
 Three chairs her indolence employs:
 On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
 Which wou'd not rise, though kings should come;
 An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
 A leg lies *couchant* on its brother.
 To make her look supremely wise,
 At least like wisdom in disguise,
 The weed, which first by *Raleigh* brought,
 Gives thinking looks instead of thought,
 She smokes, and smokes; without all feeling,
 Save as the eddies climb the cieling,
 And waft about their mild perfume,
 She marks their passage round the room.
 When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
 A pot of beer prevents her drowth,
 Which with *potations pottle deep*
 Lulls the poor maudlin muse to sleep.
 Her books of which sh'as wond'rous need,
 But neither pow'r nor will to read,
 In scatter'd tomes lie all around
 Upon the lowest shelf—the ground.

Such ease no doubt suits *easy* rhyme;
 Folks walk about who write *SUBLIME*,

While

While RECITATION's pompous sound
 Drawls words sonorous all around,
 And ACTION waves her hand and head,
 As those who bread and butter spread.

You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
 Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,
 Whose muse superlatively high
 Takes lodgings always near the sky ;
 And like the lark with daring flight
 Still soars and sings beyond our sight ;
 May trumpet forth your grand sublime,
 And scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
 Yet though the lark in æther floats,
 And trills no doubt diviner notes,
 Carelessly perch'd on yonder spray,
 The linnet sings a pretty lay.

What horrid, what tremendous fight
 Shakes all my fabric with affright !
 With ARGUS' hundred eyes he marks,
 With triple mouth the monster barks ;
 And while he scatters flaming brands
 BRIAREUS lends him all his hands.

Hift ! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he
 What wou'd your graceless form with me ?
 Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
 Of spinning unlaborious rhyme,

Of

Of stringing various thoughts together
 In verse, or prose, or both, or neither?
 A vein, which though it must offend
 You *lofty* firs who can't *descend*,
 To fame has often made its way
 From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT, and GAY;
 Is it for this your brow austere
 Frowns me to stone for very fear?
 Hear my just reason first, and then
 Approve me right, or split my pen.

I seek not by more labour'd lays
 To catch the slipp'ry tail of praise,
 Nor will I run a mad career
 'Gainst genius which I most revere;
 When Phœbus bursts with genuine fire,
 The little stars at once retire;
 Who cares a farthing for those lays
 Which you can neither blame, nor praise?
 I cannot match a CHURCHILL's skill,
 But may be LANGHORNE when I will:

Let the mere mimic, for each season bears
 Your mimic Bards as well as mimic play'rs.
 Creep servilely along, and with dull pains
 Lash his slow steed, in whose enfeebled veins
 The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless aim
 By borrow'd plumes assume a borrow'd fame,
 With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
 And ape the numbers of a CHURCHILL's style.

Slaves may some fame from imitation hope;
 Who'd be PAUL WHITEHEAD, tho' he honours POPE?
 If clinking couplets in one endless chime
 Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme;
 If found alone an easy triumph gains,
 While fancy bleeds, and sense is hung in chains,
 Ye happy triflers hail the rising mode;
 See, all Parnassus is a turnpike road,
 Where each may travel in the highway track
 On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
 For me, who labour with poetic sin,
 Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
 Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
 And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
 Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
 Nor ting'd with envy wish that genius mine.
 To CHURCHILL's muse can bow with decent awe,
 Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
 Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please;
 Be his the STRENGTH OF NUMBERS, mine the EASE,
 Ease that rejects not, but betrays no care:
 Less of the coxcomb than the sloven's air.

Your taste, as mine, all metre must offend
 When imitation is its only end.
 I could perhaps that servile task pursue,
 And copy CHURCHILL as I'd copy you,
 But that my flippant muse, too saucy grown,
 Prefers that manner she can call her own.

O D E

ODE TO GENIUS.

THOU child of nature, genius strong,
 Thou master of the poet's song,
 Before whose light, Art's dim and feeble ray
 Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day:
 Thou lov'st to steal along the secret shade,
 Where Fancy, bright ærial maid!
 Awaits thee with her thousand charms,
 And revels in thy wanton arms;
 She to thy bed, in days of yore,
 The sweetly-warbling Shakspeare bore;
 Whom every muse endow'd with every skill,
 And dipt him in that sacred rill,
 Whose silver streams flow musical along,
 Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount resounds with raptur'd
 song.

Forsake not thou the vocal choir,
 Their breasts revisit with thy genial fire,
 Else vain the studied sounds of mimic art,
 Tickle the ear, but come not near the heart.
 Vain every phrase in curious order set,
 On each side leaning on the [stop-gap] epithet.
 Vain the quick rhyme still tinkling in the close,
 While pure description shines in measur'd prose,
 Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high disdain,
 Upon the dull mechanic train;

Whose

Whose nerveless strains flag on in languid tone,
Lifeless and lumpish as the bagpipe's drowzy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
No poet offers up his lays;
Inspir'd with energy divine,
To worship at thy sacred shrine.
Since taste'* with absolute domain,
Extending wide her leaden reign,
Kills with her melancholy shade,
The blooming scyons of fair fancy's tree;
Which erst full wantonly have stray'd
In many a wreath of richest poesie.
For when the oak denies her stay,
The creeping ivy winds her humble way;
No more she twists her branches round,
But drags her feeble stem along the barren ground.

Where then shall exil'd genius go?
Since only those the laurel claim,
And boast them of the poet's name,
Whose sober rhymes in even tenour flow;
Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.

* By Taste, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

Why

Why sleep the sons of genius now?
Why, Wartons, rests the lyre unstrung?
* And thou, blest bard! around whose sacred brow,
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung:
Arise, and snatch the majesty of song
From dullness' servile tribe, and art's unhallow'd
throng.

* Dr. Akenfide.

P R O L O G U E, 1757.

EST Schola Rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra
juventus,

Et tumido inflatos ejicit ore sonos.

Quà quisque assumit tragicas novus histrio partes,

Nec loquitur, verbum quin sapit omne, pathos.

Ingenia hic crescunt, mox successura theatri,

Regis, amatoris, prompta subire vices.

Multus ibi furiis Macbetha agitatus iniquis,

Elusâ telum prendit inane manu.

Multus ibi, infuscat cui vultus suber adustum

Immodicis sævit raucus Othello minis.

Omnia queis tragicis opus est, hic arma parantur;

Auribus infidiæ sunt, oculisque suæ:

Conatus manuumque, pedumque, orisque rotundi,

Certatim et vultûs vis, laterumque labor.

Quam sibi, dum gestu stat fixus quisque silenti,

Quam placet a speculo forma reflexa sui!

Hac studeant, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri!

Non tamen est NOBIS *inde* petendus honor.

Ingenua ut pubes vultum sibi sumat apertum,

Et sensim assuescat fortius ore loqui;

Ne dubiis tandem verba eluctantia labris

Occludat timidus præpediatque pudor,

Ingredimur scenam; nec clam Vos, Docta Corona,

Commoda ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluant.

Hinc SAPERE ET FARI discit generosa juvenus,

Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.

Freti his, majorem mox ingrediemur arenam;

Hic stabilita vigent Curia, Rostra, Forum.

P R O-

P R O L O G U S. 1758.

HIC nihil ad populum—non pompa hic vana theatri,
 Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare solet :
 Non scena hic splendet magicâ variabilis arte,
 Et sumit formas prodigiosa novas :
 Non hic, labrato subvectus fune per auras,
 Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias :
 Nec freta cœruleâ turgent undosa papyro,
 Nec refinato fulgurat igne polus :
 Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva recessus,
 Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput.
 Quin valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula ! jactant
 Et proprium, et simplex, nostra theatra decus.
 —Heus ! nemôn' audit ?—fac sursum aulea trahantur !
 —En ! qualis qualis sit, NOVA SCENA patet.
 En Illæ, quas Vos semper coluistis, Athenæ,
 Gratia quas voluit, quas sibi Musa domum.
 Hic sese ostendunt prisca monumenta laboris,
 Queis usa est modulis Vitruviana Manus ;
 Hic stat Ventorum, Thesei hic venerabile Fanum,
 Hic arce in summâ, Casta Minerva tuum.
 Omnia jam votis respondent. Attica jam sunt
 Omnia. Personæ, Fabula, Scena, Sales.
 Quoque etiam magis hæc nostræ lætentur Athenæ,
 Cecropidas jactant Vos, recoluntque suos.

P R O L O G U S,

I N A D E L P H O S. 1759.

CUM Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,
 Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma suum,
 Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis
 Scenis extinctum condecorâsse ducem.
 Equis adest, scenam nocte hâc qui spectet eandem,
 Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem?
 Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria cæptis,
 Quâ Sol extremas visit uterque plagas,
 Successûs etiam medio de fonte Britannis
 Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor.
 Si famæ generosa fitis, si bellica virtus,
 Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
 Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ
 Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
 Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile, jure
 Esto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus.
 Nec moriere omnis—Quin usque corona vigebit,
 Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.
 Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
 Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
 Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,
 Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
 Dumque legit mediis cecidisse heroa triumphis,
 Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

P R O L O G U S. 1758.

HIC nihil ad populum—non pompa hic vana theatri,
 Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare solet :
 Non scena hic splendet magicâ variabilis arte,
 Et sumit formas prodigiosa novas :
 Non hic, labrato subvectus fune per auras,
 Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias :
 Nec freta cœruleâ turgent undosa papyro,
 Nec refinato fulgurat igne polus :
 Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva recessus,
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 Et proprium, et simplex, nostra theatra decus.
 —Heus ! nemôn' audit ?—fac sursum aulea trahantur !
 —En ! qualis qualis fit, NOVA SCENA patet.
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 Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari ;
 Dumque legit mediis cecidisse heroa triumphis,
 Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

QUANTA intus turba est! quanto molimine fudat,
 Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quisque coquus!
 Monstrum informe maris—TESTUDO—in prandia
 fertur,

Quæ, varia, et simplex, omnia sola sapit.
 Pullina esca placet?—vitulina?—suilla?—bovina?

Præsto est. Hæc quadrupes singula pisces habet.
 De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,

Qui secet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.
 Qui doctè contundat aromata; misceat aptè

Thus, apium, thyma, sal, cinnama, cepe, piper.
 Qui jecur et pulmonem in frustra minutula scindat,
 Curetque ut penitus sint saturata mero.

Multo ut ventriculus pulchrè flavescat ab ovo;
 Ut tremulus, circum viscera, vernet adeps.

His ritè instructis conchæ sint fercula! nam Tu,
 TESTUDO! et patinis sufficis, atque cibo.

Quàm cuperem in laudes utriusque excurrere conchæ!
 Sed vereor *Calipash* dicere—vel *Calipee*.

Vos etiam ad cænam mecum appellare juvaret,
 Vellem et rellicuas participare dapum.

At sunt convivæ tam multi, tamque gulosi,
 Restabit, metuo, nil nisi concha mihi.

RECTE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE
SOMNIORUM PHÆNOMENIS.

CUM nox tellurem fuscis amplectitur alis,
 Mabbæ atomos jungit celeres, et vecta per auras
 Inchoat affuetos simulatrix regia ludos.
 Huic auriga culex tortum quatit usque flagellum,
 Acceleratque fugam tardis; retinacula currûs
 Erucæ sunt texta levis, radiique rotarum
 Cruscula areneoli; currus, quem dente sciurus
 Finxerat e coryli fructu, primæva vetustas
 Hunc Mabbæ artificem memorat: sub nocte silenti
 Hoc instructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
 Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum perstringit Amantis;
 Somniat ille faces jaculari et vulnere ocellos,
 Malarum labrique rosas, perfusaque collo
 Lilia: mox Medici digitos titillat, avarus
 Mercedis dextram qui pandit, et acritur aurum
 Ter captat; ter vana manus eludit imago.
 Nunc quoque sopitæ demulcet labra Puellæ;
 Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oscula libans
 Absens absentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;
 Væ tibi, si Lemurum videat Regina colorem
 Mentitum fuco, vultusque ex arte nitentes!
 Præcipites aget ira manus, lacerabit acuto
 Ungue genas, simul amissâ dulcedine somni,
 Osculaque, et tenues vanescit amator in auras.
 Ampla Sacerdotis nonnunquam transvolat ora;
 Continuo rostrum conscendens Hic thema trinas

Dividet in partes, exponendoque laborat,
Vel vigilem credas, adeo dormitat. Ad aures
Militis hinc migrat; turbatur imagine belli
Fortis eques, gemitusque audit, strepitusque, tubasque,
Exilit, et paulum trepidans, insomnia diris
Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,—obdormiscit.
Nunc Rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
Defensoris agit causam, actorisque peritus,
Innectensque moras ad finem decipit ambos.
Sin casu visat facilis regina Poetam,
Hunc sibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
Et riguos fontes, et amœnos somniat hortos;
Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
Viderit et tristis quam sit sibi curta supellex,
Quam vellet semper dormire!—Volubilis inde
Judices invehitur trans nasum, et naribus illi
Emuncto subolet causa. Interdum Dea fesso,
Blanditur Servo, qui libertate vagatur,
Exultans redit ad patriam carosque penates,
Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
Deinde rotâ strepitante fremit per colla Tyranni;
Umbrarum ante oculos furgit chorus, improbus orco
Quas dedit infantes; furiis agitur acerbis
Conscia mens, lectoque quies simul exulat. Inde
Si currus flectat, placidissima munera somni
Quâ carpit Sceleris Purus; non territus ille
Spectrorum est cætu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
Sed molli potitur requie, aut si somniat umbræ
Delectant oculos gratæ; prædulcis imago
Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relictâ

Radit

Radit iter liquidum cæli, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio felix. O Tu! quicumque beatum
Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere somnum;
I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru
Mabba ferox instet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te numine molli
Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.

In Comitibus Posteribus, Apr. 5, 1753.

EARMINA AD NOBILISSIMUM THOMAM HOLLES
 DUCEM DE NEWCASTLE INSCRIPTA, CUM ACA-
 DEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM BIBLIOTHECÆ
 RESTITUENDÆ CAUSA INVISERET.

Prid. Kalend. Maias, 1753.

D E R E G E.

AUGUSTUS, Artium usque fautor optimus,
 Hic mœnia haud inauspicato numine
 Condi imperavit consecrata literis ;
 Eo nitore & partium elegantia,
 Ut invidenda sint vel illis Ædibus
 Quæ sæculorum voce comprobantium
 Præ cæteris superbiunt, justissima
 Romæ recentis & vetustæ gloria.
 Nec his supellex digna deerit mœnibus,
 Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula ;
 Id Ille abundè caverat, novissimus
 Dedit volenti jura qui Britannia.
 Brunsvichianis scilicet sanctissimum est
 Legesque tutari & fovere Literas,

A D

A D C A N C E L L A R I U M.

O Tu, qui doctas Cami feliciter artes
 Protegis, Aonii duxque decusque chori,
 Quod Domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
 Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum est.
 Munera dant numerosa manus procerumque patrumque,
 Exemplo & monitis exstimulata tuis.
 Perge, fovere Artes, nec vanum urgere laborem :
 Tam pulchrum pulchrè Musa rependet opus.
 Hæc moles quanquam ipsa ruet ; monumenta, Camenæ
 Quæ condent, nullo sunt ruitura die.

A N E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD,

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

IN CÆMETERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

Audistin! quam lenta sonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.

Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.
Solutus ego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus
Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia pallescunt jam decedentia visu,
Et terra & cœlum, quâ patet, omne filet.
Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vespere fero
Raucifonans pigram quâ rotat orbe fugam;
Cuncta silent, nisi quâ faciles campanula somnos
Allicit, & lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quâque hedera antiquas sociâ complectitur umbrâ
Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et strepit ad lunam, si quis sub nocte vegetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ
Qua putris multo cespite turget humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit, gens prisca colonum,
Quisque suâ angustâ conditus usque domo.

Hos

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed,

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke !
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo
Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis
Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini sub vespere sero
Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oscula proles,
Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam sæpe Hi rastris glebam fregere feracem?
Sæpe horum cecidit falce resecta seges.
Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,
Et stimulis tardos increpuere boves!
Horum sylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,
Quaque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum!

Ne tamen Ambitio risu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rude temnat opus!
Nec fronte excipiat ventosa Superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, historiasque breves!

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni,
Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ infimulare, Superbi,
Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,
Quà canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,
Clarosque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

An vanis inscripta notis angustior urna,
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
An revocent animam fatali a sede fugacem ?
Detque iterum vitâ posse priore frui ?
Possit adulantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum ?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor ?

Forfan in hoc, olim divino semine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespite dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forfan jaceat sub cespite, sceptrâ
Cujus tractârint imperiosa manus.
Vel quales ipso forfan vel Apolline dignæ
Pulsârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina priscæ
Nunquam divitias explicuêre suas.
Horum autem ingenium torpescere fecit egestas
Aspera, & angustæ fors inimica domi.

Multâ sub oceano pellucida gemma latefcit,
Et rudis ignotum fert & inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans rosa pandit odores,
Ponit & occiduo pendula sole caput.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet

Æmulus Hamdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrestis,
Quem patriæ indignans exstimulavit amor;
Ausus hic exiguo est villæ oppugnare tyranno,
Afferere et forti jura paterna manu.
Aut mutus forsan, fatoque inglorius alter
Hac vel Miltono par, requiescat humo.
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
Qui patriam poterit vel jugulasse suam.

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,
Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam,

Illorum vetuit fors improba;—nec tamen arcto
Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,
Verum etiam & vitia ulterius transire vetabat,
Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.
Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,
Excipere et surdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborem,
Conscia suffusus quò notat ora pudor.
Luxuriâ hi nunquam sese immerfere superbâ,
Nec Musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
Spectabant propriam sobria vota domum;
Quisque sibi vivens, & sponte inglorius exul,
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Hæc

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply

Hæc tamen a damno qui servet tutius ossa,
 En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem!
 Et vera agresti eliciunt suspiria corde
 Incultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

Atque locum supplent elegorum nomen & anni
 Quæ formâ inscribit rustica Musa rudi:
 Multa etiam sacri diffundit commata textûs,
 Queis meditans discat vulgus agreste mori.

Heu! quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ
 Jussus, et æternas jam subiturus aquas,
 Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidusque supremo
 Non saltem occiduam respicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui faltem mens fidit amico
 In cujus blando pectore ponit opem;
 Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte
 Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas;
 Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inscia flammæ,
 Natura exclamat fida, memorque fui.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine fortem,
 Et defunctorum rustica fata gemis,
 Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat
 Et fuerit qualis fors tua forte roget,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
“ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
“ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
“ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he wou’d rove;
“ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
“ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
“ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree:
“ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“ The next with dirges due, in sad array,
“ Slow through the church-yard path we saw him
borne,
“ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,
“ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

Huic aliquis forsan senior respondeat ultro

Cui niveis albescent tempora sparsa comis ;

“ Vidimus hunc quàm sæpe micantes roribus herbas

“ Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.

“ Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,

“ Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

“ Sæpe sub hâc fago, radices undique circum

“ Quæ variè antiquas implicat alta suas,

“ Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æstu,

“ Lustraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

“ Sæpius hanc sylvam propter viridesque recessus

“ Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,

“ Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,

“ Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem.

“ Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,

“ Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

“ Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,

“ Nec juga, nec saliens fons, tacitumve nemus ;

“ Altera lux oritur ; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,

“ Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

“ Tertia successit—lentoque exangue cadaver

“ Ecce sepulchrali est pompa secuta gradu.

“ Tu lege, namque potes, cælatum in marmore carmen,

“ Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis.”

T H E E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to mis'ry, all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

S O N G,

E P I T A P H I U M.

CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,
 Congesto hoc juvenem cespite servat humus.

Huic tamen arrisit jucunda Scientia vultu,
 Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura sibi.

Largus opum fuit, & sincero pectore fretus,
 Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.

Indoluit miserans inopi, lachrymasque profudit.

—Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit,

A cœlo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,

Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,

Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas.

Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant,

In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY*.

FLutt'ring spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions:
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the Boar in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir!

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful

* From Pope's Works.

C A R M E N E L E G A N

TUQUE adeo roseas expande volatilis alas,
 Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
 Imperiis, pulchelle, tuis ego servulus ultro ;
 Naturam ars victrix scilicet usque domat.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
 Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
 Aspiciite, ut sensim languens juvenilior ætas,
 Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam florea faxa perit!

Ante omnes carum sic levit Adonida Cypris,
 Deceptusque Deam tristius urfit Amor ;
 Hunc, tacite adrepens per densa silentia noctis
 Incautum sævo dente momordit Aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchrè Prudentia ludens,
 Harmoniæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos !
 Doctæ ambæ vigiles curas sopire canendo,
 Tuque tuum imperti, Præses Apollo, chorum !

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton' armate catenis,
 O Tu Terrorum Rex, metuende Deus,
 Duc me, quâ passim chrySTALLINA flumina currunt,
 Elysiique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

Vos etiam mæsti salices. tristesque cupressi,
Aureliæ æternum ferta dicata meæ;
Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidissime Morpheu,
Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Tristè fluens, sed lenè fluens, Mæander, amæno
Murmure qui cursum flexilis orbe rotas!
Margine sæpe etiam quam plurimus errat amator,
Cui tua submittunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando sensim languens Philomela, silentem
Mollior aggreditur, nec sine voce, procum;
Aspice, de cœlo interea Junonius ales
Descendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

PART OF HOMER'S
HYMN TO APOLLO,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

GOD of the Bow! Apollo, thee I sing;
Thee, as thou draw'st amain the sounding string,
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona: She with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love;
Closes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high amid th' æthereal dome suspends,
Then smiling leads thee, her all-glorious son,
To share the mighty Thunderer's awful throne,
Goblets of nectar thy glad fire prepares,
And thee, his fairest, noblest son declares;
While ev'ry god sits rapt, Latona's breast
Beats with superior joy, and hails her son confess.

Thrice blest Latona! from thee, Goddess, sprung
Diana chaste, and Phœbus ever-young:
* Her in Ortygia's isle, and Him you bore
At Cynthus' hill on Delos' sea-girt shore,
Where the tall palm uprears its lovely head,
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead,

O Phœbus,

* Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different Islands in the Original.

O Phœbus, where shall I begin thy praise?
 Well can'st thou rule the poet's artless lays.
 Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,
 By river side, or on the sea's hoarse shore,
 Wand'ring well-pleas'd, with music's magic sound,
 And airs divine, thou charm'st the region round.
 Say, shall I sing how first on Delos' shore,
 Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore *?
 How first, from other isles, beset with grief,
 In vain thy tortur'd mother sought relief.
 Each to her out-cast woe denied abode,
 Nor durst one isle receive the future god.
 At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,
 And suppliant thus besought her needful care.

Delos! receive Apollo, and O! raise
 A glorious temple to record his praise!
 Then shall He govern thee with gentle sway,
 And only Phœbus shall thine isle obey.
 What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
 Nor plants of thousand natures shall be thine,
 Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king †,
 Oblations rich shall ev'ry nation bring;
 For ever from thy altars shall arise
 The fragrant incense of burnt-sacrifice.
 No longer then regret thy barren soil,
 Receive the God, and live by other's toil!

She

* Here several verses containing nothing but a mere list of the names of islands are omitted.

† *Bowyer-king* and *Bowyer-God* are expressions frequently used by Dryden, in his version of the first Iliad, to signify Apollo.

She spake : with inward rapture Delos smil'd,
And sooth'd the suppliant pow'r with answer mild.

Latona! mighty Cæus' daughter fair,
Full willingly wou'd Delos ease thy care,
Full willingly behold her barren earth
Witness the glories of Apollo's birth :
The mighty God wou'd raise my lowly name,
And consecrate his native isle to fame.
One fear alone distracts my beating heart ;
That fear, O Goddess, list while I impart.
Second to none amid th' æthereal skies,
Apollo soon all terrible shall rise :
All nations shall adore the mighty God,
And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod.
Haply (for ah! dire fears my soul infest,
And fill with horror my tumultuous breast)
Soon as the glorious Godhead shall be born,
My desert region will he view with scorn,
Indignant spurn me, curse my barren soil,
And plunge into the waves my hated isle.
Triumphant then to happier climes remove,
There fix his shrine, plant there his sacred grove.
Whelm'd in the briny main shall Delos lay,
To all the finny brood a wretched prey.
But, O Latona! if, to quell my fear,
You'll deign a solemn sacred oath to swear,
That here the God his glorious feat shall hold,
And here his sapient oracles unfold,
Your sacred burthen here, Latona, lay,
Here view the Godhead bursting into day.

Thus

Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
But soon with solemn vows thus ratified:
Witness O heaven and earth! O Stygian lake!
Dire adjuration, that no God may break!
In Delos shall Apollo's shrine be rear'd,
Delos, his best lov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd.

Thus vow'd Latona: Delos hail'd her earth
Blest in the glories of Apollo's birth.
Nine hapless days and nights, with writhing throes,
And all the anguish of a mother's woes,
Latona tortur'd lay; in sorrowing mood,
Around her many a sister-goddes stood.
Aloft in heaven imperial Juno sat,
And view'd relentless her unhappy fate.
Lucina too, the kind assuaging pow'r
That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,
And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
High on Olympus' top the Goddess shrouds.
Her large full eyes with indignation roll,
And livid envy seiz'd her haughty soul,
That from Latona's loins was doom'd to spring
So great a son, the mighty Bowyer-king.
The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair
View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,
Fair Iris sent, the many colour'd maid,
To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid.
But charg'd her heed, lest Juno should prevent
With prohibition dire their kind intent,

Fleet

Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
 With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
 Olympus gain'd, apart she call'd the maid,
 Then fought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
 And mov'd her soul : when soon with dove-like pace
 Swiftly they measur'd back the viewless airy space.

Soon as to Delos' isle Lucina came
 The pangs of travail seiz'd Latona's frame.
 Her twining arms she threw the palm around,
 And prest with deep-indented knee the ground :
 Then into day sprung forth the jolly boy,
 Earth smil'd beneath, and heaven rang with joy.

The Sister Pow'rs that round Latona stood
 With chaste ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
 His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
 And gently drew a golden swathe around.
 He hung not helpless at his mother's breast,
 But Themis fed him with an heavenly feast.
 Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
 And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
 The lusty babe, strong with ambrosial food,
 In vain their bonds or golden swathes withstood,
 Bonds, swathes, and ligaments with ease he broke,
 And thus the wond'ring Deities bespoke;
 " The lyre, and sounding bow, and to declare
 " The Thund'rer's counsels, be Apollo's care!"

He

He spake ; and onwards all majestic strode ;
The Queen of Heaven awe-struck view'd the God.
Delos beheld him with a tender smile,
And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy isle ;
Her happy isle, Apollo's native seat,
His sacred haunt, his best-belov'd retreat.
Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious shines,
As the tall mountain crown'd with stately pines.

Now stony Cynthus wou'd the God ascend,
And now his course to various islands bend.
Full many a fane, and rock, and shady grove,
River, and mountain did Apollo love ;
But chiefly Delos : The Ionians there,
With their chaste wives and prattling babes, repair.
There gladly celebrate Apollo's name
With many a solemn rite and sacred game ;
The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,
And with the Cæstus urge the manly war.
If, when their sacred feast th' Ionians hold,
Their gallant sports a stranger shou'd behold,
View the strong nerves the brawny chiefs that brace,
Or eye the softer charms of female grace ;
Then mark their riches of a thousand kinds,
And their tall ships born swift before the winds,
So goodly to the fight wou'd all appear,
The fair assembly Gods he wou'd declare.
There too the Delian Virgins, beauteous choir,
Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre ;
To Phœbus first they consecrate the lays,
Latona then and chaste Diana praise,

Then

Then heroes old, and matrons chaste rehearse,
 And sooth the raptur'd heart with sacred verse.
 Each voice, the Delian maids, each human sound
 With aptest imitation sweet resound :
 Their tongue so justly tune with accents new,
 That none the false distinguish from the true.

Latona! Phœbus! Dian, lovely fair!
 Blest Delian nymphs, Apollo's chieftest care,
 All hail! and O with praise your poet crown,
 Nor all his labours in oblivion drown!
 If haply some poor pilgrim shall enquire,
 " O, virgins, who most skilful smites the lyre?
 " Whose lofty verse in sweetest descant rolls,
 " And charms to extasy the hearers souls?"
 O answer, a blind bard in Chios dwells,
 In all the arts of verse who far excells.
 'Then o'er the earth shall spread my glorious fame,
 And distant Nations shall record my name.
 But Phœbus never will I cease to sing,
 Latona's noble son, the mighty Bowyer-king.

Thee Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great Pow'r,
 The blest Miletus' habitants adore;
 But thy lov'd haunt is sea-girt Delos' shore.

Now Pytho's stony soil Apollo treads,
 And all around ambrosial fragrance sheds,
 Then strikes with matchless art the golden strings,
 And ev'ry hill with heavenly musick rings.

Olympus now and the divine abodes
Glorious he seeks, and mixes with the Gods.
Each heavenly bosom pants with fond desire
To hear the lofty verse and golden lyre.
Drawn by the magic sound, the Virgin-Nine
With warblings sweet the sacred minstrel join :
Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays
Full sweetly carol bounteous heaven's praise ;
And now in dirges sad, and numbers slow
Relate the piteous tale of human woe ;
Woe, by the Gods on wretched mortals cast,
Who vainly shun affliction's wintry blast,
And all in vain attempt with fond delay
Death's certain shaft to ward, or chase old age away.

The Graces there, and smiling Hours are seen,
And Cytherea, laughter-loving Queen,
And Harmony, and Hebe, lovely band,
To sprightliest measures dancing hand in hand.
There, of no common port or vulgar mien,
With heavenly radiance, shines the Huntress-Queen,
Warbles responsive to the golden lyre,
Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir.
There Mars and Mercury with aukward play,
And uncouth gambols, waste the live-long day.

There as Apollo moves with graceful pace
A thousand glories play around his face ;
In splendor drest he joins the festive band,
And sweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.

Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove
Eye the bright Godhead with parental love ;
And, as the Deities around him play,
Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port survey *.

* The Translator, when he began this piece, had some thoughts of giving a complete English version of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet translated ; but (to say nothing of his opinion of this specimen of his translation) fearing that this species of poetry, though it has its beauties, and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far less agreeable to the mere English reader, he desisted. They, who would form the justest idea of this sort of composition among the ancients, may be better informed, by perusing Dr. Akenfide's most classical Hymn to the Naiads, than from any translation of Homer or Callimachus.

FROM

FROM CATULLUS.

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,
 Still calls me saucy, pert, and rude,
 And sometimes almost strikes me;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
 Spite of the knitting of her brow,
 I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me, why I fancy thus?
 Why, I have call'd her jilt, and pufs,
 And thought myself above her;
 And yet I feel it, to my cost,
 That when I rail against her most,
 I'm very sure I love her.

THE FIRST BOOK OF
 THE HENRIADE.
 TRANSLATED FROM THE
 FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

TH Y chieftain, France, of try'd illustrious worth,
 By right of conquest, king, by right of birth,
 I sing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's school,
 There learnt the noblest science, how to rule;
 Bad Faction's furious discord cease to rave,
 Valiant to conquer, merciful to save;
 Baffled the daring League's rebellious schemes,
 MAYENNE's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitious dreams:
 With civil prudence blest, with martial fire,
 A nation's conqueror, and a nation's fire.

Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyræan height
 Descend, and with thy strong and purest light
 My verse illumine! and O, let mortals hear
 Thy sacred word, and awfully revere!
 Be thou my guide! thy sage experience brings
 Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
 'Tis thine, blest maid, and only thine, to show
 What most befits the regal pow'r to know.
 Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
 And shew what ills from civil discord rise!

Nor spare with decent boldness to disclose
 The prince's errors, and the people's woes :
 And O ! if fable e'er, in times of yore,
 Mix'd her soft accents with thy sterner lore,
 If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
 And o'er thy front her milder graces spread ;
 If e'er her shades, which lovingly unite,
 Bid thy fair form spring stronger into light,
 With me, permit her all thy steps to trace,
 Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace !

Still VALOIS reign'd, and sunk in pleasure's bow'r,
 O'er a mad state held loose the reins of pow'r :
 The trampled Law had lost its ancient force,
 And Right confounded, mis'd her even course.
 'Twas thus when VALOIS France's sceptre bore,
 Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more ;
 Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame,
 Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name ;
 His laurels wither'd, and all blasted now,
 Which conquest hung upon his infant brow ;
 Whose progress Europe mark'd with conscious fear,
 Whose loss provok'd his country's common tear,
 When, the long train of all his virtues known,
 The North admiring call'd him to the throne.
 In second rank, the light which strikes the eyes,
 Rais'd to the first, grows dim, and feebly dies.
 From war's stern soldier, active, firm, and brave,
 He sunk a monarch, pleasure's abject slave.
 Lull'd with soft ease, forgetful all of state,
 His weakness totter'd with a kingdom's weight ;

Whilst lost in sloth, and dead to glorious fame,
 The sons of riot govern'd in his name.
 QUELUS, St. MAIGRIN, death-cemented pair,
 JOYEUSE the gay, and D'ESPERON the fair,
 The careless king in pleasure plung'd with these,
 In lust intemperate, and lethargic ease.

Mean time, the GUISES, fortunate and brave,
 Catch'd the fair moment which his weakness gave.
 Then rose the fatal League in evil hour,
 That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.
 The people blind, their sacred Monarch brav'd,
 Led by those Tyrants, who their rights enslav'd.
 His friends forsook him, helpless and alone,
 His servants chas'd him from his royal throne;
 Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
 Within her gates the crouding stranger saw.
 Through all the city burst rebellion's flame;
 And all was lost, when virtuous BOURBON came;
 Came, full of warlike ardour, to restore
 That light his prince, deluded, had no more.
 His active presence breath'd an instant flame;
 No longer now the sluggish sons of shame,
 Onward they press, where glory calls, to arms,
 And spring to War from Pleasure's filken charms:
 To Paris' gates both kings advance amain,
 Rome felt th' alarm, and trembled haughty Spain:
 While Europe, watching where the tempest falls,
 With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.

Within

Within was DISCORD, with her hell-born train,
Stirring to war the League, and haughty MAYNE,
The people, and the church : and from on high
Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
DISCORD, dread monster, deaf to human woe,
To her own subjects an avengeful foe,
Bloody, impetuous, eager to destroy,
In man's misfortune finds her hateful joy ;
To neither party ought of mercy shown,
Well-pleas'd she stabs the dagger in her own ;
Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breast she fires,
And smiles to punish what herself inspires.

West of the city, near those borders gay,
Where Seine obliquely winds her sloping way,
(Scenes now, where pleasure's soft retreats are found,
Where triumphs art, and nature smiles around,
Then, by the will of fate, the bloody stage
For war's stern combat and relentless rage)
Th' unhappy VALOIS bad his troops advance,
There rush'd at once the generous strength of France.
A thousand heroes, eager for the fight,
By sects divided, from revenge unite.
These virtuous BOURBON leads, their chosen guide,
Their cause confederate, and their hearts allied.
It seem'd the army felt one common flame,
Their zeal, religion, cause, and chief the same.

The sacred LOUIS, fire of BOURBON's race,
From azure skies, beside the throne of grace,

With holy joy beheld his future heir,
 And ey'd the Hero with paternal care;
 With such as prophets feel, a blest presage,
 He saw the virtues of his ripening age:
 Saw Glory round him all her laurels deal,
 Yet wail'd his errors, though he lov'd his zeal;
 With eye prophetic he beheld e'en now,
 The crown of France adorn his royal brow;
 He knew the wreath was destin'd which they gave,
 More will'd the Saint, the light which shines to save.

Still HENRY's steps mov'd onward to the throne,
 By secret ways, e'en to himself unknown;
 His help from Heaven the Holy Prophet sent,
 But hid the arm his wise indulgence lent:
 Left sure of conquest, he had slack'd his flame,
 Nor grappled danger for the meed of fame.

Already MARS had donn'd his coat of mail,
 And doubtful Conquest held her even scale;
 Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
 And slaughter'd heaps in wild confusion lay,
 When VALOIS thus his part'ner king address'd,
 The sigh deep-heaving from his anxious breast.

“ You see what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
 “ Nor yet alone,—the injury is thine.
 “ The dauntless League, by hardy Chieftains led,
 “ Which hisses faction with her Hydra head,

“ Boldly

“ Boldly confederate by a desperate oath,
“ Aims not at me alone, but strikes at both.
“ Though I long since the regal circle wear,
“ Though thou by rank succeed my rightful heir,
“ Paris disowns us, nor will homage bring
“ To me their present, you their future king.
“ Thine, well they know the next illustrious claim,
“ From law, from birth, and deeds of loudest fame;
“ Yet from that throne’s hereditary right
“ Where I but totter, wou’d exclude thee quite.
“ Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
“ And holy councils join her firm decree:
“ ROME, though she raise no foldier’s martial band,
“ Yet kindles war through every awe-struck land;
“ Beneath her banners bids each host repair,
“ And trusts her thunder to the Spaniard’s care,
“ Far from my hopes each summer friend is flown,
“ No subjects hail me on my sacred throne;
“ No kindred now the kind affection shows,
“ All fly their king, abandon, or oppose:
“ Rich in my spoils, with greedy treacherous haste,
“ While the base Spaniard lays my country waste.
“ Midst foes like these, abandon’d, and betray’d,
“ France in her turn shall seek a foreign aid:
“ Shall Britain’s court by secret methods try,
“ And win ELIZA for a firm ally.
“ Of old I know between each pow’rful state,
“ Subsists a jealous and immortal hate;
“ That London lifts its tow’ring front on high,
“ And looks on Paris with a rival eye;

“ But

“ But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
“ Have now no subjects, and no country own :
“ Vengeance alone my stern resolves avow,
“ Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
“ The snail-pac’d agents, whose deliberate way,
“ Creeps on in trammels of prescrib’d delay,
“ Such fit not now ; ’tis You, great Prince, alone
“ Must haste a suppliant to ELIZA’s throne.
“ Your voice alone shall needful succours bring,
“ And arm Britannia for an injur’d king.
“ To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
“ Plead the king’s cause, and raise their generous flame!
“ My foes’ defeat upon thy arm depends,
“ But from thy virtue I must hope for friends.”

Thus spoke the king, while HENRY’s looks confess
The jealous ardour which inflam’d his breast,
Left others’ arms might urge their glorious claim,
And ravish from him half the meed of fame.
With deep regret the Hero number’d o’er
The wreaths of glory he had won before ;
When, without succours, without skill’s intrigue,
Himself with CONDE shook the trembling League.
When those command, who hold the regal sway,
It is a subject’s virtue to obey.
Resolv’d to follow what the King commands,
The blows, suspended, fell not from his hands ;
He rein’d the ardour of his noble mind,
And parting left the gather’d wreaths behind.

Th’

Th' astonish'd army felt a deep concern,
Fate seem'd depending on the Chief's return.
His absence still unknown, the pent-up foe
In dire expectance dread the sudden blow ;
While VALOIS' troops still feel their hero's flame,
And virtue triumphs in her HENRY's name.

Of all his fav'rites, none their chief attend,
Save MORNAY brave, his soul's familiar friend.
MORNAY of steady faith, and manners plain,
And truth, untainted with the flatt'ers strain ;
Rich in desert, of valour rarely tried,
A virtuous champion, though on error's side ;
With signal prudence blest, with patriot zeal
Firm to his church, and to the public weal ;
Censor of courtiers, but by courts belov'd,
Rome's fierce assailant, and by Rome approv'd.

Across two rocks, where with tremendous roar,
The foaming ocean lashes either shore,
To Dieppe's strong port the Hero's steps repair,
The ready sailors ply their busy care.
The tow'ring ships, old ocean's lordly kings,
Aloft in air display their canvas wings ;
Not swell'd by Boreas now, the glassy seas
Flow'd calmly on, with Zephyr's gentle breeze.
Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly shore,
And land receding greets their eyes no more.
Jocund they sail'd, and Albion's chalky height
At distance rose full fairly to the sight.

When

When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
Loud roar the winds, and seas tempestuous roll:
The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
And all around reigns horror and despair.
No partial fear the Hero's bosom knows,
Which only trembled for his country's woes,
It seem'd his looks toward her in silence bent,
Accus'd the winds, which cross'd his great intent.
So CÆSAR, striving for a conquer'd world,
Near Epire's banks, with adverse tempests hurl'd,
Trusting, undaunted, and securely brave,
Rome's and the world's fate to the swelling wave.
Though leagu'd with POMPEY NEPTUNE's self engage,
Oppos'd his fortune to dull Ocean's rage.

Mean time that GOD, whose power the tempest binds,
Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
That GOD, whose wisdom, which presides o'er all,
Can raise, protect, or crush this earthly ball,
From his bright throne, beyond the starry skies,
Beheld the Hero with considering eyes,
GOD was his guide, and 'mid the tempest's roar
The tossing vessel reach'd the neighbouring shore;
Where Jersey rises from the ocean's bed,
There, heaven-conducted, was the Hero led.

At a small distance from the shore, there stood
The growth of many years, a shadowy wood.
A neighbouring rock the calm retirement saves
From the rude blasts, and hoarse-resounding waves.

A grotto

A grotto stands behind, whose structure knows
The simple grace, which nature's hand bestows.
Here far from court remov'd, a holy Sage
Spent the mild evening of declining age.
While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
His only study was himself to know :
Here mus'd, regretting on his mispent days,
Or lost in love, or pleasure's flowry maze.
No gusts of folly swell the dangerous tide,
While all his passions to a calm subside ;
The bubble life he held an empty dream,
His food the simple herb, his drink the stream ;
Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
And look'd with patience toward the port of death,
When the pure soul to blissful realms shall soar,
And join with GOD himself to part no more.
The GOD he worshipp'd ey'd the zealous Sage,
And blest'd with wisdom's lore his silver'd age :
Gave him the skill of prophecy to know,
And from fate's volume read events below.

The Sage with conscious joy the Prince address'd,
And spread the table for his royal guest ;
The prompt repast, which simple nature suits,
The stream's fresh water, and the forest's roots.
Not unaccustom'd to the homely fare,
The Warrior sat ; for oft from busy care,
From court retir'd, and pomp's fastidious pride,
The Hero dar'd to throw the king aside :

And

And in the rustic cot well-pleas'd partook
 Of labour's mean repast, and chearful look ;
 Found in himself the joys to kings unknown
 And self-depos'd forgot the lordly throne.

The world's contention to their minds supplies
 Much converse, wholesome to the good and wise.
 Much did they talk of woes in human life,
 Of Christian kingdoms torn with jarring strife.
 The zeal of MORNAY, like a stubborn fort,
 Attach'd to Calvin stood his firm support.
 HENRY, still doubting, fought th' indulgent skies,
 That light's clear ray might burst upon his eyes,
 " Must then, said he, the truth be always found,
 " To mortals weak with mists encompass'd round ?
 " Must I still err ? my way in darkness trod,
 " Nor know the path which leads me to my God ?
 " If all alike he will'd us to obey,
 " The God who will'd it, had prescrib'd the way."

" Let us not vainly God's designs explore !
 " (The Sage reply'd) be humble, and adore !
 " Arraign not madly heav'n's unerring laws
 " For faults, where mortals are themselves the cause.
 " These aged eyes beheld in days of yore,
 " When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic shore,
 " Then, though with blood it now distains the earth,
 " Creeping in shade and humble in the birth,

" I saw

“ I saw it banish’d by religion’s laws,
“ Without one friend to combat in the cause.
“ Through ways oblique I saw the phantom tread,
“ Slow winding, and agham’d to rear her head,
“ ’Till, at the last, upheld by pow’rful arms,
“ ’Midst cannon’s thunder, and ’mid war’s alarms,
“ Burst forth the Monster in the glare of light,
“ With tow’ring front full dreadful to the fight;
“ To scowl at mortals from her tyrant seat,
“ And spurn our altars at her impious feet.
“ Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
“ I wail’d Religion’s and my country’s lot;
“ Yet here, to comfort my declining days,
“ Some dawn of hope presents its chearful rays.
“ So new a worship cannot long survive,
“ Which man’s caprice alone has kept alive.
“ With that it rose, with that shall die away,
“ Man’s works and Man are bubbles of a day.
“ The GOD, who reigns for ever and the same,
“ At pleasure blasts a world’s presumptuous aim.
“ Vain is our malice, vain our strength display’d,
“ To sap the city his right hand hath made;
“ Himself hath fix’d the strong foundations low,
“ Which brave the wreck of time, and hell’s inveterate
“ blow :

“ The Lord of Lords shall bless thy purged sight
“ With bright effulgence of diviner light;
“ On thee, Great Prince, his mercies he’ll bestow,
“ And shed that Truth thy bosom pants to know.

“ THAT

" THAT GOD hath chose thee, and his hand alone
 " Safe through the war shall lead thee to a throne.
 " Conquest already (for his voice is fate,)
 " For thee bids Glory ope her golden gate.
 " If on thy fight the Truth unnotic'd falls
 " Hope not admission in thy Paris' walls,
 " Though splendid Ease invite thee to her arms,
 " O shun, Great Prince, the Syren's poison'd charms!
 " O'er thy strong passions hold a glorious reign,
 " Fly love's soft lap, break pleasure's filken chain!
 " And when, with efforts strong, all foes o'erthrown,
 " A League's great conqueror, and what's more
 " Your Own,
 " When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
 " Thy people hail thee with one common choice,
 " From a dread siege, to fame for ever known,
 " To mount with glory thy paternal throne,
 " That time, Affliction shall lay by her rod,
 " And thy glad eyes shall seek thy father's God:
 " Then shalt thou see from whence thy arms prevail.
 " Go, Prince,—WHO TRUSTS IN GOD—can never
 " fail."

Each word the Sage's holy lips impart,
 Falls, like a flame, on HENRY's generous heart.
 The Hero stood transported in his mind
 To times, when GOD held converse with mankind,
 When simple virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,
 And Truth commanding bad e'en king's adore.

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His eager arms the reverend Sage embrace,
And the warm tear fast trickled down his face.
Untouch'd, yet lost awhile in deep surprise,
Stood MORNAY brave; for still on MORNAY's eyes
Hung error's mist, and GOD's high will conceal'd
The gifts from him to HENRY's breast reveal'd.
His wisdom idly would the world prefer,
Whose lot, though rich in virtues, was to err.
While the rapt Sage fulfilling GOD's behest,
Spoke inspiration to the Prince's breast,
Hush'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,
Smooth flow'd the seas, and nature smil'd around.
The Sage his guide, the Hero fought his way
Where the tall vessels safe at anchor lay:
The ready sailors quit the friendly strand,
Hoist the glad sails, and make for Albion's land.

While o'er her coast his eyes admiring range,
He prais'd in silence Britain's happier change:
Where laws abus'd by foul intestine foes,
Had erst entail'd a heap of dreadful woes
On prince and people; on that bloody stage,
Where slaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;
On that bright throne, from whence descended springs,
Th' illustrious lineage of a hundred kings,
Like HENRY, long in adverse fortune school'd,
O'er willing English hearts a WOMAN rul'd:
And, rich in manly courage, female grace,
Clos'd the long lustre of her crouded race.

ELIZA then, in Britain's happiest hour,
 Held the just balance of contending pow'r;
 Made English subjects bow the willing knee,
 Who will not serve, and are not happy free.
 Beneath her sacred reign the nation knows
 No sad remembrance of its former woes;
 Their flocks securely graz'd the fertile plain,
 Their garners bursting with their golden grain.
 The stately ships, their swelling sails unfurl'd,
 Brought wealth and homage from the distant world:
 All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
 Dreaded by land, and monarch of the sea.
 Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,
 And fortune triumph'd over Ocean's God.
 Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,
 To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.
 Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together fate,
 King, Lords, and Commons, in their threefold state.
 Though separate each their several interest draw,
 Yet all united form the stedfast law.
 All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
 Make but one pow'r in strong conjunction knit;
 Pow'r to itself of danger often found,
 But spreading terror to its neighbours round.
 Blest, when the people duty's homage show,
 And pay their king the tribute which they owe!
 More blest, when kings for milder virtues known,
 Protect their people's freedom from the throne!
 " Ah when, cry'd BOURBON, shall our discord cease,
 " Our glory, Albion, rise, like thine, in peace?

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“ Blush, blush, ye kings, ye lords of jarring states,
 “ A Woman bids, and War hath clos’d its gates :
 “ YOUR countries bleed with factious rage oppress’d,
 “ While SHE reigns happy o’er a people blest.”

Mean time the Hero reach’d the sea-girt isle,
 Where freedom bids eternal plenty smile ;
 Not far from William’s Tow’r at distance seen,
 Stood the fam’d palace of the Virgin Queen.
 Hither, the faithful MORNAY at his side,
 Without the noise and pageant pomp of pride,
 The toys of grandeur which the vain pursue,
 But glare unheeded to the hero’s view,
 The Prince arriv’d : With bold and manly sense
 He spoke ; his frankness all his eloquence ;
 Told his sad tale, and bow’d his lofty heart,
 For France’s woes, to act submission’s part ;
 For needful aids the British Queen address’d,
 While, in the suppliant, shone the king confess’d.
 “ Com’st thou, reply’d the Queen, with strange sur-
 “ prise,
 “ Com’st thou from VALOIS for the wish’d allies ?
 “ Ask’st thou protection for a tyrant foe,
 “ Whose deadly hate work’d all thy fortune’s woe ?
 “ Far as the golden sun begins to rise,
 “ To where he drives adown the western skies,
 “ His strife and Thine to all the world is known :
 “ Stand’st thou for Him a friend at Britain’s throne ?
 “ And is that hand, which VALOIS oft hath fear’d.
 “ Arm’d in his cause, and for his vengeance rear’d ?”

When thus the Prince; " A monarch's adverse fate
 " Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.
 " VALOIS was then a slave, his passion's slave,
 " But now himself a monarch firm and brave;
 " He bursts at once the ignominious chain,
 " Resumes the Hero, and asserts his reign.
 " Blest, if of nature more assur'd and free,
 " He'd fought no aid but from himself and me!
 " But, led by fraud, and arts, all insincere,
 " He was my foe from weakness and from fear.
 " His faults die with me, when his woes I view,
 " I've gain'd the conquest—grant me vengeance, You
 " For know the work is thine, Illustrious Dame,
 " To deck thy Albion's brows with worthiest fame,
 " Let thy protection spread her ready wings,
 " And fight with me the injur'd cause of Kings!"

ELIZA then, for much she wish'd to know,
 The various turns of France's long-felt woe,
 Whence rising first the civil discord came,
 And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame—
 " To me, Great Prince, thy griefs are not unknown,
 " Though brought imperfect, and by Fame alone;
 " Whose rapid wing too indiscreetly flies,
 " And spreads abroad her indigested lies.
 " Deaf to her tales, from thee, Illustrious Youth,
 " From thee alone ELIZA seeks the truth,
 " Tell me, for you have witness'd all the woe,
 " VALOIS' brave friend, or VALOIS' conquering foe,
 " Say,

“ Say, whence this friendship, this alliance grew,
“ Which knits the happy bond ’twixt him and you ;
“ Explain this wond’rous change, ’tis you alone
“ Can paint the virtues which yourself hath shown.
“ Teach me thy woes, for know thy story brings
“ A moral lesson to the pride of kings.”

“ And must my memory then, Illustrious Queen,
“ Recal the horrors of each dreadful scene ?
“ O had it pleas’d th’ Almighty Pow’r (which knows,
“ How my heart bleeds o’er all my country’s woes)
“ Oblivion then had snatch’d them from the light,
“ And hid them buried in eternal night.
“ Nearest of blood must I aloud proclaim,
“ The princes’ madness, and expose their shame ?
“ Reflection shakes my mind with wild dismay—
“ But ’tis ELIZA’s will, and I obey.
“ Others, in speaking, from their smooth address,
“ Might make their weakness or their crimes seem less,
“ The flow’ry art was never made for me,
“ I speak a soldier’s language, plain and free.”

AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A Month hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
 Since Delia's presence bless'd her longing swain:
 How cou'd he brook the sluggish time's delay,
 What charm cou'd soften such an age of pain?

One fond reflection still his bosom chear'd,
 And sooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
 'Twas that for Delia's self the bow'r he rear'd,
 And Fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid, and with a gentle smile,
 Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,
 Survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,
 Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,
 Thy taste hath form'd—let me not call it mine,
 Since when I muse on thee, and feed delight,
 I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

Th' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use,
 (For love in trifles is conspicuous shewn)
 Can scarce an object to thy view produce,
 But bears the dear resemblance of thine own.

And trust me, love, I could almost believe,
 This little spot the mansion of my fair;
 But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,
 To find its proper owner is not there.

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Oh! I could doat upon the rural scene,
Its prospect over hill and champaign wide,
But that it marks the tedious way between,
That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,
In Nature's flow'ry mantle gayly drest,
The close-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
All ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

The lilly pale, the purple-blushing rose,
In this fair spot their mingled beauties join;
The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
In wreaths fantastic round the mantling vine.

The branching arbour here for lovers made,
For dalliance met, or song, or amorous tale,
Shall oft protect us with its cooling shade,
When sultry Phœbus burns the lovely vale.

'Tis all another paradise around,
And, trust me, so it would appear to me,
Like the first man were I not lonely found,
And but half blest, my Delia, wanting thee,

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;
Here blest with thee, t'enjoy thy pleasing talk,
While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

The rustic path already have I try'd,
Oft at the sinking of the setting day;
And while, my love, I thought thee by my side,
With careful steps have worn its edge away.

With thee I've held discourse, how passing sweet!
While fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
And talk'd down suns, on love's delicious theme.

Oft as I wander through the rustic croud,
Musing with downcast look, and folded arms,
They stare with wonder, when I rave aloud,
And dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.

They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,
Point at me leering, as I heedless pass;
Yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,
And the young shepherd courts the farmer's lass.

Among the fruits that grace this little feat,
And all around their clustering foliage spread,
Here mayst thou cull the peach, or nest'rine sweet,
And pluck the strawberry from its native bed.

And all along the river's verdant side,
I've planted elms, which rise in even row;
And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
Which float reflected in the lake below.

Since

Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,
 Imagination forms a thousand schemes,
 For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
 And all with me is love and golden dreams.

O flatt'ring promise of secure delight;
 When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?
 That I may fly with rapture to thy sight,
 And we shall meet again to part no more.

A BALLAD

A B A L L A D.

YE shepherds so careless and gay,
 Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,
 Take heed lest you frolic away
 The peace you can never regain.
 Let not Folly your bosoms annoy;
 And of Love, the dear mischief, beware.
 You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,
 — I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithsome it shines,
 With an aspect deceitfully fair;
 Its day oft in sorrow declines,
 And it sets in the night of despair.
 Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,
 While fancy her visions bestows,
 And gilds ev'ry dream with delight,
 But to wake us to sensible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
 Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,
 Though she love not her shepherd again,
 Her DAMON must love her the more.
 For it was not the pride of her sex,
 That treated his vows with disdain,
 For it was not the pleasure to vex,
 That made her delude her fond swain:

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd — and he rashly believ'd.
'Twas her's to be fatally cold;
— He lov'd — and was fondly deceiv'd,
For such is of lovers the doom,
While passions their reason beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to presume,
If they catch but a look or a smile.

Yet surely my PHYLLIS would seem
To prize me most shepherds above;
But that might be only esteem,
While I foolishly constru'd it love.
Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her swain,
And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,
Like Him, though they cannot complain.

Of PHYLLIS was always my song,
For she was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Wou'd call us the conjugal pair.
They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,
How her hand to my bosom I prest,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever so blest.

But

But now the delusion is o'er,
 These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,
 Now Her DAMON is pleasing no more,
 And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.
 May he that my fair shall obtain,
 May He, as thy DAMON, be true;
 Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,
 Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

TO

T O C H L O E,

IF CHLOE seek one verse of mine
 I call not on the tuneful Nine
 With useless Invocation ;
 Enough for Me that *She* should ask ;
 I fly with pleasure to the Task,
 And Her's the Inspiration.

When Poets sung in antient Days,
 The Muses that inspir'd their Lays,
 Of whom there such Paradeis
 Their Deities, let Pride confess,
 Were nothing more, and nothing less,
 Than earth-born mortal Ladies.

Did any nymph her subject chuse ?
 She strait commenc'd inspiring MUSE ;
 And every Maid, of lovely Face,
 That struck the Heart of wounded Swain,
 Exalted to yon starry Plain,
 Was register'd a GRACE.

These were the Compliments of old,
 While Nymphs, among the Gods enroll'd,
 Claim'd Love's obsequious Duty ;
 Thus, while each Bard had favourite Views,
 Each Nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
 A VENUS every Beauty.

Say,

Say, in these latter Days of ours,
When Love exerts his usual Powers,
What difference lies between us?
In CHLOE's self at once I boast,
What Bards of every age might toast,
A MUSE, A GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thousand charms,
Though Envy call her sex to arms,
And giggling Girls may flout her,
The MUSE inhabits in her Mind,
A VENUS in her form we find,
The GRACES all about her.

T O T H E M O O N .

ALL hail! majestic Queen of Night,
Bright Cynthia! sweetest Nymph, whose presence
brings

The pensive pleasures, calm delight,
While Contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,

Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day
Have all too ruffled. — Hence, away

Stale Jest, and flippant Mirth, and Strife-engend'ring
Noise.

When Evening dons her mantle grey,
I'll wind my solitary way,

And hie me to some lonely grove

(The haunt of Fancy and of love)

Whose social branches, far outspread,

Possess the mind with pleasing dread.

While Cynthia quivers through the trees

That wanton with the summer breeze,

And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,

Reflects oblique her dancing beam.

How often, by thy silver light,

Have Lovers' tongues beguil'd the Night?

When forth the happy pair have stray'd,

The amorous swain and tender maid,

And as they walk'd the groves along,

Cheer'd the still Eve with various song.

While

While ev'ry Artful strain confess
 The mutual Passion in their breast.
 The lovers' hours fly swift away,
 And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy Nymph, thrice happy Youth,
 When Beauty is the meed of Truth!

Yet not the happy Loves alone,
 Has thy celestial presence known.
 To thee complains the Nymph forlorn,
 Of broken faith, and Vows forsworn;
 And the dull Swain, with folded Arms,
 Still musing on his false one's charms,
 Frames many a sonnet to her name,
 (As Lovers use to express their flame)
 Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
 In downcast silence feeds Despair;
 Or when the Air dead stillness keeps,
 And Cynthia on the water sleeps;
 Charms the dull ear of sober night,
 With love-born Music's sweet delight.

Oft as thy Orb performs its round,
 Thou list'nest to the various sound
 Of shepherds' hopes and Maidens' fears
 (Those conscious Cynthia silent hears
 While Echo which still loves to mock,
 Bears them about from Rock to Rock.)

But

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But shift we now the penfive scene,
 Where Cynthia filvers o'er the green.
 Mark yonder Spot, whose equal rim
 Forms the green circle quaint and trim;
 Hither the Fairies blith advance,
 And lightly trip in mazy dance;
 Beating the pansie-paven ground
 In frolic measures round and round;
 These Cynthia's Revels gayly keep,
 While lazy mortals snore asleep;
 Whom oft they visit in the night,
 Not visible to human sight;
 And as old prattling Wives relate,
 Though now the fashion's out of date,
 Drop sixpence in the Housewife's shoe,
 And pinch the Slattern black and blue.
 They fill the mind with airy schemes,
 And bring the Ladies pleasant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,
 And athwart men's noses rides?
 While OBERON, blith Fairy, trips,
 And hovers o'er the Ladies Lips;
 And when he steals ambrosial blifs,
 And soft imprints the charming Kifs,
 In Dreams the Nymph her swain pursues,
 Nor thinks 'tis OBERON that woes.

Yet sportive Youth, and lovely Fair,
 From hence, my Lesson read, beware,
 Vol. LXVIII. C c

White

While Innocence and Mirth preside,
 We care not where the Fairies glide;
 And OBERON will never miss
 To greet his fav'rites with a Kiss;
 Nor ever more Ambrosia sips,
 Than when he visits ——'s Lips,

When all things else in silence sleep,
 The blithsome Elfs their vigils keep;
 And always hover round about,
 To find our worth or frailties out,
 Receive with joy these Elfin sparks,
 Their Kisses leave no tell-tale Marks,
 But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,
 Where all is Virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin Fays delight
 To hail the sober Queen of Night,
 But that sweet Bird, whose gurgling Throat
 Warbles the thick melodious note,
 Duely as Evening Shades prevail,
 Renews her soothing love-lorn tale.
 And as the Lover pensive goes,
 Chaunts out her symphony of Woes,
 Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,
 Beggar all sounds which Art has known.

But hift —— the melancholy bird
 Among the Groves no more is heard;

And

And Cynthia pales her silver ray
Before th' approach of golden Day,
Which on yon mountain's misty height,
Stands tiptoe with his gladsome Light.
Now the shrill Lark in æther floats,
And carols wild her liquid notes;
While Phœbus, in his lusty pride,
His flaring beams flings far and wide.
Cynthia farewell — the pensive Muse,
No more her feeble flight pursues,
But all unwilling takes her way,
And mixes with the buzz of Day.

S O N G.

THE Beauty which the Gods bestow,
 Did they but give it for a show?
 No — 'twas lent thee from above,
 To shed its Lustre o'er thy face,
 And with its pure and native grace
 To charm the soul to Love.

The flaunting Sun, whose western beams,
 This Evening drink of Oceans' streams,
 To-morrow springs to Light.
 But when thy Beauty sets, my Fair,
 No morrow shall its beam repair,
 'Tis all eternal Night.

See too, my Love, the virgin Rose,
 How sweet, how bashfully it blows
 Beneath the vernal skies!
 How soon it blooms in full display,
 Its bosom opening to the Day,
 Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of mortal Life's declining Hour,
 Such is the Leaf, the bud, the Flow'r;
 Then crop the Rose in Time.
 Be blest and blest, and kind impart
 The just return of Heart for Heart,
 Ere Love becomes a Crime.

To Pleasure then, my Charmer, haste,
And ere thy Youth begins to waste,
Ere Beauty dims its ray,
The proffer'd gift of Love employ,
Improve each moment into Joy,
Be happy, whilst you may.

TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY,
OF CHURCH-LANGTON, LEICESTERSHIRE,
ON HIS PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
And Virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
Thy glorious plan *, on deep foundations laid,
Which aiding Nature, Nature's bound to aid,
The wise man's study, though the blockhead's scorn,
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.
Though fools deride, for Censure's still at hand
To damn the work she cannot understand,
Pursue thy project with an ardour fit ;
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from *thy* grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
A strip'ling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

• See Mr. Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL.

TH' impression which this seal shall make,
 The rougher hand of force may break;
 Or jealous time, with slow decay,
 May all its traces wear away;
 But neither time nor force combin'd,
 Shall tear thy image from my mind;
 Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
 Which CHLOE'S thousand charms have made;
 For spite of time, or force, or art,
 'Tis *seal'd* for ever on my heart.

A B A L L A D.

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, LUCY, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy COLIN has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come,
Ye friends and companions adieu :
I haste to my COLIN's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When LUCY, sad LUCY, arose ;
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where COLIN's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all-around.

“ How long, my lov'd COLIN,” she cry'd,
“ How long must thy LUCY complain ?
“ How long shall the grave my love hide ?
“ How long ere it join us again ?
“ For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
“ With thee o'er the world would she fly ;
“ For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd ;
“ For thee would she lie down and die.

“ Alas !

" Alas! what avails it how dear

" Thy LUCY was once to her swain!

" Her face like the lily so fair,

" And eyes that gave light to the plain.

" The shepherd that lov'd her is gone;

" That face and those eyes charm no more;

" And LUCY forgot, and alone,

" To death shall her COLIN deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,

And mourn'd to the echoes around,

Inflam'd all at once grew the air,

And thunder shook dreadful the ground.

" I hear the kind call, and obey,

" Oh, COLIN receive me," she cried,

Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,

She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

“ **D**O, study more—discard that Siren, Ease,
 “ Whose fatal charms are murd’rous while they
 please.

“ Wit’s scanty streams will fret their channel dry,
 “ If Learning’s spring withhold the fresh supply.
 “ Turn leaf by leaf gigantick volumes o’er,
 “ Nor blush to know what antients wrote before.
 “ Why not, sometimes, regale admiring friends
 “ With Greek and Latin sprinklings, odds and ends?
 “ Exert your talents; read, and read to write!
 “ As Horace says, mix profit with delight.”

’Tis rare advice: but I am slow to mend,
 Though ever thankful to my partial friend:
 Full of strange fears—for hopes are banish’d all—
 I list’ no more to Phœbus’ sacred call,
 Smit with the Muse, ’tis true, I fought her charms;
 But came no champion, clad in cumb’rous arms,
 To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
 And swear no lady Clio like my own.
 All unambitious of superior praise,
 My fond amusement ask’d a sprig of bays,
 Some little fame for stringing harmless verse,
 And e’en that little fame has prov’d a curse;
 Hitch’d into rhyme, and dragg’d through muddy prose,
 By butcher criticks, worth’s confed’rate foes.

If

If then the Muse no more shall strive to please,
 Lull'd in the happy lethargy of ease;
 If, unadvent'rous, she forbear to sing,
 Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing;
 'Tis that she hates, howe'er by nature vain,
 The scurril nonsense of a venal train.
 When desp'rate robbers, issuing from the waste,
 Make such rude inroads on the land of taste,
 Genius grows sick beneath the Gothick rage,
 Or seeks her laurels from some worthier age.

As for Myself, I own the present charge;
 Lazy and lounging, I confess at large:
 Yet Ease, perhaps, may loose her silken chains,
 And the next hour become an hour of pains.
 We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
 And follow all things as the humour hits;
 For of all pleasures, which the world can bring,
 Variety—O! dear variety's the thing!
 Our learned Coke, from whom we scribblers draw
 All the wise Dictums of poetick law,
 Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim follows,
 (See Horace, Ode *Dec. Sext.*—the case Apollo's)
 "The God of Verse disclaims a plodding wretch,
 "Nor keeps his bow for ever on the stretch."

However great my thirst of honest fame,
 I bow with rev'rence to each letter'd name;
 To worth, where'er it be, with joy submit,
 But own no curst monopolies of wit.

Nor

Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
And little reading shines through what I've wrote,
That I bid peace to ev'ry learned shelf,
Because I dare form judgments for myself.
—Oh! were it mine, with happy skill to look
Up to the ONE, the UNIVERSAL BOOK!
Open to all—to him, to me, to you,
—For NATURE's open to the general view—
Then would I scorn the ancients' vaunted store,
And boast my thefts, where they but robb'd before.

Mean while with them, while Græcian sounds impart
Th' eternal passions of the human heart,
Bursting the bonds of ease and lazy rest,
I feel the flame mount active in my breast;
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
I live, in fancy, in th' AUGUSTAN age!
Till some dull Bavius' or a Mævius' name,
Damn'd by the MUSE to everlasting fame,
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
And brings me back to our own fools at home.

EPISTLE

S O N G S

I N

THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

A I R I.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
 Whispers fragrance through the trees,
 Nature walking o'er the scene
 Clad in robes of lively green,
 From the sweetness of the place
 Labour wears a chearful face.

Sure I taste of joys sincere,
 Faithful COLIN ever near;
 When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,
 Wearied nature sinks to rest.
 All my labours to beguile,
 Love shall wake me with a smile.

A I R II.

THOUGH my features I'm told
 Are grown wrinkled and old,
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest,
 Not a wrinkle is there
 Which is furrow'd by care,
 And my heart is as light as the best.

When

When I look on my boys
 They renew all joys,
 Myself in my children I see;
 While the comforts I find
 In the kingdom my mind,
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
 O! I caper'd and fung;
 The lasses came flocking apace.
 But now turn'd of threescore
 I can do so no more,
 — Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack,
 For we still love the smack
 And chuckle o'er what we have been;
 Yet why should we repine,
 You've had yours, I've had mine;
 And now let our children begin.

A I R III,

'TIS thus in those toys
 Invented for boyss
 To shew how the weather will prove.
 The woman and man
 On a different plan
 Are always directed to move.

One goes out to roam
While t'other keeps home,
Insipid, and dull as a drone,
Though near to each other
As sifter and brother,
They both take their airing alone.

A I R IV.

WHEN the head of poor TUMMAS was broke
By ROGER, who play'd at the wake,
And KATE was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor TUMMAS's sake;
When his Worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquour was charming and stout,
O those were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings,
Each lad in his holyday cloaths,
And the lasses in all their best things.
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our COLIN prove such.
Odzocks, but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

A I R

AIR V.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,
 And morning streaks the purple sky,
 I wake to love with jocund glee
 To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove
 And PHILOMEL laments her love,
 Each sigh I breathe, my love reveals
 And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey
 The frolick birds in amorous play,
 While fondest cares my heart employ
 Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

AIR VI.

YES that's * a magazine of arms
 To triumph over Time;
 Whence beauty borrows half her charms
 And always keeps her prime.

At that the prude, coquette, and faint,
 Industrious sets her face,
 While powder, patch, and wash, and paint,
 Repair or give a grace.

* The Toilette.

To

To arch the brow there lies the brush,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The Spanish wool to give the blush,
The pearl to die them fair.

Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and grey,
In freshest beauty strong,
As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
As Hebe ever young.

A I R VII.

GO! seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the simple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn it's peace and pleasure flown,
Nor shall my faith reward a swain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

A I R VII.

THUS laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
I stamp, I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy slave,

I'll rend thy image from my heart,
 Thy charms no more engage;
 My soul shall take the juster part,
 And love shall yield to rage.

A I R IX.

THANK you, ladies, for your care,
 But I pray you both forbear,
 Sure I am all over scratches!
 That your curious hands must place,
 Such odd spots upon my face
 With your pencils, paint, and patches.

How I totter in my gait,
 From a dress of so much weight,
 With my robe too dangling after;
 Could my COLIN now but see
 What a thing they've made of me,
 Oh he'd split his sides with laughter.

A I R X.

THE flowers which grace their native beds,
 Awhile put forth their blushing heads,
 But ere the close of parting day
 They wither, shrink, and die away.

But these which mimic skill hath made,
 Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade,
 Shall blush with less inconstant hue,
 Which art at pleasure can renew.

AIR XI.

WHEN late a simple rustic las,
I rov'd without restraint,
A stream was all my looking-glass,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boast, (alas! how few!)
I gave to Nature's care,
As Vice ne'er spoilt their native hue,
They could not want repair.

AIR XII.

HOW strange the mode which truth neglects,
And rests all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Though rude in speech are plain in thought.

AIR XIII.

FOR various purpose serves the Fan,
As thus ——— a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentment's in the snap,
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fair disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis Folly's scepter first design'd
By Love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

A I R XIV.

IF tyrant Love with cruel dart
Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of easy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.

Till, left her helpless state to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
As well as darts the God has wings.

A I R XV.

ALONG your verdant lowly vale
Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But rustling through the lofty trees
It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.

Thus

Thus free from Envy's poison'd dart,
 You boast a pure unruffled heart.
 While jarring thoughts our peace deform,
 And swell our passions to a storm.

A I R XVI.

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain,
 A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
 My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
 And I'm richer than those who have thousands a year.

Tho' bent down with age and for sporting uncouth,
 I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
 And my boys think my life not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

A I R XVI.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted,
While she who pleases most to-day
To-morrow shall be slighted.

A I R XVII.

WHEN far from Fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find.
Distraction rends my breast;
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.

A I R

A I R XVIII.

FLATTERING hopes the mind deceiving '
Easy faith too often cheat,
Woman, fond and all believing
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Noisy shew of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's snare.

A I R XIX.

WHAT's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights and jingling toys,
While pleasure crowns your rural sports
With calm content, and tranquil joys.

A I R XX.

RETURN, sweet lads, to flocks and swains,
Where simple Nature mildly reigns;
Where Love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.

The court has only tinsel toys,
Insipid mirth and idle noise;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.

A I R XXI.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes;
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy PHOEBE kind, my COLIN true.

A I R

A I R XXII.

W H Y should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows
Which lazy splendour never knows ?

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of drefs, the pomp of shew,
Are trappings oft to cover woe ;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

A I R XXIII.

NO doubt but your fool's-cap has known
His highness obligingly kind,
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy hind ?

To be sure, like a good-natur'd spouse,
You've lent him a part of your bed ;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I see them sprout out of your head.

To

To keep your wife virtuous and chaste
The court is a wonderful school,
— My Lord you've an excellent taste.
— And, son, you're a cuckoldy fool.

If your lady should bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my Lord for his care—
— You dog, I could knock out your brains.

CON.

C O N T E N T S

OF

VOLUME LXVIII.

T HE Author's Apology	-	Page 3
The Actor	- -	16
The Law Student	- - -	20
The Poetry Professors	- -	27
The Cit's Country Box	- -	35
GENIUS, ENVY, and TIME. A Fable		40
The HARE and TORTOISE. A Fable.		45
The Satyr and Pedlar	- -	48
The Nightingale, the Owl, and the Cuckow		51
A Tale	- - -	55
SHAKSPEARE, an Epistle	- -	65
Epistle to CHURCHILL	- -	70
—— to J. B. Esq	- - -	79
—— to the same	- -	83
To **** about to publish some Miscellanies		85
Familiar Epistle to GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.		89
To OBLIVION. Ode I.	- -	98
————— II.	- -	104
		The

The Progress of ENVY	-	-	107
Prologue to the JEALOUS WIFE	-		118
— on his MAJESTY's Birth-day			120
— to HECUBA	-	-	122
Ode spoken at Westminster School	-		124
The Tears and Triumphs of PARNASSUS			126
ARCADIA. A Dramatick Pastoral			134
Epistle to Mr. COLMAN	-		142
The PUFF	-	-	147
CHIT-CHAT	-	-	156
Dialogue between an AUTHOR and his FRIEND			168
The POET	-	-	182
The two Rubric-Posts	-	-	196
Song	-	-	199
Familiar Epistle to J. B. Esq.	-		200
The Milkmaid	-	-	212
Epistle from Mr. HANBURY's Horse			215
The NEW RIVER HEAD	-		222
Familiar Letter of RHIMES	-		235
The COBBLER of TISSINGTON's Letter			245
The COBBLER of CRIPPLEGATE's Letter			251
On RHYME. A familiar Epistle	-		258
Epistle to a Friend, on receiving a Hamper of Wine			270
The CANDLE and SNUFFERS	-		281
The			

CONTENTS.

423

The TEMPLE of FAVOUR	-	284
The SPIRIT of CONTRADICTION		292
Familiar Epistle to *****	-	296
CHARITY, a Fragment	- -	305
The WHIM, an Epistle	- -	310
Ode to GENIUS	- -	316
PROLOGUE (Latin)	- -	319
PROLOGUE, 1750	- -	328
Prologus in Adelphos	- -	321
Epilogus in Adelphos	- -	322
De Somniorum Phænomenis	-	323
Carmina ad Ducem de Newcastle		326
Ad Cancellarium	- -	327
GRAY'S ELEGY and the Translation into Latin		
Verse	- - -	328, 9
Song by POPE and Latin Translation		342, 3
Part of HOMER'S HYMN to APOLLO		346
From CATULLUS	- -	355
The first Book of THE HENRIADE		356
An Imitation from the SPECTATOR	-	374
A Ballad	- -	372
To CHLOE	- - -	381
The MOON	- - -	383
Song	- - -	388
		To

To the Reverend Mr. HANBURY on his Plantations	390
To a Lady with a Seal	391
A Ballad	392
Epistle to a Friend	394
Songs in the CAPRICIOUS LOVERS	337



END OF VOL. LXVIII.

